BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1939

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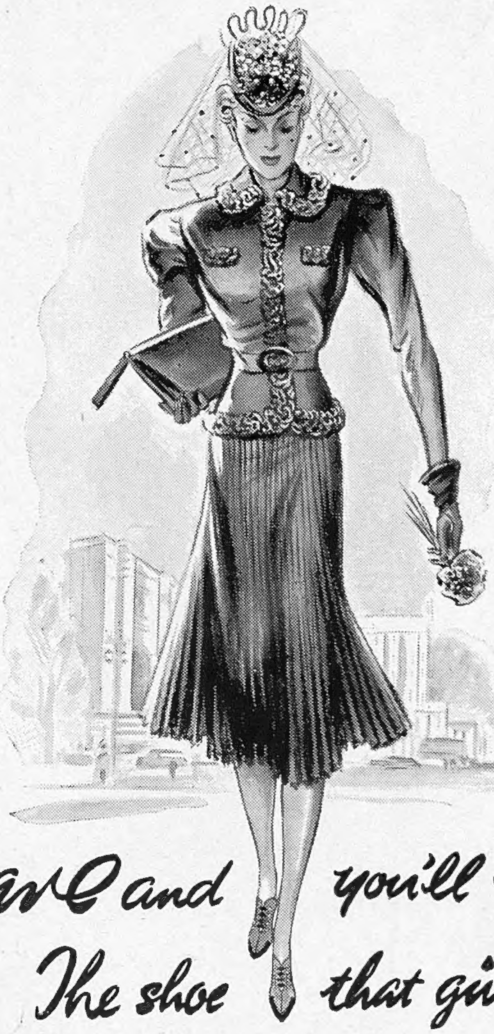

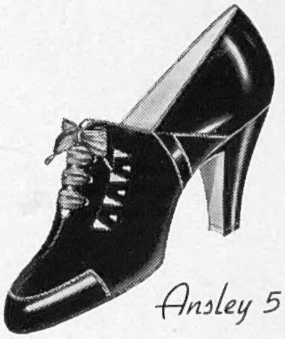

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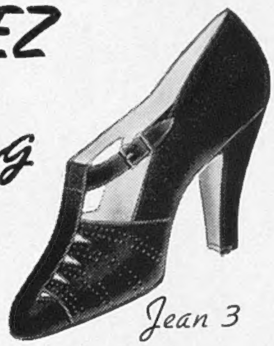

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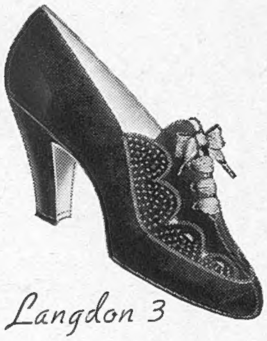

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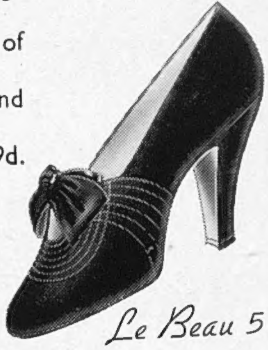

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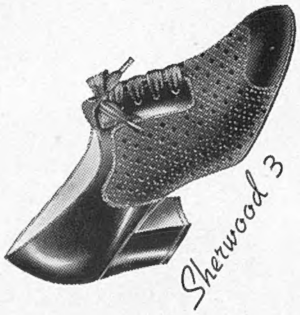

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 18, No. 3. MARCH, 1939

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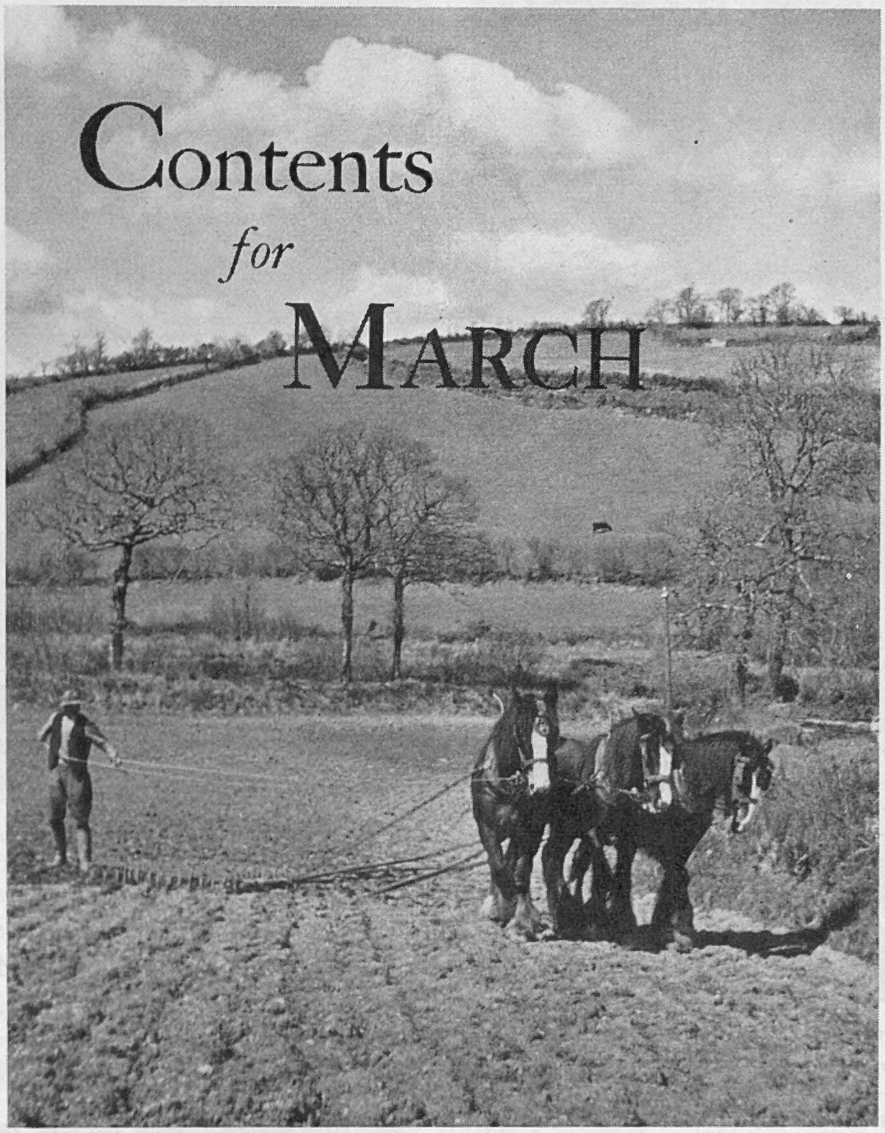

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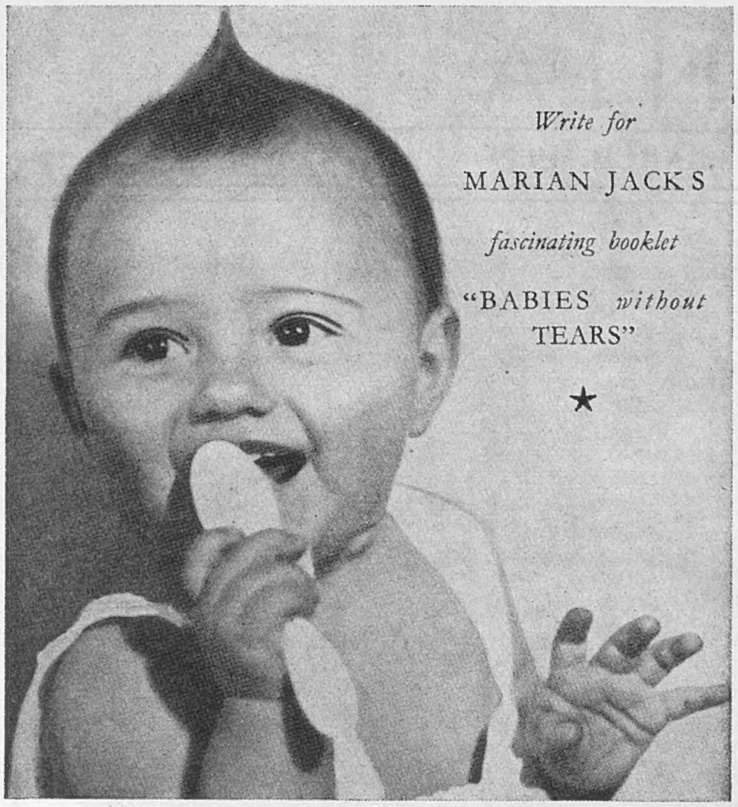
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 138. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



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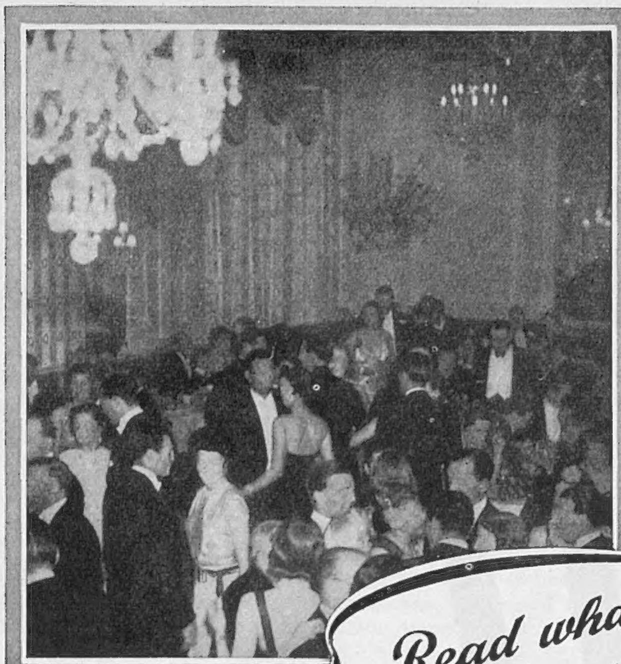

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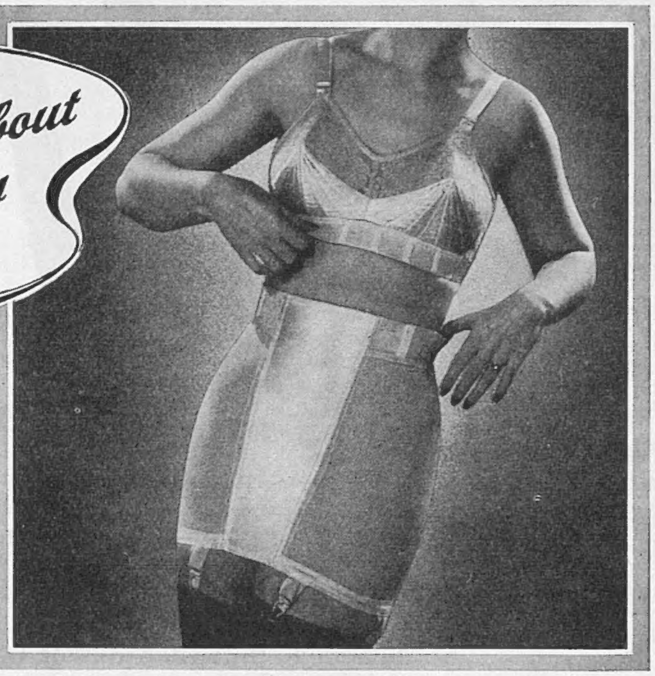

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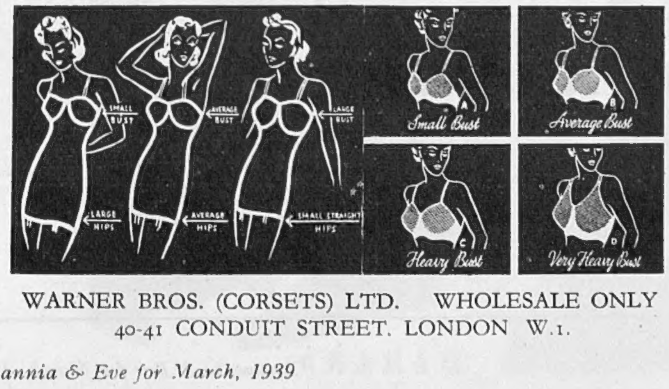
Edith Norris,
"Le Gant" Stylist



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YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

+ THEY MADE OUR WORLD +

The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories

BEFORE man walked, the baboon-herd look-out telegraphed a warning by thumping his chest. It was, probably, the first practical application of the theory of sound-transmission. Not that the sub-man proceeded from theory to practice: he had found out something for himself, half by instinct and half by accident, and he made crude use of what was placed ready to his hand—once he found out how to make use of this one simple little thing in nature's vast treasure trove of secrets.

In the 'seventies of last century Mr. Graham Bell took a step further than our baboon friend along the communication-by-sound road. He said: "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you."

He spoke, not to a human being, but to a steel diaphragm. As the word sounds he made hit it, the diaphragm vibrated, and electrical impulses were induced thereby in an adjacent magnetic coil. These faint currents ran over a wire to another diaphragm and coil in the next room. They hit this second diaphragm, which vibrated in its turn, and these vibrations, impacting on Mr. Watson's own sound-receiving apparatus, devised by Nature and installed in his skull, went on to the inner interpreting device, his brain: and thus Mr. Bell's assistant got the message as sent: "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you."

It was the first time a human being had transmitted his voice over a wire. Bell had invented the telephone.

HE hurried down to the United States' patent office and filed a caveat for an invention of a "device to transmit articulate speech over an electric current by means of a vibrating diaphragm placed in front of an electro magnet." None too soon! A Mr. Elisha Gray arrived two hours later and filed a caveat for substantially the same invention. A twelve-years' court fight followed. It was the old story of this phase of intensive basic-invention, when the researches and discoveries of "pure" scientists had opened the great gate to practical applications of scientific discovery, and all the "monkey-wrench" scientists, with a commercial incentive and a bent for mechanics, were busy trying to devise a gadget which they could patent and exploit or sell for a fortune. Gray and Bell were only two pioneers who got there first in the rush. Bell won.

That first telephone was imperfect. It was short-range: the electric impulses were feeble. The Western Union telegraph people—who for years had been investigating in the field of sound transmission, in connexion with telegraphy—got Edison to work on the device to make it commercially practicable.

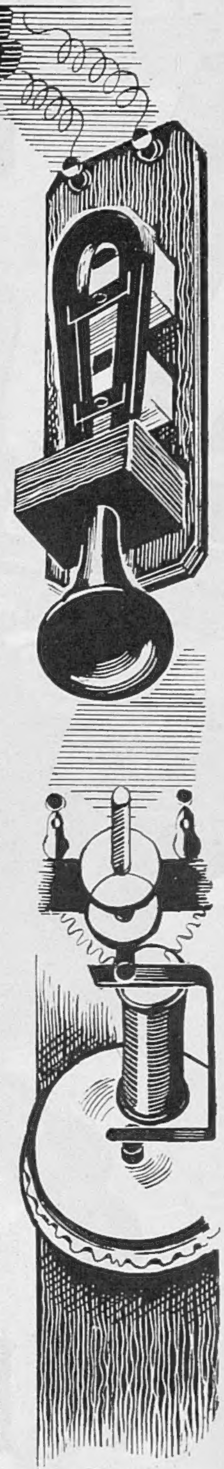
The master experimentalist spotted the trouble. Bell's steel diaphragm was not sensitive enough. Through his electric light researches he knew that carbon has a peculiar property: variation in the pressure applied to it causes corresponding variation in its electrical resistance. He substituted carbon for steel, added an induction coil to increase the effective length: and the job was done.

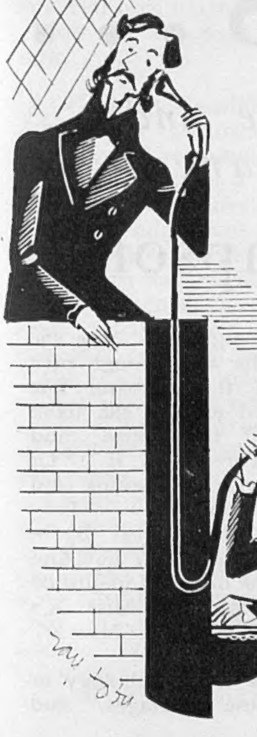
THE Western Union bought the Edison patents and closed in a fierce commercial battle with the Bell interests. But peace, and a deal, came before the Bell patents ran out in 1894: and that part of the telephone story ended.

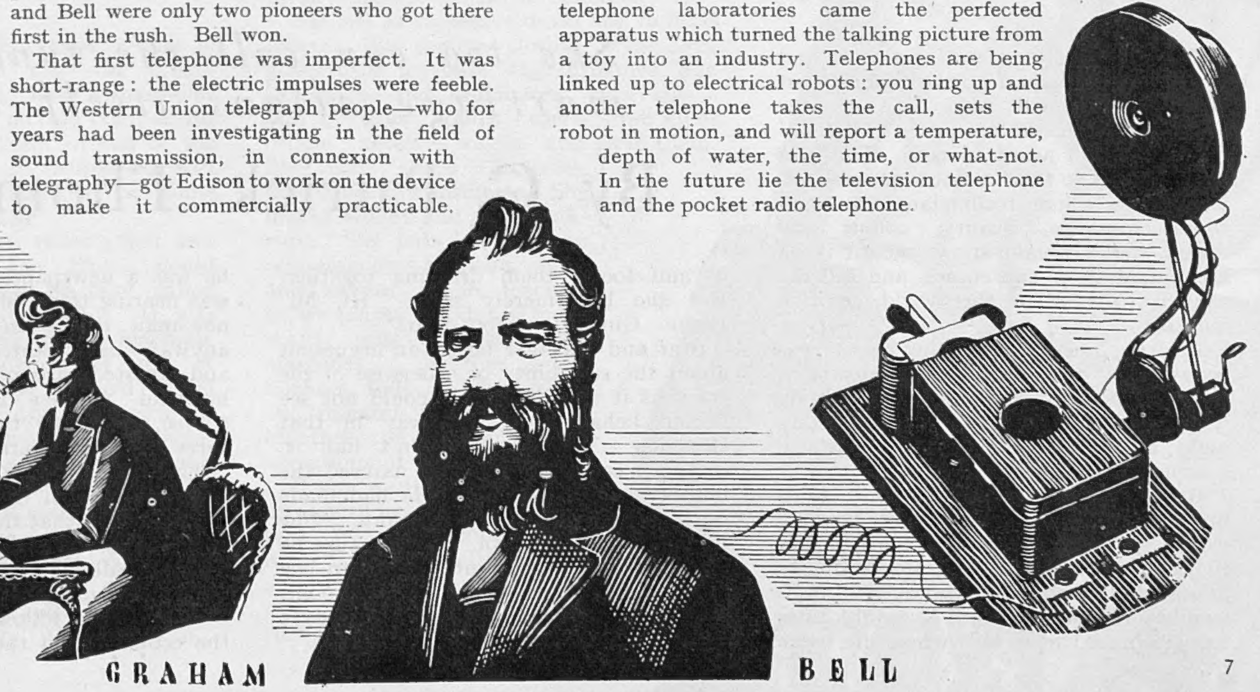
The Edison company established a branch in England, which contributed to literary as well as commercial and social history by providing a red-haired young Irishman named Bernard Shaw with a job. He was twenty-three, and he has recorded—in the preface to *The Irrational Knot*—his claim to have been the only person in the building who knew the current scientific explanation of telephony: having got it from a physicist friend who was a cousin of Graham Bell. He seems not to have been greatly impressed either by the invention or by the enthusiastic American engineers who worked on it.

Bell, born March 3, 1847, was twenty-nine when he invented the telephone. The first telephone exchange began to operate two years later, in 1878: it connected twenty-one instruments. Now, only sixty-three years later, there are some 40,000,000 telephones in the world, and ninety-three per cent of them are linked up through the marvellous interconnecting system which enables you to ring up anybody anywhere, almost. Even a quarter-century ago the radio telephone was linking New York with Paris and Honolulu.

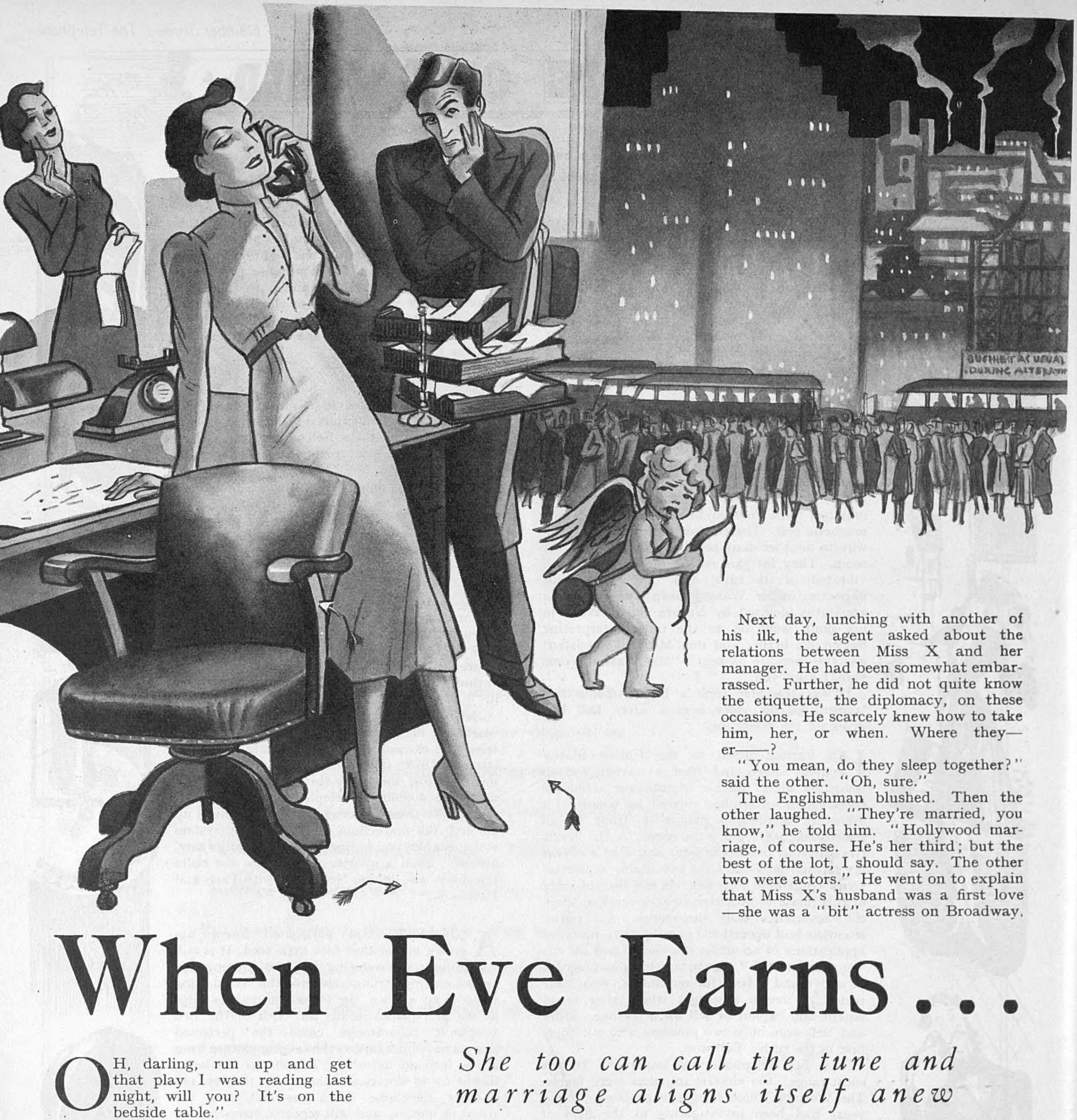
A GIGANTIC and variegated forest has grown out of that first little seed; it is still spreading and producing, by bud-grafting and cross-breeding, strange new growths. Harnessing radio to its service, the telephone reaches ships at sea and planes in the air. Out of the Bell telephone laboratories came the perfected apparatus which turned the talking picture from a toy into an industry. Telephones are being linked up to electrical robots: you ring up and another telephone takes the call, sets the robot in motion, and will report a temperature, depth of water, the time, or what-not. In the future lie the television telephone and the pocket radio telephone.







GRAHAM BELL



When Eve Earns . . .

She too can call the tune and marriage aligns itself anew

By C. Patrick Thompson

"OH, darling, run up and get that play I was reading last night, will you? It's on the bedside table."

The English agent blinked. This was his first visit to the fabulous manufacturing centre where technicians mix synthetic romance, beauty, colour and music into a dream story, record it on a celluloid strip, can copies, and sell the canned product in the world emotion market.

A dry, precise man, the agent was accustomed to novelist and playright vagaries, but not to orchidageous young women who drew £2,000 every Friday night, and call a male manager-secretary "darling.".

Receiving him at the Beverly Hills home, the manager had said Miss X would be right down, and invited him to join in a highball. "A free-and-easy household," thought the agent, half-wondering whether Miss X would raise her celebrated eyebrows when she came in and found them drinking together. But she had merely said: "Hi, Mr. Blank. Gimme one too, Bob."

Star and manager began an argument about the suitability or otherwise of the story as it stood. Miss X could not see herself behaving in this way in that situation. The fans wouldn't like it. "They'll eat it up, honey," assured the manager. She disagreed. He had made mistakes in psychology before. She pronounced him a fool. Just because he and she——. But he interrupted to beg her not to get personal. At this point the agent thought he had better leave them to it.

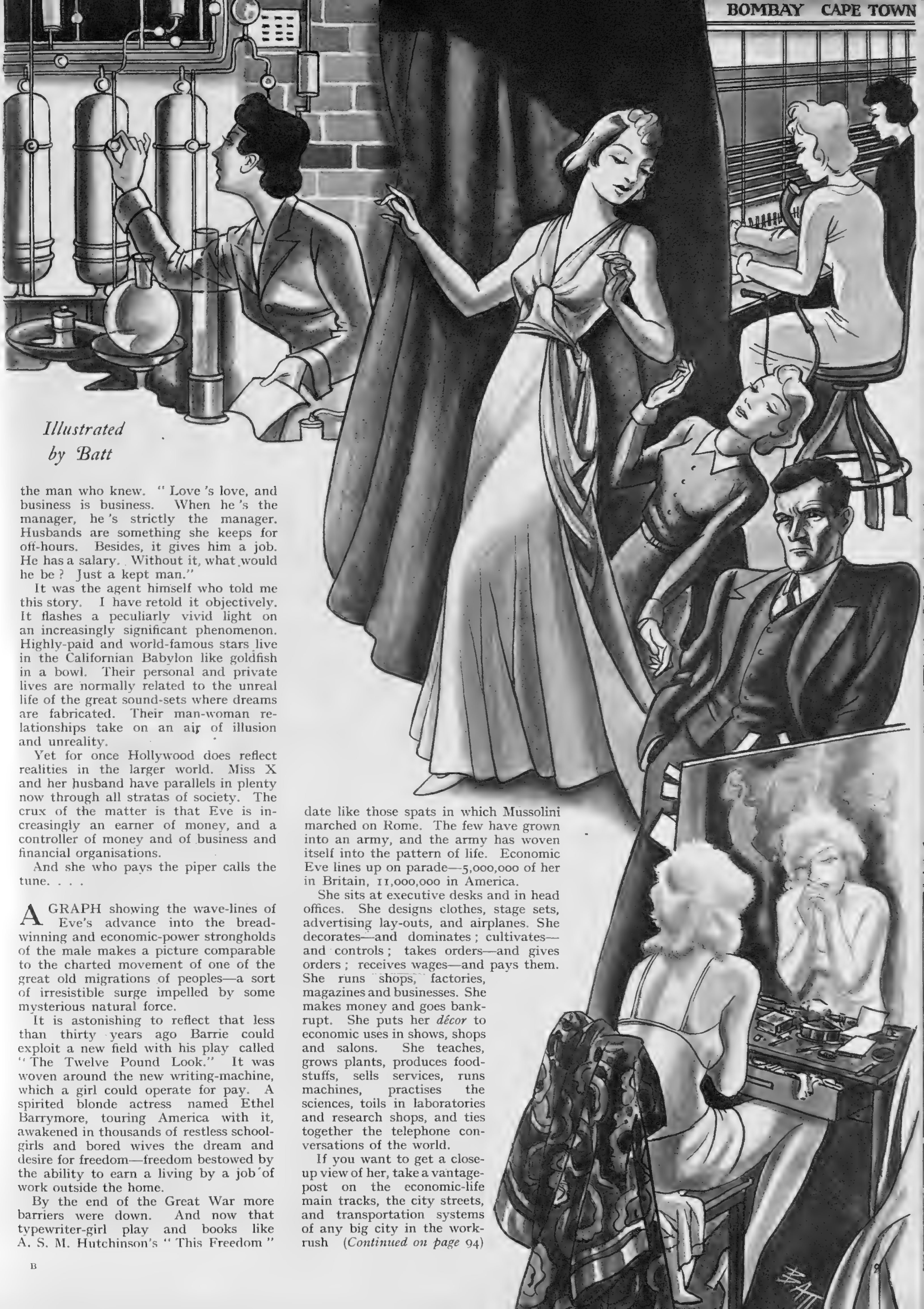
Next day, lunching with another of his ilk, the agent asked about the relations between Miss X and her manager. He had been somewhat embarrassed. Further, he did not quite know the etiquette, the diplomacy, on these occasions. He scarcely knew how to take him, her, or when. Where they—er——?

"You mean, do they sleep together?" said the other. "Oh, sure."

The Englishman blushed. Then the other laughed. "They're married, you know," he told him. "Hollywood marriage, of course. He's her third; but the best of the lot, I should say. The other two were actors." He went on to explain that Miss X's husband was a first love—she was a "bit" actress on Broadway, he was a newspaper reporter. Now she was nearing thirty she was through with new-man thrills—in the husband line anyway—and wanted a man she liked and trusted around the house; and husband Number Three was it. "Of course, she's got twice his brains and three times his character.

The agent remained puzzled by a division between manager and husband roles so sharp that the husband identified himself on the phone as "Miss X's manager talking," and spoke of "Miss X" instead of "my wife."

"You don't follow the psychology or the economics of these marriages," said



Illustrated by Batt

the man who knew. " Love 's love, and business is business. When he 's the manager, he 's strictly the manager. Husbands are something she keeps for off-hours. Besides, it gives him a job. He has a salary. Without it, what would he be ? Just a kept man."

It was the agent himself who told me this story. I have retold it objectively. It flashes a peculiarly vivid light on an increasingly significant phenomenon. Highly-paid and world-famous stars live in the Californian Babylon like goldfish in a bowl. Their personal and private lives are normally related to the unreal life of the great sound-sets where dreams are fabricated. Their man-woman relationships take on an air of illusion and unreality.

Yet for once Hollywood does reflect realities in the larger world. Miss X and her husband have parallels in plenty now through all stratas of society. The crux of the matter is that Eve is increasingly an earner of money, and a controller of money and of business and financial organisations.

And she who pays the piper calls the tune. . . .

A GRAPH showing the wave-lines of Eve's advance into the bread-winning and economic-power strongholds of the male makes a picture comparable to the charted movement of one of the great old migrations of peoples—a sort of irresistible surge impelled by some mysterious natural force.

It is astonishing to reflect that less than thirty years ago Barrie could exploit a new field with his play called " The Twelve Pound Look." It was woven around the new writing-machine, which a girl could operate for pay. A spirited blonde actress named Ethel Barrymore, touring America with it, awakened in thousands of restless school-girls and bored wives the dream and desire for freedom—freedom bestowed by the ability to earn a living by a job of work outside the home.

By the end of the Great War more barriers were down. And now that typewriter-girl play and books like A. S. M. Hutchinson's " This Freedom " date like those spats in which Mussolini marched on Rome. The few have grown into an army, and the army has woven itself into the pattern of life. Economic Eve lines up on parade—5,000,000 of her in Britain, 11,000,000 in America.

She sits at executive desks and in head offices. She designs clothes, stage sets, advertising lay-outs, and airplanes. She decorates—and dominates ; cultivates—and controls ; takes orders—and gives orders ; receives wages—and pays them. She runs shops, factories, magazines and businesses. She makes money and goes bankrupt. She puts her *décor* to economic uses in shows, shops and salons. She teaches, grows plants, produces foodstuffs, sells services, runs machines, practises the sciences, toils in laboratories and research shops, and ties together the telephone conversations of the world.

If you want to get a close-up view of her, take a vantage-post on the economic-life main tracks, the city streets, and transportation systems of any big city in the work-rush (*Continued on page* 94)

HERR VON RIBBENTROP
HERR HESS
FIELD MARSHALL GOERING
DR. J. GOEBBELS
HERR HITLER
HERR HIMMLER

HITLER

THERE are striking precedents to be found in history on the subject of dictators and dictatorship. History reminds us that dictators die young. Julius Cæsar died at fifty-seven. Cromwell at fifty-nine. Napoleon at fifty-two. Kemal Ataturk, the modern dictator of Turkey, died a few months ago at the age of fifty-eight. There is scarcely an example in modern or ancient times of a man who has achieved despotic power surviving the fatal decade of the fifties.

History has other lessons for us on the subject of the dictators. The chief of them is that their dictatorships are rarely followed by other dictatorships. Supreme power dies with the man who created it. The Napoleons and the Cæsars do not easily tolerate rivals during their lifetime. They usually die without heirs. And their succession is often bitterly disputed by their contemporaries. The answer to the frequently-heard question *Who will succeed Hitler and Mussolini?* is therefore closely linked to the answer to another question: *What will succeed the Nazi and the Fascist dictatorships?* This year Hitler is fifty years old. His great ally and precursor Mussolini is fifty-five. The one has just entered upon, the other is half-way across, this historically ominous bridge of the fifties. That they are both secretly aware of the advancing years, and of the effect which the public awareness of their age may have upon their hitherto unchallenged supremacy, is eloquently demonstrated by two trifling symptoms: Mussolini will not allow the Italian Press to mention his birthdays; Hitler will not allow the German newspapers to publish photographs of himself wearing glasses. Hence the curious arrested gesture of the Fuehrer in the press and news-reel pictures taken of the signing of the Munich Agreement, and the fact that Hitler alone of the four statesmen was not shown signing the historic document.

BOTH dictators are undoubtedly obsessed with the question of their succession, since it is natural to the egoism of dictators to wish to be the founders of a dynasty. Nothing is more pathetic in the private life of Napoleon than his preoccupation with the future of his young son, the King of Rome. In Hitler's case, a personal dynasty is not possible. The sons of Mussolini have hitherto revealed none of the political and administrative genius of their father, and the Mussolini dynasty of dictators, if it is to be continued, must be carried on through the female line, in the persons of his daughter Edda and his son-in-law, Count Ciano.

If Hitler had not been a confirmed celibate, the outward form of the German Reich might not be to-day that of a Republic with a despotic Fuehrer-Chancellor at its head. A Fuehrer with the expectation of heirs might have been tempted, like Napoleon, to found an imperial dynasty, to assume the crown and become Emperor Adolf I. It is known that Hitler has occasionally coquetted with the idea of reviving the monarchy in his own right. After the death of Hindenburg there were some in his immediate entourage who pressed on him the example

By George Slocombe

of Napoleon, but no precedent could have seemed more ominous to one as aware as Hitler of the lessons of history. And, moreover, to assume the crown fallen from the head of the Kaiser would not merely be to revive a monarchy fated to lapse with the death of Hitler, but also to arouse bitter resentment in the hearts of thousands of Hitler's early followers in the Nazi struggle.

It must also be remarked that, in assuming the title of Fuehrer, Hitler has deliberately revived the earliest form of the notion of kingship. He has in this, as in so many other manifestations of Nazi ideology, returned to the remote tradition of the Teutonic tribes, when the tribal leader, by superior strength, cunning and intelligence, acquired despotic power over his fellows and forced them to elect him, or accept him, as king.

IT is probable that Hitler has already secretly named his successor. Like his predecessor Hindenburg, he is believed to have written a political testament in which the destinies of the Reich are confided to a new Fuehrer. Speculation has long been busy in Germany with the identity of this successor, but hitherto the secret has been closely guarded. It is true that in a speech made during the Czechoslovak crisis, Hitler made a vague reference to Marshal Goering which many of his listeners interpreted as a formal designation of the chief of the German Air Force as eventual Fuehrer. It is certain that Goering regards himself as the rightful and inevitable successor to the leadership of Nazi Germany. But Hitler's known policy of *Divide and Rule*, his habit of alternately favouring one and then another of his immediate lieutenants, make it unlikely that he has divulged his real intentions regarding the Fuehrership.

Five men, under Hitler, hold the reins of power in Germany—Goering, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, and Hess. They are the five fingers of the Nazi mailed fist. Goering, in more than a physical sense, bulks largest of the five. A man of intelligence, courage and resource, a skilled war pilot, the man who commanded the famous Richthofen squadron when the great German war ace was killed, who took part in the unsuccessful Munich beer-hall *putsch* of 1923, and subsequently shared the good or ill fortunes of the Nazis, the stout Hermann is the most popular man in Germany after Hitler. The Berliners laugh at his childish love of uniforms—almost the only species of humour permitted in Germany to-day—but they like him. He is the incarnation of the corpulent, beer-swilling, genial Teutonic war god, a warrior in a Wagnerian Valhalla, blond, pink, a lover of field sports and tavern carousing. He is handsome, jovial, virile, very energetic in spite of his corpulence, and with more than a hint of ruthlessness beneath the good-natured exterior.

Goering is, strategically, the strongest of the claimants to the succession. He holds in his own capable hands the keys to more weapons of power in Germany than any other single man. He is the administrative ruler of Prussia. He is the Air Minister and head of the Air Force. He is the organiser of the Four Year Plan, an economic dictator with full powers in a field in which even Hitler is content to leave him undisturbed. He alone could, if he wished, in the emergency of an internal crisis, defy Hitler with some chances of success. And in the event of the sudden incapacitation or decease of the Fuehrer, he commands enough forces in Germany to seize the executive power for himself in defiance of Hitler's secret wishes and of the possible claims of rivals.

THE next strongest man in Germany, after Goering, is probably Himmler. The personality of this enigmatic, and not very attractive personage is scarcely known outside Nazi circles. Nevertheless, as head of the S.S. Black Guards and of the Gestapo or political police, his power is felt and feared in every town and village throughout the Reich. Himmler is totally unlike the robust,

(*Continued on page* 92)

and MUSSOLINI

Who will succeed them?

COUNT GRANDI

SIGNOR STARAGE

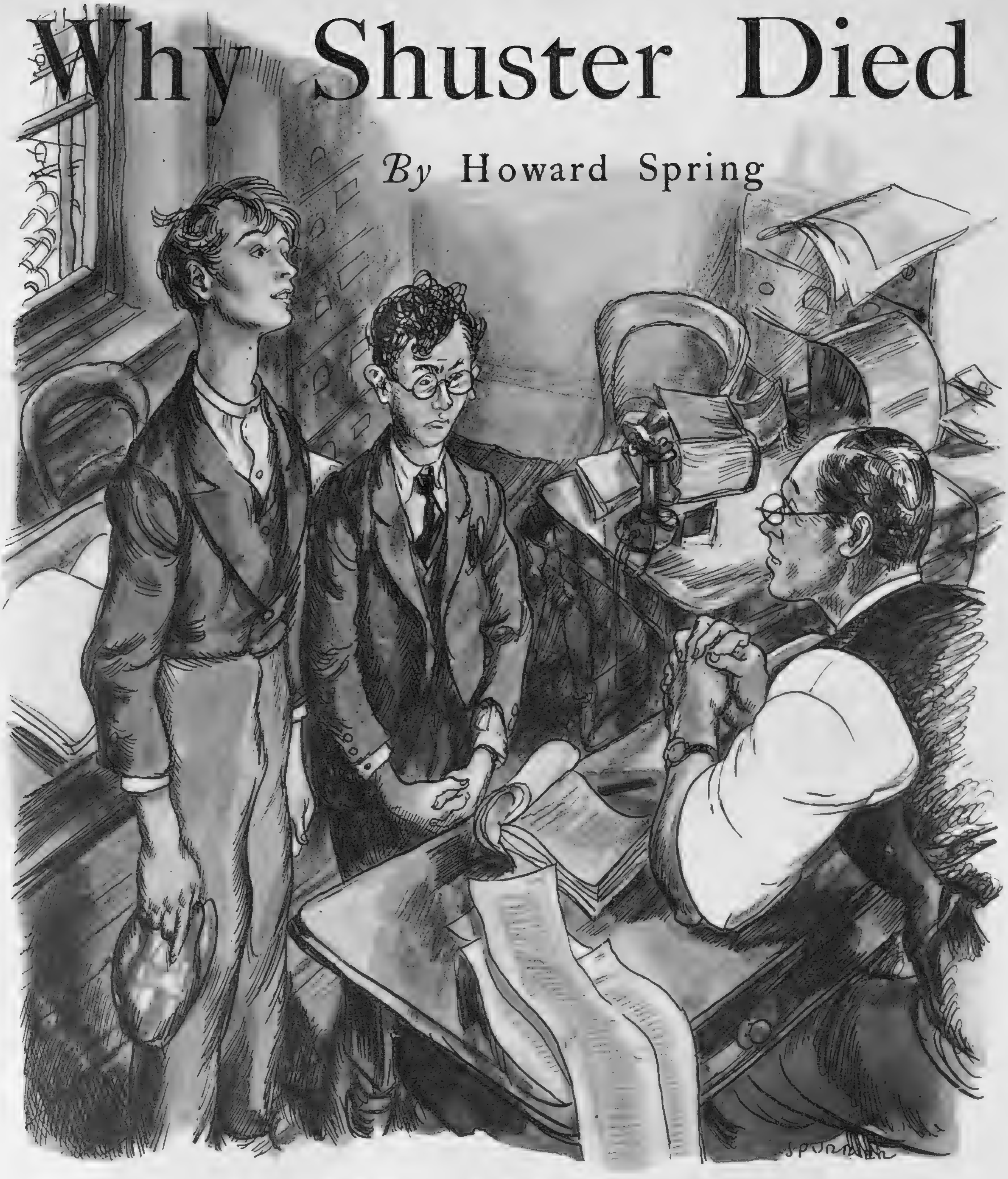
COUNT CIANO

MARSHALL BALBO

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI

Why Shuster Died

By Howard Spring



The chief reporter just said: " You the new boy ? " and Shuster said : " Yes, Sir." " You take him round, Milner, and show him all the things you do "

I NEVER see red. I always see green. A man who sees red hits out, and there you have it : a crime of passion or a crime of violence. A man who sees green waits quietly, plots craftily, strikes underhand.

Strikes ? Why, not a blow has been struck, not a mark of violence will be found on Shuster's body. I was exactly three and three-quarter miles away from him when he died. But I killed him, as I had long intended to do. Can you beat it ?

There is only one unsatisfactory thing about the whole business. I shall never be able to look Shuster in the eye knowing that he is aware of being defeated. That would have been the best of all. But you can't have everything. He may have known as he died that I had beaten him at last. I can't be sure. When I walked into the office this morning Mr. Stabler said : " Shuster is late, Mr. Milner."

My heart gave a terrific thump. I had thought that just the one-in-ten-million chance would allow him to live ; that his damned smiling face would be there as always to infuriate me. But when Mr. Stabler said : " Shuster is late," I knew that I had killed him.

" Better late than never, Mr. Stabler," I said. He turned sharply on his heel. With a blush I realised that I had said another of those appalling worn-out things that Shuster always laughed at.

" How Herbert loves to suck these little cachous of wisdom. I can smell them on his breath even when he doesn't utter them." He had said that only a week ago, throwing back

Lifelong jealousy and envy bred a cold and calculated murder

with his long hand the fair hair that dropped over his forehead, and smiling out of those blue eyes.

People think it's the big sensational things that lead to murder. But not with people like me. As I say, I see green. Jealousy eats me. A remark like the one I have just recorded worms in my mind all day. All night, too, sometimes. I have awakened at midnight; something said by Shuster during the day has come into my head; and there I am! No more sleep. A sense of being the meanest thing on earth, coiling uneasily like a snake in my mind. All through the next day I would be comparing Shuster with myself. Hyperion to a satyr. Yes, I know! He was brilliant; I'm a clod. But that didn't make it easier.

Haven't I tried? We started level. I shall never forget the first day I saw him. I was a messenger boy then in the *Comet* office. I went in that day and there was this chap sitting in a chair at a table in the reporters' room. He was dressed like nothing on earth. You never saw such a guy: long pants and one of those Eton jackets that the rude kids call bum-freezers. He had no collar or tie; the stud in his shirt-band looked naked, and his shoes were brown.

Now I've always been sensitive to things like that. I've had as hard a struggle as Shuster, but I've always been sensitive about clothes, and even as a kid my mother kept me respectable. I knew that with an Eton jacket and long pants you should have black shoes; and these brown shoes, anyway, were big enough for a shire horse, and they were as broken up as though a shire horse had been wearing them. You could see this kid's sock through a gap in the side of one of them.

You had only to look at him to see he had been fitted out from somebody's rag-bag. I guessed his sister was a skivvy and that she had picked up the boss's shoes and Master Marmaduke's old school outfit.

But this kid Shuster didn't seem to care. That was the strange thing about him. He never did care—not about anything. And somehow he didn't seem to have to care. He could do what he liked. I couldn't have worn those clothes and got away with it. He could. I suppose I sensed that right away.

"Hallo!" I said. "You waiting to see someone?" Because I'd been there a year then, and knew those kids who came running in with some tuppenny ha'penny paragraph about a back-street fire or a horse fallen down in the road.

"I'm Shuster," he said, getting up and brushing the hair back off his forehead. Just like that. "I'm Shuster."

"What d'you want?" I said.

"I've come here to work," he said.

"Oh, you're the new kid. One was fired last week."

Then the chief reporter came in, and he had a look at Shuster's shoes and bum-freezer and grinned. But he didn't say anything. No one ever said anything to Shuster. Not even then, when he was a kid.

The chief reporter just said: "You the new boy?" and Shuster said: "Yes, sir."

"You take him round, Milner," the chief said. "Show him all the things you do."

For one thing, we had to go to the railway stations and pick up the news-parcels that had come in from district correspondents. And we had to call at the police courts and city council chamber and wherever the reporters were working and bring back what they wrote.

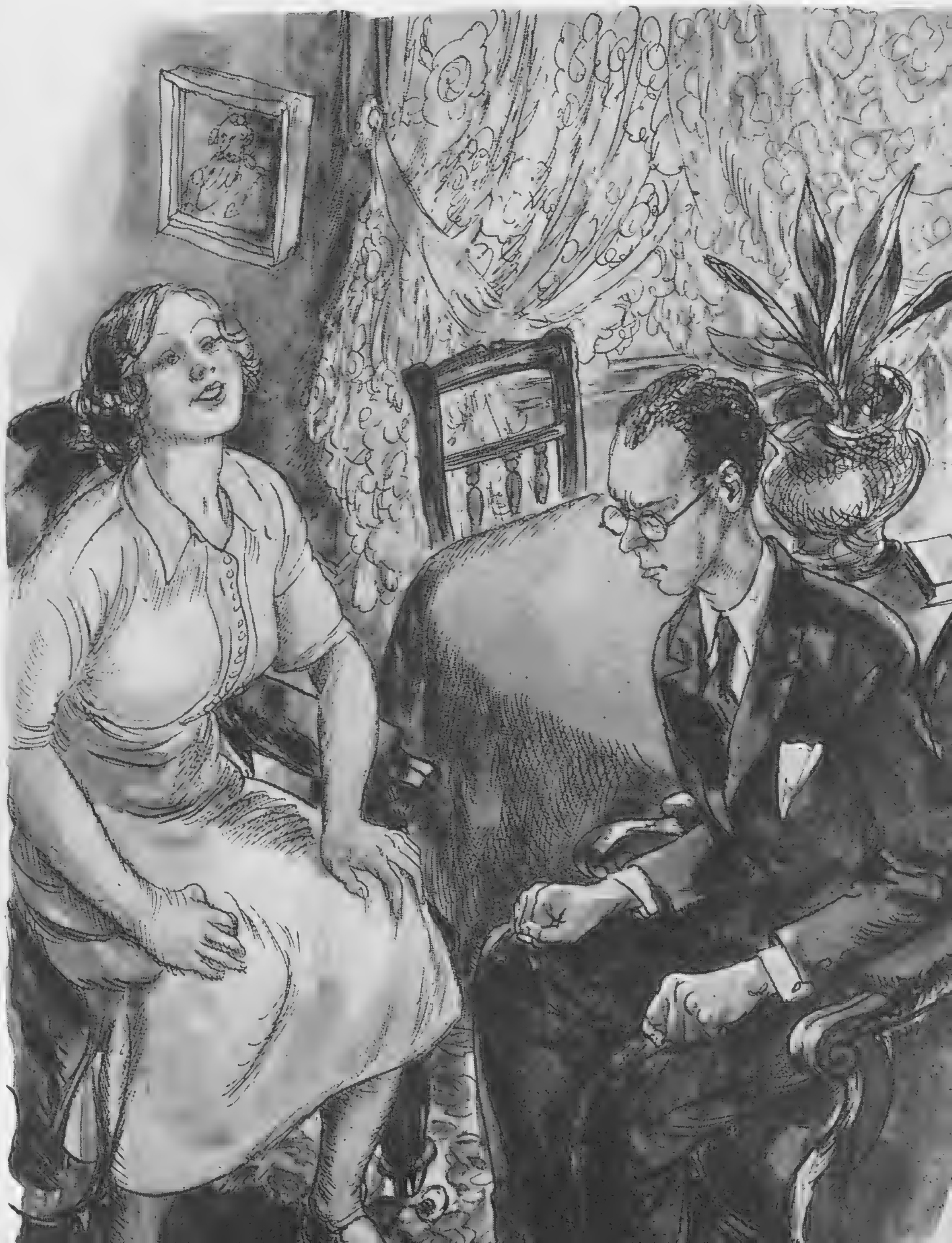
This is Cardiff I'm talking about.

We were off from one till two, and I always went to the market hall to eat my lunch. There was a gallery running round the top. The stalls up there were opened only on special market days, so I used to sit there on an empty stall and watch the people at the stalls down below, which were open all days. It was something to do, something to make you forget the taste of the brawn sandwiches or what not. I used to long for the day when I could afford to take my sandwiches into Sol Abraham's eating house and buy a cup of tea to wash them down.

But this Shuster, whom I took with me that day, had what looked to me like dry bread. But he told me with a smile that there was lard on it, and that lard wasn't bad if you salted it.

I used to get to the office at nine. The next morning when I arrived Shuster was already there. He was sitting at the chief reporter's table with an exercise book and a shorthand primer. He said he'd been there since eight. "I'm going to be a reporter," he said. "I came down because I can't get any peace to work at home.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



IT was a year after I met Charles that I asked Dolly Shuster to marry me. Dolly simply laughed. That dreadful "Shuster" laugh

Why don't you come? We could work together."

That's how Shuster began to get the upper hand of me. I began to come down at eight, and that started it. It was summertime then, and when the autumn came old man Wright, the editor, called the kids who worked here and there about the office and said: What about evening classes at the Technical School? He'd pay the fees.

He was a good sort, was old man Wright. He did this every autumn, and most of the kids would take his money, attend a class or two, and then get tired. That's what I had done the year before. But you should have seen this Shuster! This was what he'd been waiting for, and he booked himself up to the limit. English, French, chemistry—God knows what. I had to go in with him. I always had to do what Shuster did. I couldn't bear the thought of his going ahead of me, but he always was ahead.

He'd got some new reach-me-downs from the place where his sister worked, and this time they looked good; and he'd raised a collar and tie, and was a handsome kid. All the work he did never seemed to worry him. That's where he had it on me. I worked harder than he did. I read till my eyes ached on to my spectacles; but I could never catch up on him.

I hated those spectacles because of Shuster's clear eyes; and I knew I was a dowdy old hen alongside of him.

Everybody liked him; and at the end of that winter when the prize-giving came, he walked back to his seat with a pile of books—he'd got something in every subject—amid popular applause. I got some applause, too. You know the sort. Give old Milner a hand. Poor devil! He does his best.

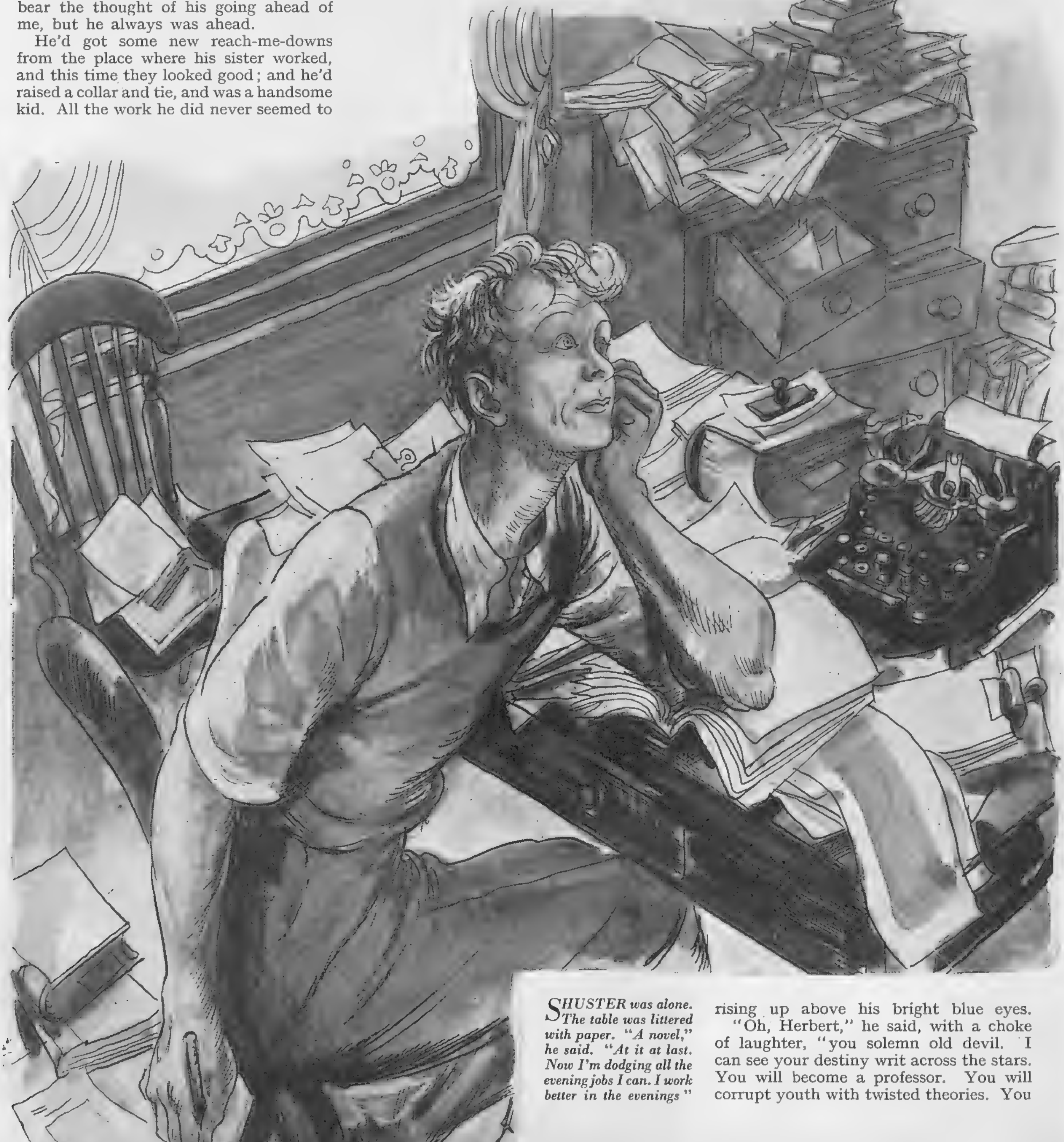
WELL, this went on for a long time. Kids came and went through that office; but Shuster and I stuck there, and we worked—we worked like hell; it became a mania; and Shuster was always ahead, pulling me on.

We were walking home one night when I said: "What would you say, Shuster, was the chief political influence upon poetic writing immediately after the Restoration?"

As I saw it, you had to know things like that. You had to see English literature all the way through—a straight line from Chaucer to A. E. Housman, with all the influences and so forth clear in generation after generation.

Shuster suddenly stopped and put back his head and laughed. He threw up his hand and shoved the wave of hair off his forehead in that way he had. It showed you the sweep of his brow rising up above his bright blue eyes.

"Oh, Herbert," he said, with a choke of laughter, "you solemn old devil. I can see your destiny writ across the stars. You will become a professor. You will corrupt youth with twisted theories. You



SHUSTER was alone. The table was littered with paper. "A novel," he said. "At it at last. Now I'm dodging all the evening jobs I can. I work better in the evenings" will cramp the living flesh and blood of the poets within the gyves and fetters of influences."

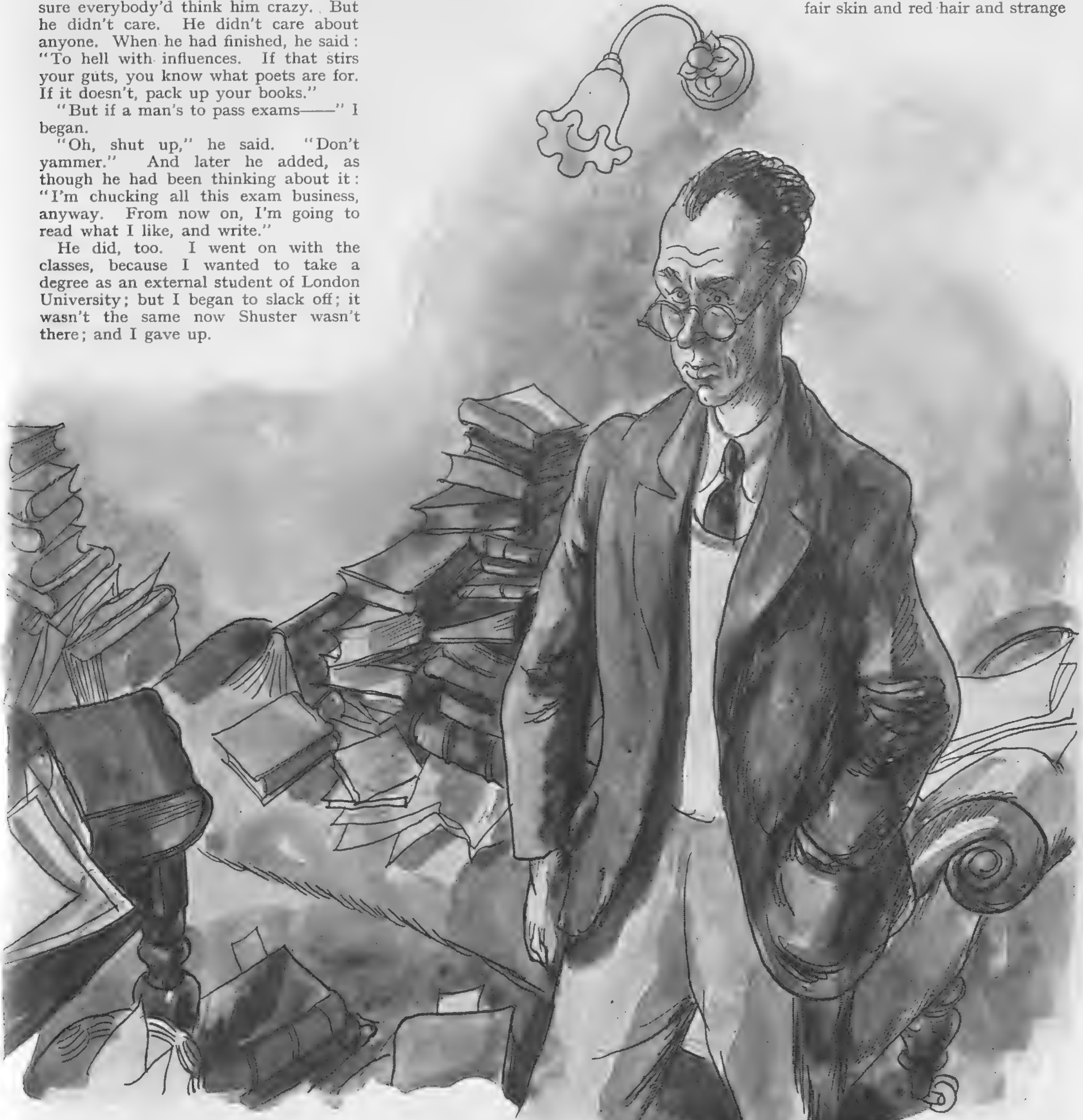
We were crossing the bridge over the Taff River, and he stopped laughing, leaned on the balustrade of the bridge, and said: "Listen to this."

Believe it or not, he spouted the whole of the *Ode to a Nightingale* out there into the darkness above the river. I had to stand there and listen to him, and I was shivering in my bones because I felt sure everybody'd think him crazy. But he didn't care. He didn't care about anyone. When he had finished, he said: "To hell with influences. If that stirs your guts, you know what poets are for. If it doesn't, pack up your books."

"But if a man's to pass exams——" I began.

"Oh, shut up," he said. "Don't yammer." And later he added, as though he had been thinking about it: "I'm chucking all this exam business, anyway. From now on, I'm going to read what I like, and write."

He did, too. I went on with the classes, because I wanted to take a degree as an external student of London University; but I began to slack off; it wasn't the same now Shuster wasn't there; and I gave up.



Wouldn't you hate a man if you felt you could do nothing without him? I did.

WE both got on to the reporting staff of the *Comet*. Shuster said to me, the week after that happened: "Herbert, old horse, you'd better come and see my home. I can afford one now."

He had always been quiet about his home. I guessed it was pretty sordid. I learned about it later. His mother was dead. His father was a first-rate rogue and boozer. An aunt kept the place together—such as it was. There was one sister, the skivvy who used to raise the clothes for Shuster when he was a kid. He adored her. Now, as soon as he had a reporter's pay, he dropped the old man and the aunt like a couple of hot bricks, rented a small bungalow with a bit of garden, and took his sister out of domestic service to look after it for him.

I went out there on the Sunday and met Dolly Shuster for the first time. She was Shuster's Fan No. 1. You never saw such a thing. You'd think he was God Almighty. Not that she said much. It was just her eyes, a word here and there. "When Charles has finished his nove . . ." "When Charles and I go to London . . ." each remark wrapped up in one of those looks and handed to Shuster like a bouquet.

It made me squirm. It made me wish I could pick someone up like that out of domestic servitude and put 'em on velvet; someone like Dolly Shuster. I'd have done it for her. You'd never have thought she'd been a skivvy. She had fair skin and red hair and strange pale eyes. Only her hands gave her away: they were red and roughened. But she had a laugh like Shuster's: high and silvery, and they kept on laughing together, and to hear them then was like listening to a peal of bells.

(*Continued on page 114*)

Il Popolo d'Italia
La Francia sbaglia strada
Alle porte d
FULMINEA AVANZATA
THE TIMES
The New York Times.
VÖLKISCHER BEOBACH
Norddeutsche Ausgabe
Daily Mail
Daily Herald
French Generals Tell Daladier: Occupy Minorca If Italians Stay In Spain
USSOLINI CALLS UP
00,000 RESERVISTS
RS FRENCH
RVENTION
LE JOUR
L'ECHO DE PARIS

They Write

Walter Duranty
(*left*) M. de Kerillis

By Ferdinand Tuohy

G. Ward Price

THE notion of sitting down in the past, or even a year or two ago, to write an article on foreign newspaper correspondents for a monthly magazine of "general interest" appeal, strikes one as right outside the realm of likelihood. What, the public interested in its newspapers as such? In what they produced, maybe. As for the wheels within wheels, personal or other. . . .

The ascent of the totalitarians using journalists in uniform—literally—is to-day kindling in democratic countries an ever-growing interest in newspapers and inferentially in those who write them. Newspapers are BIG news. Whether one would go so far as Wickham Steed and aver them to be the central problem of democracy, depends on what weight you allot to contending influences, but that newspapers are now bound bang up with the every-home-hitting question of whether or not we go to war, is as certain as this full stop.

So no wonder they interest the public. No wonder books are appearing on the Press, or broadcast debates being held; or that world statesmen seldom for long keep off the newspapers, their force for good and their impeding power; that the lecture platforms ring with a facilely uttered "freedom of the Press," or that new Acts of Parliament are mooted, bearing on "the fourth estate"—recasting of the Official Secrets Act, prohibition of the nominee system in newspaper shareholding, a fresh law of libel with the extortion taken out, not to mention the advent of the personal news-letter.

Again, there is the criticism of a new and lurid sensationalism of the American "tabloid" variety, the outcry against intrusion into deeply personal affairs in search of "copy," the keen discussion around the social benefit that might be expected to accrue from a juster newspaper balance in the reporting of the exceptional or freak and the normal, together with the desirability for once in a blue moon of following the dictators and cutting down crime and sex, such things

NEWS *and are* NEWS

Herbert Matthews

Dorothy Thompson

Victor Gordon Lennox

Captain Liddell Hart

as suicides and an inflated "gangsterism," in the news columns.

THAT our newspapers and other foreign Presses are approaching a turning point in their spirit and composition, I, for a modest one, have not the smallest degree of doubt. Yet the thing that interests me as a foreign rover is—how far can we accede to the dictators' demand or request and cease criticising events in their countries, and at the same time refrain from muzzling ourselves to a point of risking the onset of authoritarianism in our own midst? That seems to be the crux. All the knights errant of liberty *à outrance* appear to be agreed that any "laying off" the reporting of Nazi and Fascist internal events, or any government attempt to apply even a mild or indirect censorship in peacetime, would be the thin end of the wedge. We should be on the high road to Fascism ourselves. Suppression in any form points that way alone.

"Totalitarian Governments," writes Mr. Wickham Steed, "often profess to desire peace and friendship with countries where the Press and public opinion are still comparatively free. So foreign criticism and the publication of unpleasant facts are deplored as tending 'to impede friendship and to endanger peace' . . . control of the Press in free countries by the pressure or the blandishments of dictatorships is doubly harmful to free countries themselves. Without full information, the public opinion of those countries cannot serve as a guide to governments or to Parliament; and where informed opinion ceases to act upon governments, a safeguard of public freedom is lost."

If we believe government to be an art, chimes in Mr. J. A. Spender, a free Press contributes to the proper practice of this art by giving voice to the changing needs, fashions and moods of a free people; if, on the other hand, government is regarded as an exact science, the free journalist is a presumptuous busybody, and a free Press impedes progress by its brawling.

"Our civilisation, like the Greek," tilts Capt. Liddell Hart, "has, for all its blundering way, taught the value of freedom, of criticism of authority—and of harmonising this with order. Any one who urges a different system, for efficiency's sake, is betraying the vital tradition."

Of the three, I should prefer to have this out with Liddell Hart, he being of my generation, not to add my school. And the first thing I should say to him is that if I did suggest any modification, it would not be for efficiency's sake but for that of peace, of roof-saving, in which respect Liddell Hart might be among the first to agree that should Britain have to go under a wartime productive regime as distinct from the existing attempted business as usual conception, the newspapers would need to make their contribution with the rest of industry, and what fitter contribution could that be than to avoid printing, for the sake of brilliance or competition, unimperative material about dictator countries, that only made the situation worse? *Unimperative.*

(*Continued on page* 122)

Mme Tabouis

Karl H. von Wiegand

Signor Gayda

Vernon Bartlett, M.P.

Vincent Sheean

F. T. Birchall

Should a Woman Tell?

When they had finished kissing, they started again, and after that they were positively exhausted.

It's curious that there are people one quite wants to kiss, even if not very seriously, yet when one starts the world is transformed. Lips that looked pretty and inviting become shrines for worship, hands that were just nice hands become electrodes. Eyes that one saw were rather good turn into magic. Just a girl becomes a goddess.

From the other point of view, what has merely been a nice young man turns into the one person who makes every other person cheap—makes all one's dreams come true—makes every hero in legend and history wake into warm flesh and blood. . . . It's almost immodest to think deeper than that. One can only say, "John, *darling*," and make little friendly noises and pat the creature's hair and hold his hard, broad hand, and try to kiss it, too.

That is what happened to John Brennam and Jane Grant.

Love at first kiss is probably no more common than love at first sight, or these two would not have been so astonished at themselves and each other. It would be unjust to describe Jane as a flirt or John as a philanderer, but Jane was far too human and pretty to have reached the age of twenty without being kissed.

Personable young men of John's age—twenty-four—who have never kissed a girl are usually encountered on a desert island or in a mental home. John lived in Wimbledon, however, and even the severest critics of that suburb have never suggested that the sexes there are specially segregated. Jane Grant lived in Wimbledon, too.

THEIR parents were friends. Both families were rather prosperous and dwelt in pleasant villas not far from the common. Both John and Jane were only children—not specially friendly because they had known each other too long. But they had been sent to the same parties, belonged to the same tennis club and had even been taken in their youth to the same sort of seaside places for their summer holidays.

People talk about the deplorable uniformity of the human types turned out by any one of our larger public schools, aided and abetted by either of our senior universities. But that wears off in time. It is nothing—absolutely nothing—compared with the identity of those whose life is spent, say, between Wimbledon and Frinton. Or, for that matter, between Surbiton and Cliftonville. Or Belgrave Square and Biarritz. A special tie isn't necessary; you can spot them all anywhere.

JOHN'S public school was adequate rather than famous, and the college he proceeded to at Cambridge with quite a good scholarship in natural philosophy—stinks, to the irreverent—was industrious rather than splendid. At twenty-one he came down, a fully fledged B.A., met Jane who, at seventeen, had just left her school (and was, of course, rather noisy, shiny and lumpy from too much hockey) and he shuddered and turned away. When she then departed to Brussels in her mother's hope that some civilised finishing school might for an exorbitant fee wipe out the terrible effects of her education, John, too, had left Wimbledon—to take up one of those scientific research appointments in our colonial empire that seldom fail in the long run to keep the home fires burning.

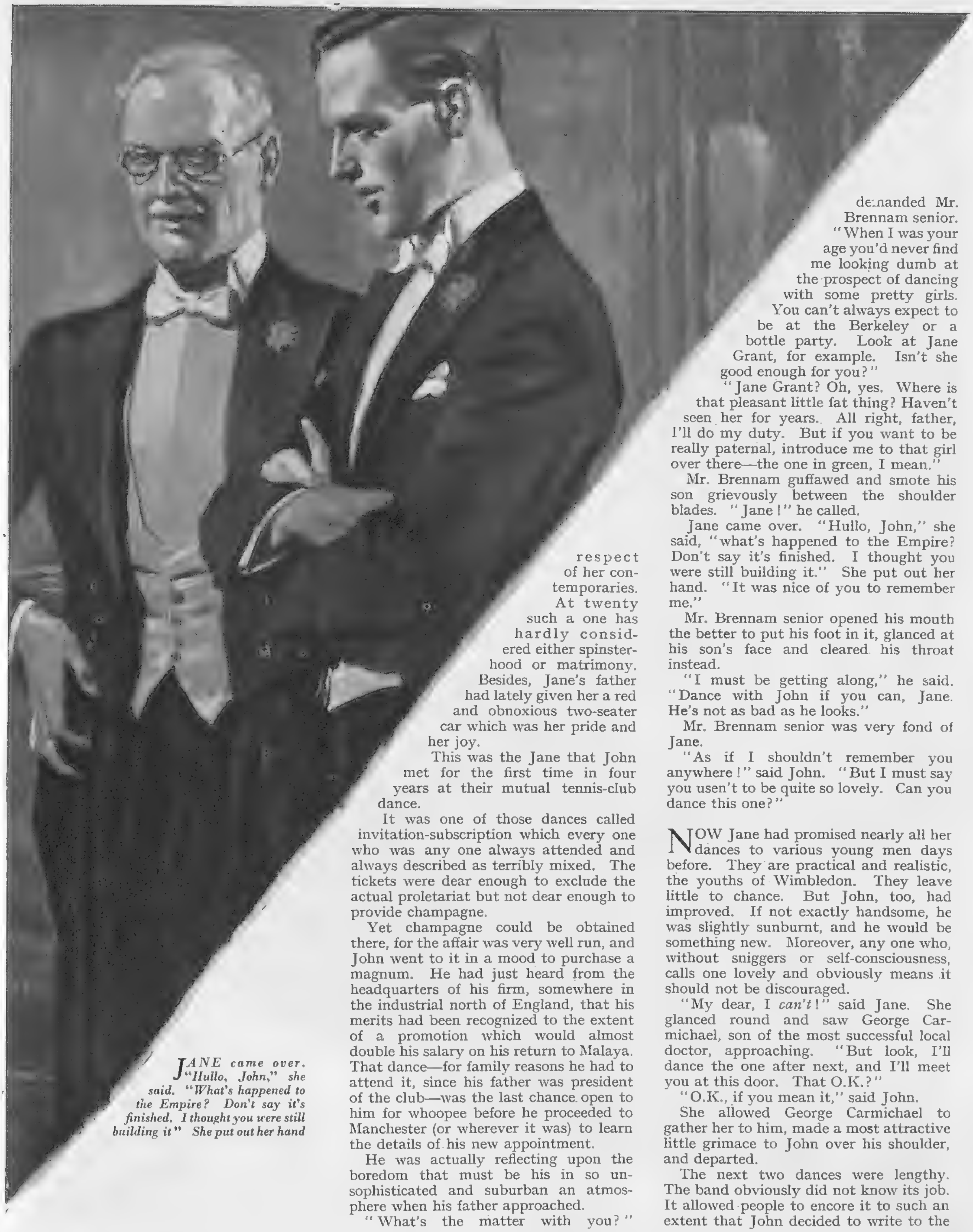
John's first leave he spent in Switzerland with his father and mother. Though Jane was back by then, she was back in Wimbledon and likely to stay there, so they did not meet.

It was his second leave that proved so romantic. By that time Jane had left hockey, lacrosse and her childish adoration of the gym mistress far behind, she was now at twenty neither lumpy, noisy nor shiny, but very pretty indeed.

She could dance well and play tennis really well. Her eyes were large and brown and lively. Her hair, in spite of the best hairdressers in Wimbledon, continued bright brown and naturally curly. Her legs were good and although, happily for her, she was by no means intellectual a natural brightness earned the

Jealousy and a little deceitfulness are the foundations of this romance

By H. T. W. Bousfield



JANE came over. "Hullo, John," she said. "What's happened to the Empire? Don't say it's finished. I thought you were still building it" She put out her hand

respect of her contemporaries. At twenty such a one has hardly considered either spinsterhood or matrimony. Besides, Jane's father had lately given her a red and obnoxious two-seater car which was her pride and her joy.

This was the Jane that John met for the first time in four years at their mutual tennis-club dance.

It was one of those dances called invitation-subscription which every one who was any one always attended and always described as terribly mixed. The tickets were dear enough to exclude the actual proletariat but not dear enough to provide champagne.

Yet champagne could be obtained there, for the affair was very well run, and John went to it in a mood to purchase a magnum. He had just heard from the headquarters of his firm, somewhere in the industrial north of England, that his merits had been recognized to the extent of a promotion which would almost double his salary on his return to Malaya. That dance—for family reasons he had to attend it, since his father was president of the club—was the last chance open to him for whoopee before he proceeded to Manchester (or wherever it was) to learn the details of his new appointment.

He was actually reflecting upon the boredom that must be his in so unsophisticated and suburban an atmosphere when his father approached.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Mr. Brennam senior. "When I was your age you'd never find me looking dumb at the prospect of dancing with some pretty girls. You can't always expect to be at the Berkeley or a bottle party. Look at Jane Grant, for example. Isn't she good enough for you?"

"Jane Grant? Oh, yes. Where is that pleasant little fat thing? Haven't seen her for years. All right, father, I'll do my duty. But if you want to be really paternal, introduce me to that girl over there—the one in green, I mean."

Mr. Brennam guffawed and smote his son grievously between the shoulder blades. "Jane!" he called.

Jane came over. "Hullo, John," she said, "what's happened to the Empire? Don't say it's finished. I thought you were still building it." She put out her hand. "It was nice of you to remember me."

Mr. Brennam senior opened his mouth the better to put his foot in it, glanced at his son's face and cleared his throat instead.

"I must be getting along," he said. "Dance with John if you can, Jane. He's not as bad as he looks."

Mr. Brennam senior was very fond of Jane.

"As if I shouldn't remember you anywhere!" said John. "But I must say you usen't to be quite so lovely. Can you dance this one?"

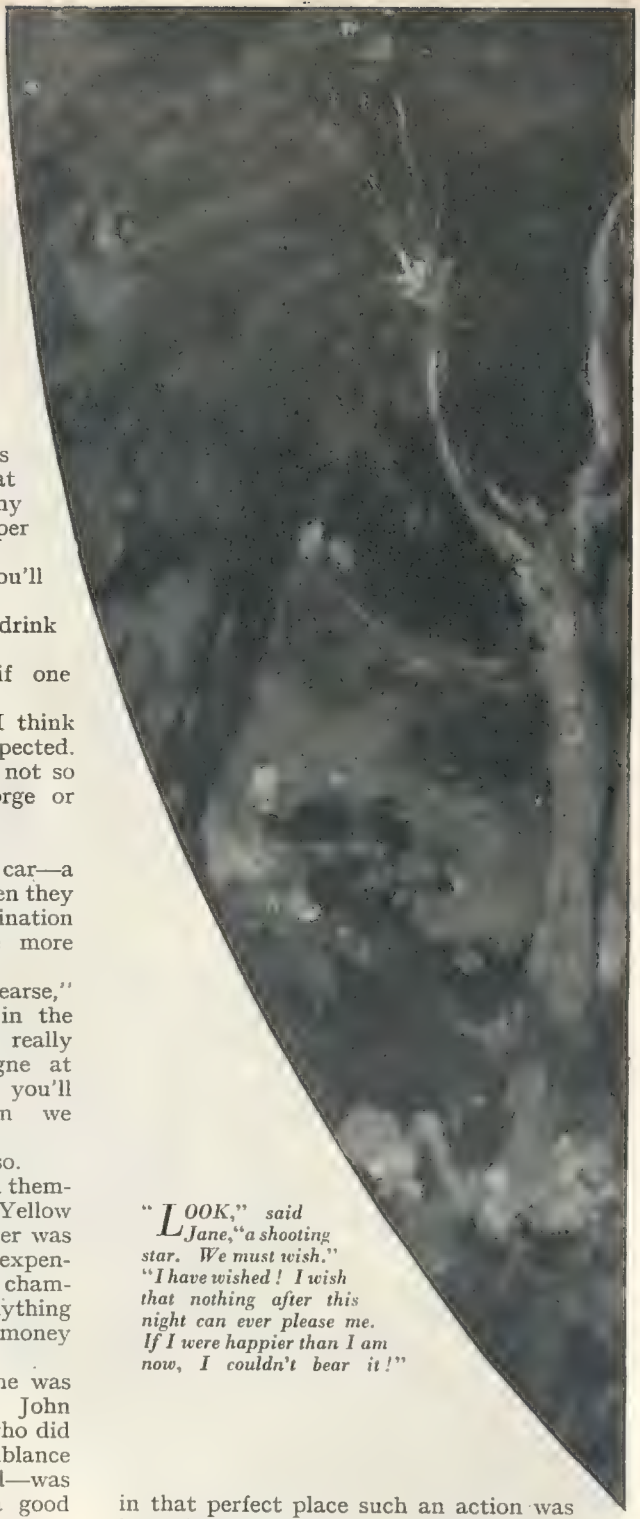
NOW Jane had promised nearly all her dances to various young men days before. They are practical and realistic, the youths of Wimbledon. They leave little to chance. But John, too, had improved. If not exactly handsome, he was slightly sunburnt, and he would be something new. Moreover, any one who, without sniggers or self-consciousness, calls one lovely and obviously means it should not be discouraged.

"My dear, I *can't*!" said Jane. She glanced round and saw George Carmichael, son of the most successful local doctor, approaching. "But look, I'll dance the one after next, and I'll meet you at this door. That O.K.?"

"O.K., if you mean it," said John.

She allowed George Carmichael to gather her to him, made a most attractive little grimace to John over his shoulder, and departed.

The next two dances were lengthy. The band obviously did not know its job. It allowed people to encore it to such an extent that John decided to write to the



"LOOK," said Jane, "a shooting star. We must wish." "I have wished! I wish that nothing after this night can ever please me. If I were happier than I am now, I couldn't bear it!"

committee. He surveyed the local fauna without enthusiasm. Other partnerless men in the bar he neither knew nor wished to know.

But at last his turn came, and Jane appeared punctually. One of the most charming things about Jane has always been her complete naturalness. If she wants to dance with you she never loses a minute. If she doesn't, she'll cut any date that may have been forced upon her. So any one Jane likes, likes her.

"Glory be," said John. "I was afraid you might be late."

"I daren't be," said Jane simply. "I'd promised this one to young Dawson last Wednesday. You remember him?"

"Can't say I do," said John, austerely attempting a tango. "Red-faced, red-haired, fat and pimply?"

"More or less. Only he's grown out of the pimples."

"You do dance well, you know," said John.

"Thank you, sir."

"I'm afraid my tangoing isn't so hot. Do you think we might sit this out?"

"I think we might."

"And have an ice, or something?"

"An ice would go down very pleasantly."

"Do you know it must be quite four years since we met," said John.

"We're getting on, of course," said Jane, licking her spoon. "Don't let's do too much of this 'Do you remember?' business. You probably pulled my hair. I was probably sick at one of your parties——"

"Not four years ago, I hope."

"At one of your parties when we were both young, I mean, stupid. Now tell me all about Malaya—at least, anything about Malaya that isn't like Wimbledon. All about beautiful damsels wreathed in hibiscus, and mysterious Chinamen with long knives in their sleeves, and gin-sodden Englishmen who've gone native."

"I can see you do a great deal of serious reading. Well, once upon a time——"

"Do you know," said Jane suddenly, "that the next dance is almost half finished? I promised George I wouldn't be late."

She half got up. John restrained her gently. "In that case," he said, "I won't let you break your word. You shan't be late. You didn't promise not to cut the dance altogether, did you?"

"No, but——"

"Very well, then. You can't be called late if you don't turn up at all."

"Oh, well," she said, "it *is* hard for a girl to try and remember what her mother taught her about good manners. I don't believe mothers have ever really learned the facts of life—in Wimbledon, I mean."

"In that case," said John, "I've got to congratulate you on leaving your parents with their young illusions. Mine lost theirs years ago. Now that you're being reasonable, I'm going to ask your help.

"Will you help an old friend who certainly never did pull your hair?"

"If you will accept it from one who certainly was once sick at your party."

"Agreed. I've got to celebrate something to-night. Belatedly, I admit, but not too late, my employers have seen fit to reward my services to a sensible figure. I'm going to see them to-morrow to find out where the catch is. But meantime I want to drink a toast to Fortune, and if I know anything about that lady she will be insulted if I do it in claret-cup."

He gazed at her solemnly. "I need champagne. I need, moreover, someone who will help me drink it."

"Are you inviting me to have supper with you? Because if you are——"

"Supper—yes. But not here. Why shouldn't we go up to London? No. We won't go to London. We'll go to the Yellow Inn. Know it?"

"I know the Yellow Inn—it's not bad. But it's miles away. What do you suppose I'm going to tell my partners? I promised to have supper with George."

"Tell them nothing and then you'll tell no lies."

"But if you *really* want to drink champagne you can buy it here."

"True," said John. "But if one doesn't want to buy it here?"

"Do you know," said Jane, "I think that point of view ought to be respected. After all, at the Yellow Inn I'm not so likely to be reproached by George or young Dawson."

"Glory be!" said John piously.

It so happened that John's car—a mere hireling—was not in sight when they sneaked out. But Jane's abomination stood very visibly amongst the more respectable vehicles.

"Never mind about your old hearse," she suggested. "I'll drive you in the Scalded Cat. And if you don't really mean champagne at the moment, you'll need it when we arrive."

It was even so.

They enjoyed themselves at the Yellow Inn. The supper was good as well as expensive, and the champagne undoubtedly better than anything likely to be procurable for love or money at any tennis-club dance.

Illustrations
by
W. Smithson Broadhead

Jane enjoyed herself because she was easily pleased with any novelty. John liked it because this pretty girl—who did certainly bear some slight resemblance to the Jane Grant he remembered—was so extremely pretty, and such a good listener.

(That's another reason why people Jane likes, like her).

John told her more about Malaya than he had ever heard before. He listened to himself with admiration. If Jane did not believe him, she showed how well she had been brought up.

THEY danced, of course. The band at the Yellow Inn is good and thoroughly modern. None of your short and snappy dances when Sol Guggenheim is conducting. Let any one clap and the show goes on for ever.

John said he liked that.

But at last they got a bit tired, and wandered out into the garden. It wasn't hot enough to bathe. For an English summer night it was almost perfect. There was a moon so bright that all the nearer stars were drowned. The sky was velvet.

John himself would be the first to admit that he only kissed Jane because in that perfect place such an action was incumbent upon him. Jane, equally truthful, would disclose (if she were in a mood to deal with impertinent questions) that the action seemed thoroughly natural. An impersonal, platonic kiss somehow fitted.

And then, as you know, the contact of their lips changed the whole tempo of the evening. A perfunctory, æsthetically inspired salute became suddenly a *kiss*. And when they had finished kissing they kissed again, and after that they were quite exhausted.

"Look," said Jane, "a shooting star. We must wish."

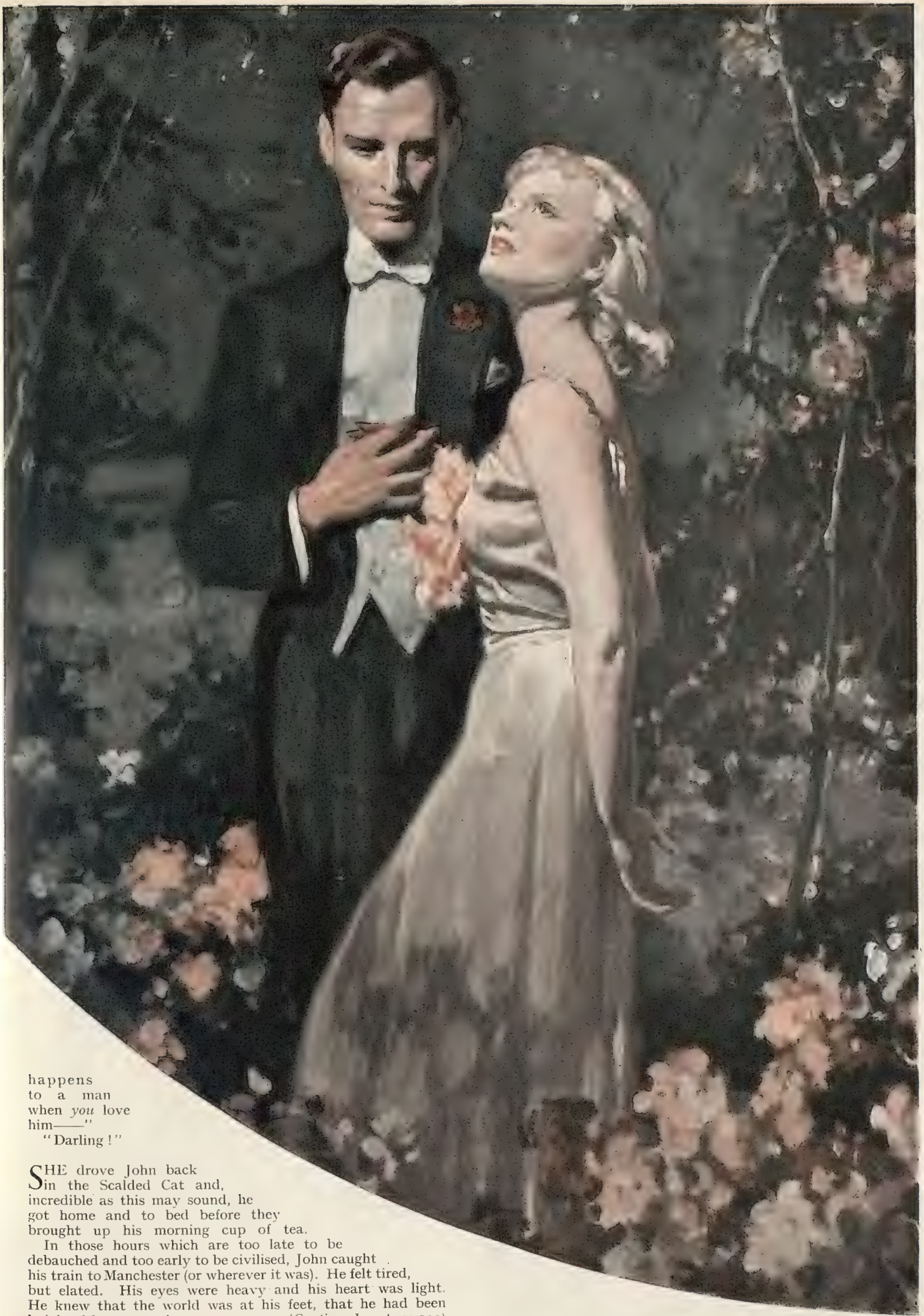
"I have wished! I wish that nothing after this night can ever please me. If I were happier than I am now, I couldn't bear it."

"Me, too. John, when shall we be married?"

"The very minute I come back from Birmingham. That'll be in a fortnight."

"Are you going to tell anybody?"

"If any one I meet can't see what



happens to a man when *you* love him——"

"Darling!"

SHE drove John back in the Scalded Cat and, incredible as this may sound, he got home and to bed before they brought up his morning cup of tea.

In those hours which are too late to be debauched and too early to be civilised, John caught his train to Manchester (or wherever it was). He felt tired, but elated. His eyes were heavy and his heart was light. He knew that the world was at his feet, that he had been knighted by an angel.

(*Continued on page* 100)

WALKING THE COME-BACK

THE "come-back" season seems to be in full swing out in Hollywood. A large proportion of the films that are crossing the Atlantic early in 1939 show us faces we once knew very well indeed. A quick glance at the credit sheets reveal names that had the power to draw mobs to the box office, when the century was a few years younger. Harry Langdon, Irene Rich, Nancy Carroll, Dolores Costello, Helen Twelvetrees, Lew Ayres, George Bancroft, Hope Hampton, Evelyn Brent, Constance Bennett, William Boyd, Charles Farrell. . . . Names that produce a string of memories; names that are back again at the top of the list.

Hollywood has a nasty way of giving a man a series of sturdy kicks in the pants when he is down. But Hollywood is ever ready to swing right round on its heels and extend a firm helping hand to the very individual it has kicked so hard and heartily. A strange business.

When I went to Hollywood for the first time, twelve years ago, I was taken out to the Back Lot at Warner Brothers' Studios, in the Burbank district, on purpose to watch a very famous film comedian at work. Harry Langdon was his name. Harry Langdon, of the wistful, puzzled eyes; the little man whose antics carried a tear with them, as well as a flock of laughs.

Many authorities in Hollywood told me then, and have repeated since, that Harry Langdon is the greatest clown on the screen. Twelve years ago the public adored Langdon, and flocked to see him. Like other stars before and after, Mr. Langdon thought it would be a wise move to start producing his own pictures. He wanted to choose his own stories; to direct himself; to hold every rein connected with his film chariot firmly in his own hands.

He thought he could do it—why not? Into a big-scale film he put a great deal of his own money. That was the film I watched him making, while awed publicity men stood gazing and murmuring, "There he is—*that's* Harry Langdon! I'll take you along to speak to him later. Isn't he swell?"

I remember a little man, with pathetic blue eyes and a look of general bewilderment and worry, marching along a muddy road at the head of a film army, lifting over-large boots high out of the mud at every painful step, with a hideous

NANCY CARROLL shows that she is as charming as ever in "There Goes My Heart"

Left:

WILLIAM BOYD, one of the most popular stars of silent films is now making a big come-back

IRENE RICH, with Melvyn Douglas and John Halliday, in a scene from "That Certain Age," in which Miss Rich returned to the screen to play the role of Deanna Durbin's mother

GEORGE BANCROFT, at one time one of the biggest stars of the screen, of the he-man type, is making a big come-back in important character roles. As the Editor in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," was the first of these new parts

ROAD

squelching sound. Harry Langdon made his name and his fortune by being funnily pathetic. The film which meant so much to him turned out to be merely pathetically unfunny. At least, that is what one imagines.

For from that time the Langdon stock began to languish. All too soon, such is the shortness of memory in the film business, Harry Langdon comedies were seen no more. Laurel and Hardy were on the way up. Chaplin was still there. But Langdon faded quietly away. I heard from different sources that he had lost a lot of money; then I did not hear anything more about him, until a publicity blurb informed me that Harry Langdon was to play a small part in *There Goes My Heart*, starring Fredric March and Virginia Bruce. Another come-back star shone again in the same film. Her name is Nancy Carroll.

Harry Langdon gave a good show in *There Goes My Heart*. So good, indeed, that when Stan Laurel staged his battle with Hal Roach, and started the walk-out that has now developed into a law suit for wrongful dismissal and a claim for nearly a quarter of a million representing lost salary, a great many people had the same idea at the same moment. Why not team Langdon with Oliver Hardy, and present filmland with a new comedy combination?

That is how Harry Langdon has made his come-back. That is why there are to be Langdon-and-Hardy films. Another wistful little man will provide the necessary puzzled contrast to the girth, strength, and frenzied muddling on the screen of Mr. Oliver Hardy.

Nancy Carroll's name, reminds me of quite a number of things stored behind film memories. Of Nancy, her glorious red hair blowing gaily in the morning breeze, mounting a chair at the Hollywood Breakfast Club, and astounding five hundred hearty breakfasters by firing a pistol five times into the air, yelling at the same instant: "I'll get my man!"

At the time, a stage play called *Chicago* was being played at the little Music Box Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. Nancy Carroll, an unknown stage actress in the cast, was (*Continued on page* 85)

DOLORES COSTELLO, ex-wife of John Barrymore, makes a screen come-back as the mother of Bobby Breen in "Breaking the Ice"

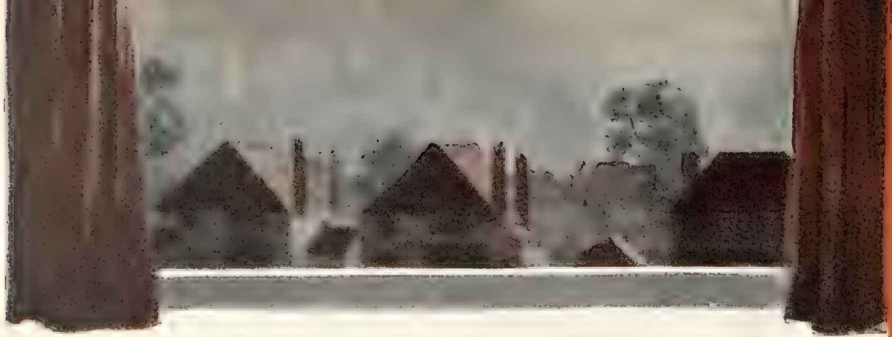
HARRY LANGDON, once one of the screen's most popular comedians, has now been teamed with Oliver Hardy

LEW AYRES, with Maureen O'Sullivan in "Spring Madness." This was one of the fine films in which he has appeared since he started his big come-back at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios

Below:
EVELYN BRENT, once one of the biggest stars on the screen, is making a come-back to the screen from which she has been absent so long. Is now playing good character parts, of which one of the first was in "The Law West of Tombstone"

★ ★ ★ Stars of Yesterday, who are Becoming Stars of Today: and why

By Margaret Chute



NEW MOON THROUGH GLASS

By

Christine Jope-Slade

SUSAN CARVER said for the hundredth time, "That ring is IN the house, Percy, somewhere."

He knew her mind was running round in small, hot, frightened circles. Her mind seemed to do that automatically these days all the time. Often he woke, after a comfortable night beside her, to find her staring baldly out of the black circles round her eyes; protesting wearily that she had never closed them all night. He was forced to believe from her appearance that her statement was true.

"Look here!" he said. "Make it up with Muriel, old girl. THAT'S at the bottom of all this."

"It won't return my ring."

"The insurance will pay up. You can have another. Modern."

To this she made the apparently inept reply, "Foreigners have queer ideas of right and wrong."

Percy Carver raised himself on his elbow in the big double bed and surveyed his wife with genuine dismay. He had a quiet, kind mind. It was deeply shocked.

"That's WICKED!" he said forcibly. "What possible right——"

"One thinks and thinks," answered his wife. "I only sort of wondered. . . ."

"Then, DON'T! It's beastly of you, Susan."

He was sorry he had spoken so forcibly. Poor old Susan! Of course, the row with Muriel Priest had upset her. Bosom pals for forty years, and then to go and have a row because the one copied the other woman's drawing-room curtains! His logical male thoughts ran on. Nice if he had a row with old Brown because he had chosen the same coloured necktie and bust a life-long business association! Mu and Su! Why; when he had first met Susan it had been *with* Muriel, and they had both worn pigtails. They had married, lived in the same suburb all their lives. Muriel's Terence had been born three months before their Lucie. Bosom pals. Mutual interests. Shared experiences. Busted sky-high on a pair of drawing-room curtains!!

Through the slit in the curtain, he saw the slim silver shoulder of the new moon shrug into view.

Seeking a diversion for the distressed woman by his side decent little Percy Carver climbed out of bed and drew back the curtains.

The quiet suburban garden looked very wonderful. All the spring foliage motionless and silver. All the coloured spring flowers white and still.

"Look!" he cried. "New moon."

Susan Carver sat up in bed.

"Oh!" she wailed. "Now you've made me see it through glass! It's *so* unlucky to see the new moon through glass."

She burst into tears.

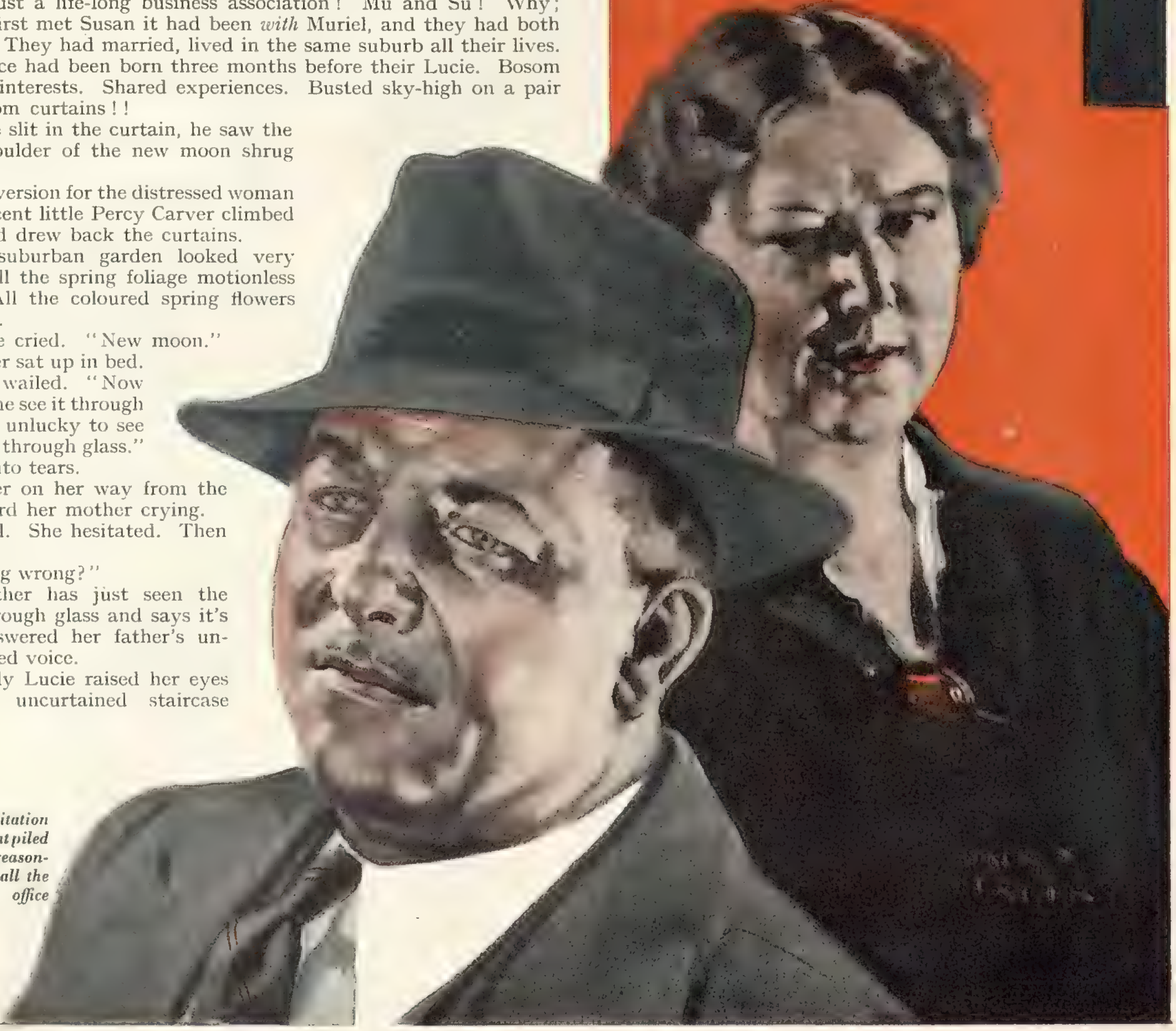
Lucie Carver on her way from the bathroom heard her mother crying.

She frowned. She hesitated. Then she knocked.

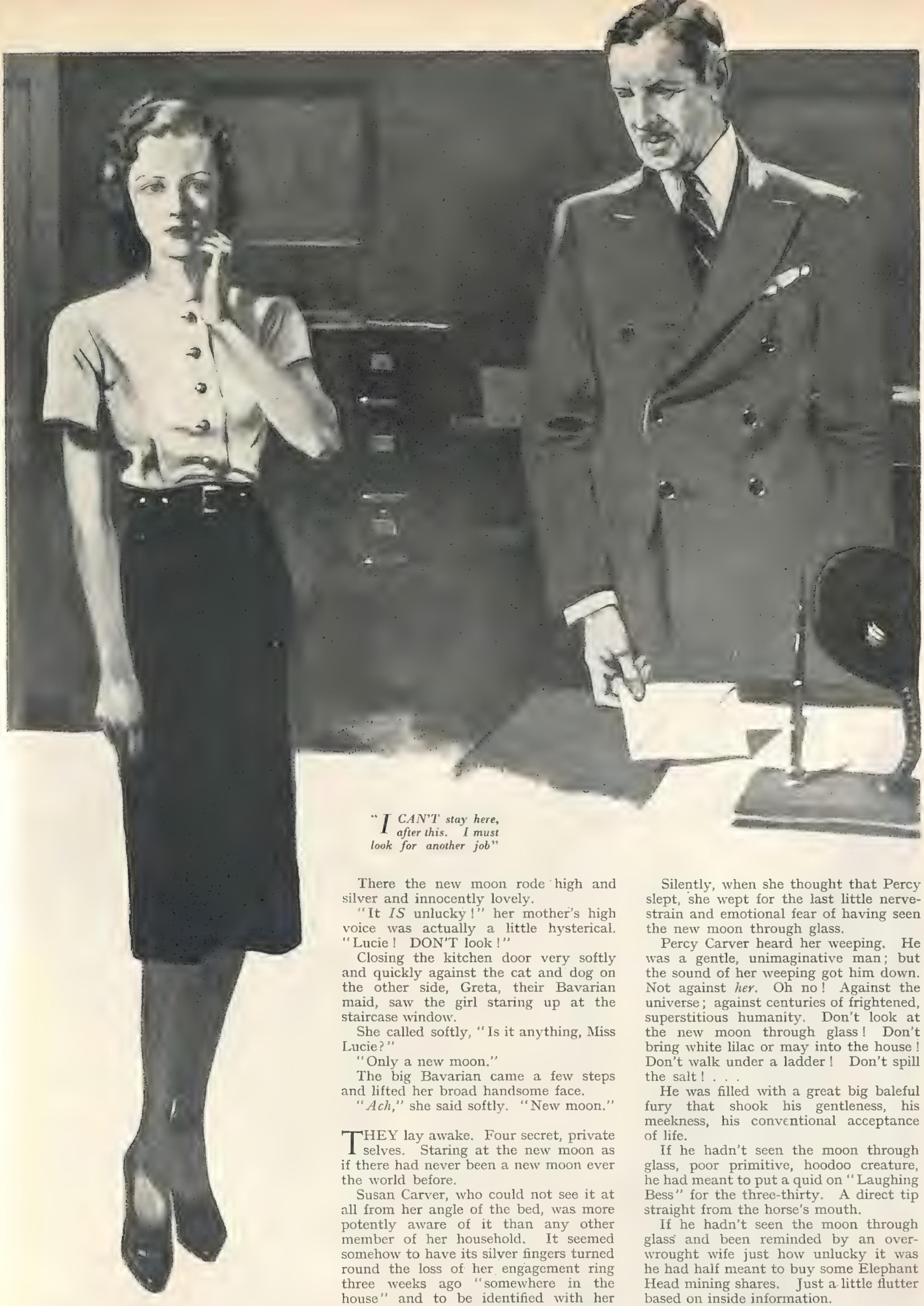
"Is anything wrong?"

"Your mother has just seen the new moon through glass and says it's unlucky," answered her father's unusually irritated voice.

Involuntarily Lucie raised her eyes to the big, uncurtained staircase window.



HIS nervous irritation and resentment piled itself up in unreasonable proportions all the way up to the office



"I CAN'T stay here, after this. I must look for another job"

There the new moon rode high and silver and innocently lovely.

"It *IS* unlucky!" her mother's high voice was actually a little hysterical. "Lucie! DON'T look!"

Closing the kitchen door very softly and quickly against the cat and dog on the other side, Greta, their Bavarian maid, saw the girl staring up at the staircase window.

She called softly, "Is it anything, Miss Lucie?"

"Only a new moon."

The big Bavarian came a few steps and lifted her broad handsome face.

"*Ach*," she said softly. "New moon."

THEY lay awake. Four secret, private selves. Staring at the new moon as if there had never been a new moon ever the world before.

Susan Carver, who could not see it at all from her angle of the bed, was more potently aware of it than any other member of her household. It seemed somehow to have its silver fingers turned round the loss of her engagement ring three weeks ago "somewhere in the house" and to be identified with her lifelong friendship with Muriel Priest, now destroyed in its fortieth year. Silently, when she thought that Percy slept, she wept for the last little nerve-strain and emotional fear of having seen the new moon through glass.

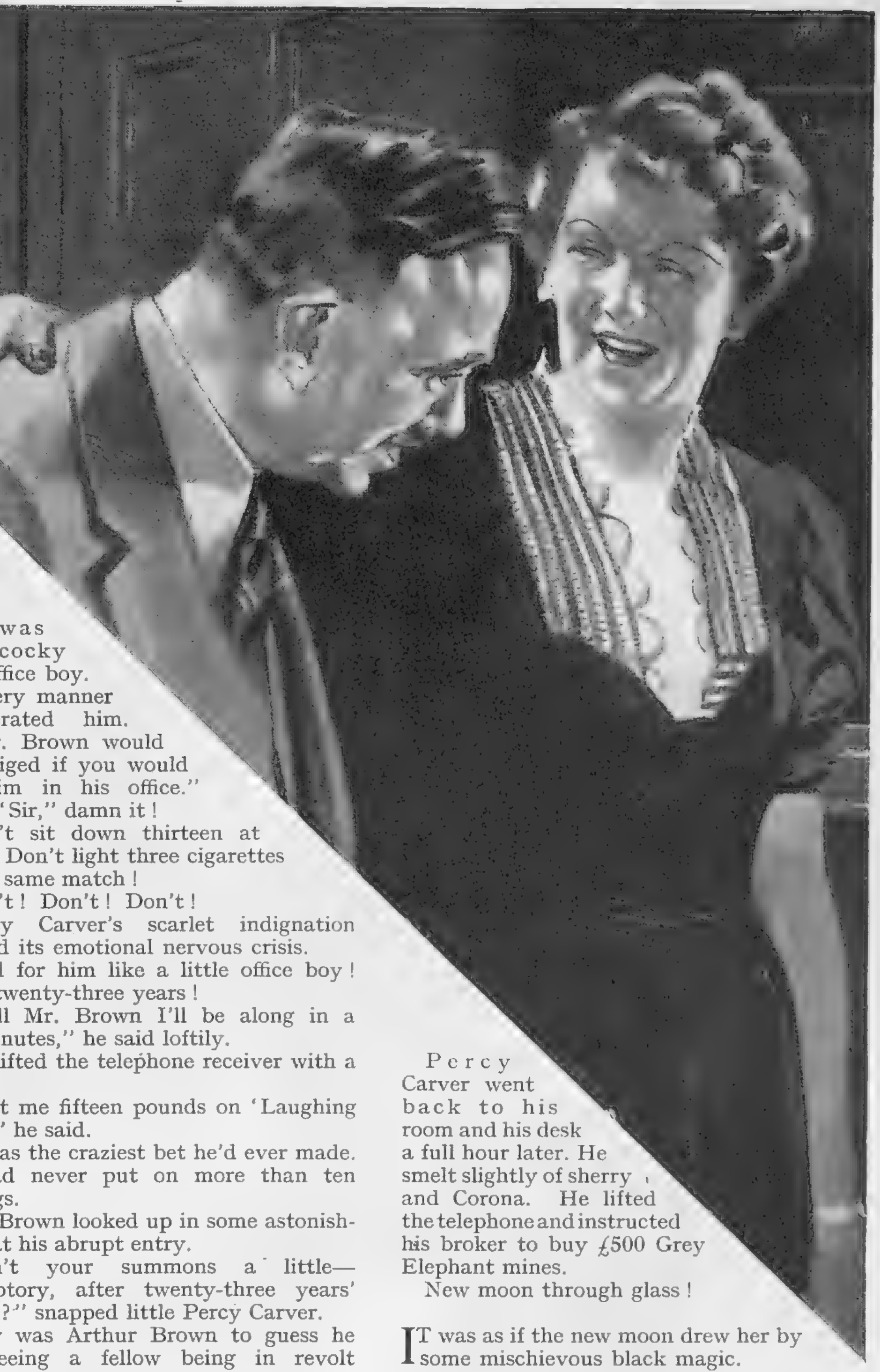
Percy Carver heard her weeping. He was a gentle, unimaginative man; but the sound of her weeping got him down. Not against *her*. Oh no! Against the universe; against centuries of frightened, superstitious humanity. Don't look at the new moon through glass! Don't bring white lilac or may into the house! Don't walk under a ladder! Don't spill the salt! . . .

He was filled with a great big baleful fury that shook his gentleness, his meekness, his conventional acceptance of life.

If he hadn't seen the moon through glass, poor primitive, hoodoo creature, he had meant to put a quid on "Laughing Bess" for the three-thirty. A direct tip straight from the horse's mouth.

If he hadn't seen the moon through glass and been reminded by an overwrought wife just how unlucky it was he had half meant to buy some Elephant Head mining shares. Just a little flutter based on inside information.

Here he was lying in bed emotionally controlled through fears like a savage.



Enlightened scientific world my foot !

Why, look at the horoscopes in the papers ! Look at the fortune tellers flourishing !

He glared at the disk of light on the curtain made by the banished moon.

But he could not sleep. All night he could not sleep.

It was an arid, cantankerous, weary little man who rose unrefreshed and moonstruck.

"If you weren't a fool, Su, you'd go round and make it up with Mu," he told his wife. "Burn the curtains ! I'll stand for a new pair."

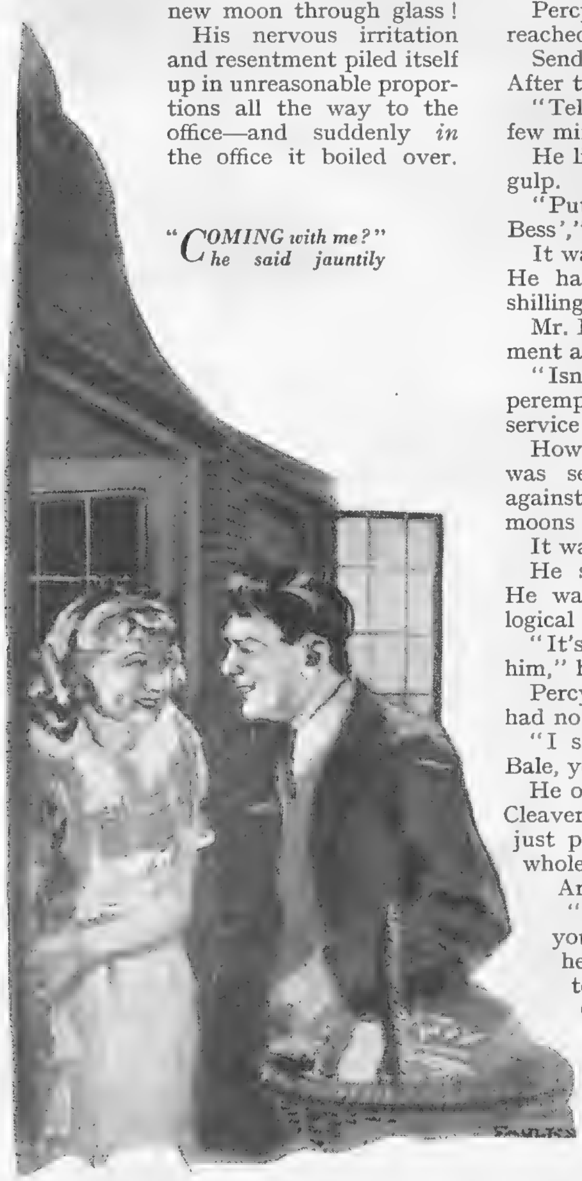
SU and MU ! Just like a lot of adolescents ! He felt a wave of contempt for himself and his circle.

Bunch of £1,000 a year robots, still clinging desperately in adolescent groups. Scareys ! Safe-jobbers ! Pioneers? Why, if any one went a mild cruise it was an adventure. A big, brave, breathless adventure.

Unlucky to pass a man with crossed eyes ! Unlucky to turn a mattress on Friday. Unlucky to see the new moon through glass !

His nervous irritation and resentment piled itself up in unreasonable proportions all the way to the office—and suddenly *in* the office it boiled over.

"*COMING with me?*" *he said jauntily*



It was that cocky new office boy. His very manner exasperated him.

"Mr. Brown would be obliged if you would see him in his office."

No "Sir," damn it !

Don't sit down thirteen at table. Don't light three cigarettes off the same match !

Don't ! Don't ! Don't !

Percy Carver's scarlet indignation reached its emotional nervous crisis.

Send for him like a little office boy ! After twenty-three years !

"Tell Mr. Brown I'll be along in a few minutes," he said loftily.

He lifted the telephone receiver with a gulp.

"Put me fifteen pounds on 'Laughing Bess'," he said.

It was the craziest bet he'd ever made. He had never put on more than ten shillings.

Mr. Brown looked up in some astonishment at his abrupt entry.

"Isn't your summons a little—peremptory, after twenty-three years' service?" snapped little Percy Carver.

How was Arthur Brown to guess he was seeing a fellow being in revolt against superstition and bogies and new moons through glass?

It was fantastic.

He saw the little man was rattled. He was a good, shrewd, clear-brained, logical little man.

"It's that ass of a new boy. We'll fire him," he placated.

Percy Carver said truculently; and he had no idea *how* truculently he spoke.

"I saw Mr. Cleaver, of Cleavers and Bale, yesterday, Mr. Brown."

He only wanted to boast. To tell him Cleaver had given him a tip; and he had just put fifteen pounds on it. Fifteen whole quid.

Arthur Brown said :

"Wait a minute before you commit yourself, Carver. I called you in here to tell you the firm are going to put you up £300 a year. Can Cleaver beat that?"

He had not meant to broach the matter until after the next balance sheet had been duly published; but really, the little man was *so* up in the air.

Percy Carver went back to his room and his desk a full hour later. He smelt slightly of sherry and Corona. He lifted the telephone and instructed his broker to buy £500 Grey Elephant mines.

New moon through glass !

IT was as if the new moon drew her by some mischievous black magic.

At twelve, Lucie Carver rose and stared at it through glass with wide eyes.

At three, not having slept, she rose and looked at it with weeping eyes.

At five, she rose and looked at it with sleepless eyes, dry again and burning a little.

At six, she sat up in bed and watched the sky change. The new moon was like a crescent silver brooch on a limelit frock —grey—white—softly burning blue.

She was only eighteen. Timid. Romantic. Inexperienced. Touchingly lovely in a childish way.

She slept until Greta shook her awake.

She rose as nervy as a delicate child after a late party.

It was twelve-thirty before the senior partner at her firm of chartered accountants sent for her.

He rose when she came in. That had touched her inexpressibly. It still did.

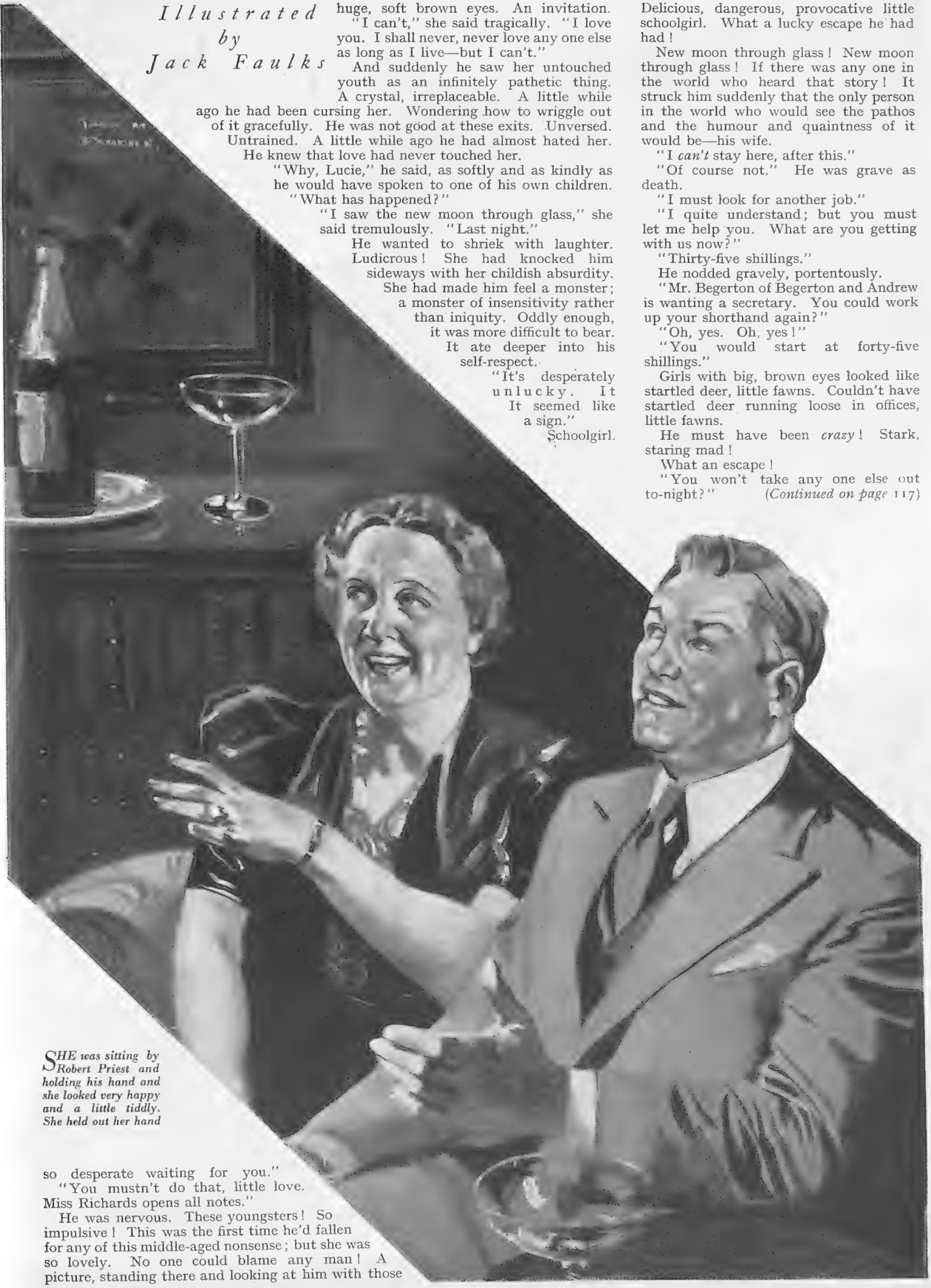
He said :

"Lucie, darling—I've had one hell of a morning ! I couldn't see you before !"

She said :

"I nearly wrote you a note—I got

Illustrated by Jack Faulks



SHE was sitting by Robert Priest and holding his hand and she looked very happy and a little tiddly. She held out her hand

so desperate waiting for you."

"You mustn't do that, little love. Miss Richards opens all notes."

He was nervous. These youngsters! So impulsive! This was the first time he'd fallen for any of this middle-aged nonsense; but she was so lovely. No one could blame any man! A picture, standing there and looking at him with those huge, soft brown eyes. An invitation.

"I can't," she said tragically. "I love you. I shall never, never love any one else as long as I live—but I can't."

And suddenly he saw her untouched youth as an infinitely pathetic thing. A crystal, irreplaceable. A little while ago he had been cursing her. Wondering how to wriggle out of it gracefully. He was not good at these exits. Unversed. Untrained. A little while ago he had almost hated her. He knew that love had never touched her.

"Why, Lucie," he said, as softly and as kindly as he would have spoken to one of his own children. "What has happened?"

"I saw the new moon through glass," she said tremulously. "Last night."

He wanted to shriek with laughter. Ludicrous! She had knocked him sideways with her childish absurdity. She had made him feel a monster; a monster of insensitivity rather than iniquity. Oddly enough, it was more difficult to bear. It ate deeper into his self-respect.

"It's desperately unlucky. It It seemed like a sign."

Schoolgirl. Delicious, dangerous, provocative little schoolgirl. What a lucky escape he had had!

New moon through glass! New moon through glass! If there was any one in the world who heard that story! It struck him suddenly that the only person in the world who would see the pathos and the humour and quaintness of it would be—his wife.

"I *can't* stay here, after this."

"Of course not." He was grave as death.

"I must look for another job."

"I quite understand; but you must let me help you. What are you getting with us now?"

"Thirty-five shillings."

He nodded gravely, portentously.

"Mr. Begerton of Begerton and Andrew is wanting a secretary. You could work up your shorthand again?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes!"

"You would start at forty-five shillings."

Girls with big, brown eyes looked like startled deer, little fawns. Couldn't have startled deer running loose in offices, little fawns.

He must have been *crazy*! Stark, staring mad!

What an escape!

"You won't take any one else out to-night?"

(Continued on page 117)

John Company's Ships

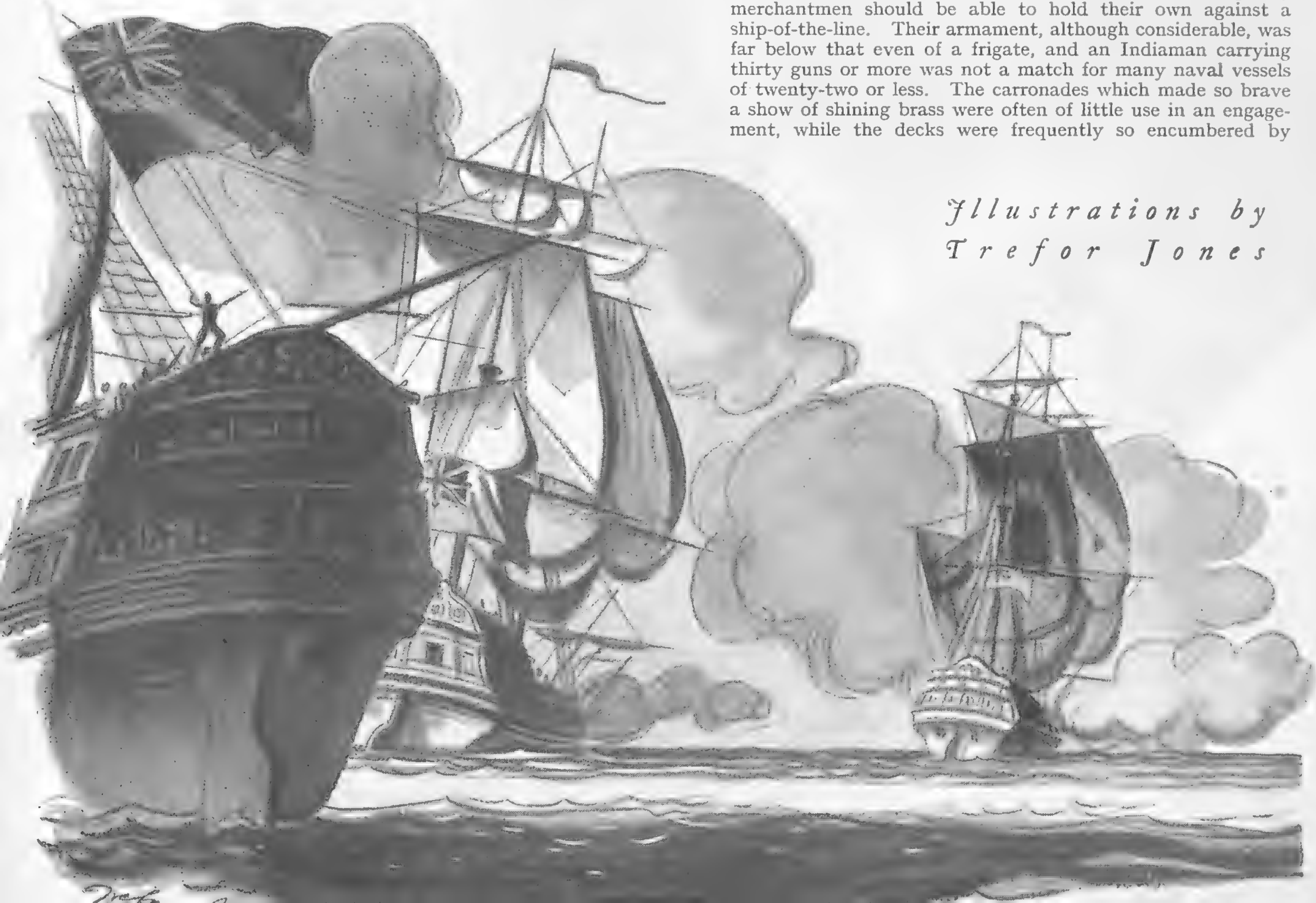
OF all the fair sights which were destined to be driven from the seas with the coming of the Age of Steam, none, perhaps, could be found more lovely and more imposing than a lordly East Indiaman rolling down Channel under press of sail, her lofty tower of canvas, from course to moonraker, gleaming white in the sun as the gulls that piped and hovered in her wake, her planking snowy with holystone and elbow-grease, her brass carronades as bright as "spit and polish" could make them, and her figurehead—togaed statesman, bemedalled general, or turbaned Oriental potentate—staring out over the piled-up bow-wave through the rainbow of flung spray that would go before her round the world.

True, she had her failings. The clean beauty of line, the perfect co-ordination, which distinguished the ships of the clipper era were yet to be evolved. There was nothing streamlined about the vessels of John Company's fleet. Those bluff bows of theirs battered through the seas rather than cleft them. Speed had not yet taken its place in the general scheme of things. A ship's business was first and foremost to get her cargoes to their destination in good condition, a thing which could not be done if her seams were so opened up by fast sailing as to make her more leaky than usual. When darkness fell upon the seas, her upper canvas came in, and so did her upper spars—a fact not greatly to be wondered at when it is remembered that most of the seas were still imperfectly charted if at all, and their coasts frequently unlighted. The bold "cracking on" so characteristic of the daring shipmasters of the mid-nineteenth century had no place in the programme of the East Indiaman's captain—a dignified, perhaps even a slightly pompous personage, whom, in the splendour of his gold lace, superfine blue cloth and cocked hat, one might well hesitate to describe by the familiar title of "skipper," though he was in all likelihood generally called the "Old Man" behind his back by the irreverent "young gentlemen" of the midshipmen's berth.

JOHN COMPANY'S ships, despite all their shortcomings, represented a tradition which still lives on even in the altered conditions of this present age—a tradition of sailorlike conduct, of seafaring enterprise, of dogged courage and devotion to duty, without which all the inventions of science could create but the outer shell of a great maritime service. From the days when the East India Company's fleet—the *Red Dragon*, the *Hector*, the *Ascension* and the *Susan*—buffeted their way round the Cape to open up English trade with the Orient, until the relentless process of change banished the last of their successors from the seas, their record is one filled with the stuff of romance, with the magic of far horizons, the perils and dangers of the oceans and often enough with the thunder of guns and the red-litten clouds of the smoke of battle.

Even in time of peace it was necessary for an East Indiaman to be armed against the pirates who had their lairs along the coasts of Madagascar and the surrounding islands, as well as against the raiding dhows of the Persian Gulf. During the eighteenth century, too, it was seldom that England was not at war with one or other of her rivals for the supremacy of the seas, and since it was impossible for the Royal Navy to maintain a complete patrol along the thousands of miles of Britain's trade routes the Indiaman had to be always ready to defend herself and her cargo against frigate or privateer.

At the same time, it was never expected that these fighting merchantmen should be able to hold their own against a ship-of-the-line. Their armament, although considerable, was far below that even of a frigate, and an Indiaman carrying thirty guns or more was not a match for many naval vessels of twenty-two or less. The carronades which made so brave a show of shining brass were often of little use in an engagement, while the decks were frequently so encumbered by

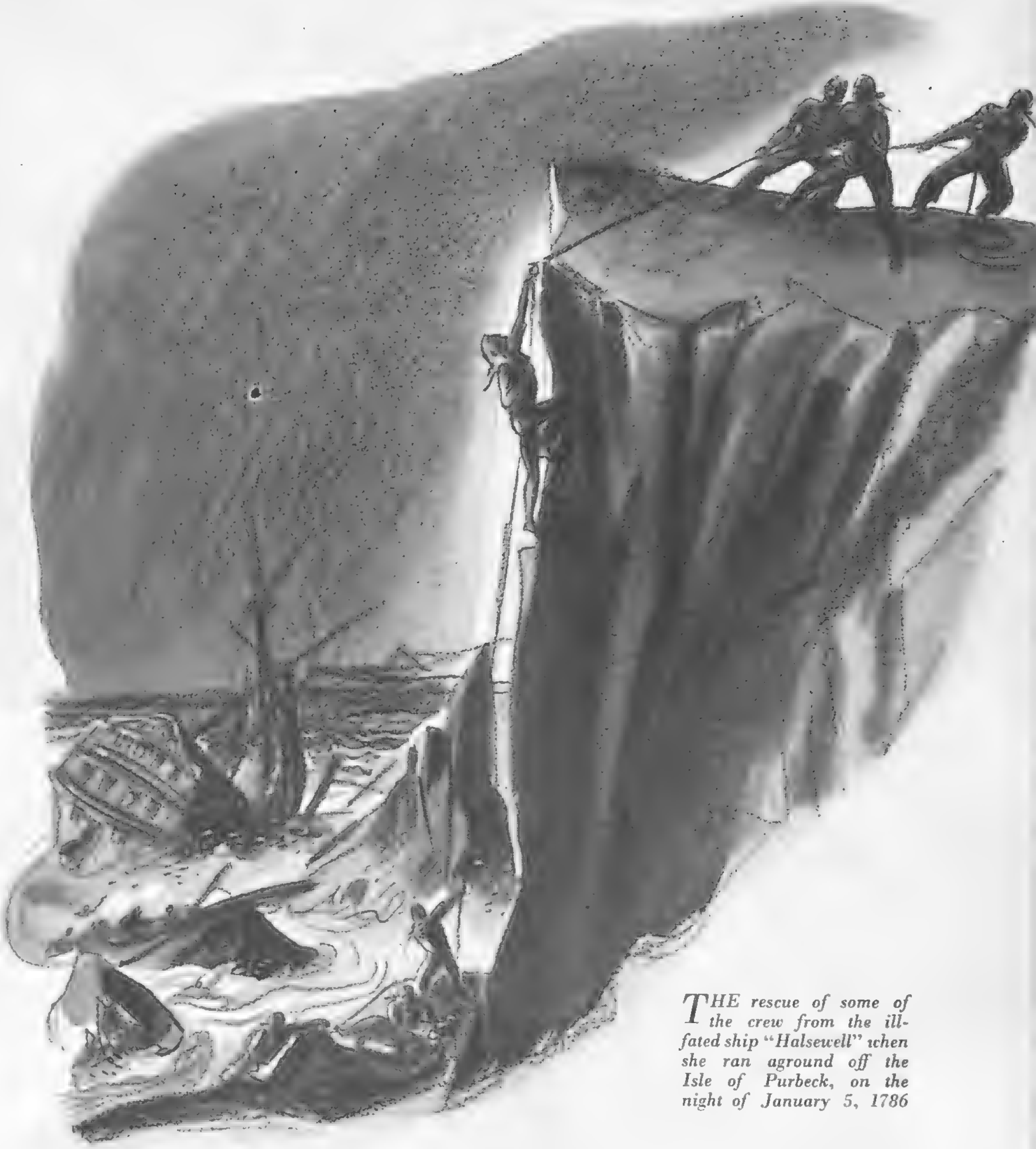


Illustrations by Trefor Jones

Tales of the East Indiamen

By

C. Fox Smith



The rescue of some of the crew from the ill-fated ship "Halsewell" when she ran aground off the Isle of Purbeck, on the night of January 5, 1786

water butts and other articles that the guns could not be brought into action promptly and effectively. For all that, there were occasions when the fighting Indiaman proved that she could put up a good resistance even against superior armament and more highly trained crews; and of these Commodore Dance's engagement with the squadron commanded by the French Admiral Linois is the most outstanding example.

In January, 1804, a large fleet of Indiamen sailed from China under the command of Commodore Nathaniel Dance. His flagship was the *Earl Camden* of 1,200 tons, and with her were fifteen other vessels of the company's fleet, the *Warley, Alfred, Royal George, Coutts, Wexford, Ganges* (brig), *Exeter, Earl of Abergavenny, Henry Addington, Bombay Castle, Cumberland, Hope, Warren Hastings* and *Ocean*. Thirteen "country" ships, trading between India and China, also formed part of the convoy.

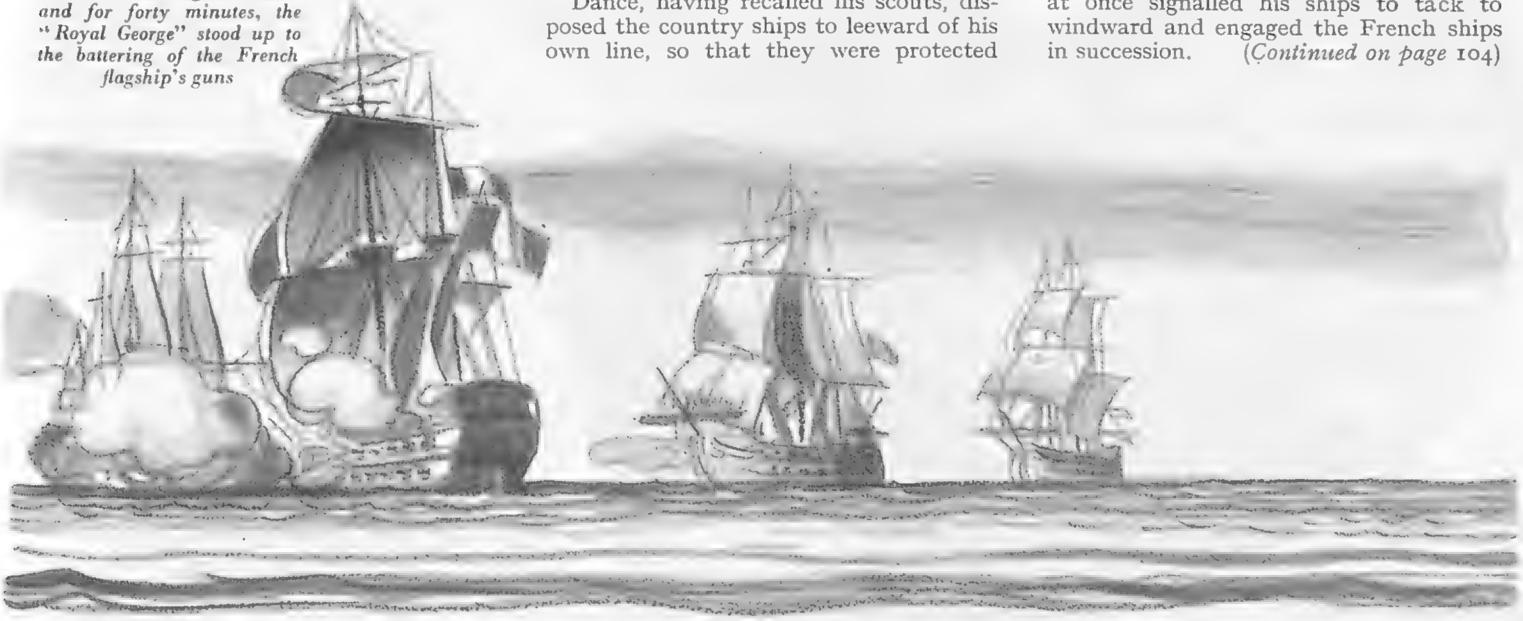
At daybreak on the 14th of February the *Royal George* signalled to commodore: "Four strange sails in sight to the south-west." Dance immediately ordered the *Royal George* with three other ships to approach the strangers and try to identify them, and the signal presently came back that they were none other than Admiral Linois's squadron, consisting of the *Marengo*, seventy-four guns, the frigate *Belle Poule* of forty guns, a ship famed for her exploits against British commerce in the Indian Ocean, the *Semillante* of thirty-six guns, and the *Berceau* of twenty-two guns, and the brig *Aventurier* of sixteen guns.

The French Admiral no doubt expected that the fleet, which he had been expressly sent to intercept, would be a fairly easy prey. But any visions he may have cherished of carrying the merchantmen before him as a dog harries a flock of sheep were destined to be rudely dispelled.

Dance, having recalled his scouts, disposed the country ships to leeward of his own line, so that they were protected from the enemy, and continued under easy sail till sunset, when he hove to for the night. At daybreak Linois's ships were three miles off to windward, and at nine o'clock Dance made sail once more on a parallel course with the enemy. Linois now began to close in on the English fleet, evidently intending to cut off Dance's rear; but the latter, divining his object, at once signalled his ships to tack to windward and engaged the French ships in succession.

(*Continued on page* 104)

Linois now began to close in on the English Fleet; and for forty minutes, the "Royal George" stood up to the battering of the French flagship's guns



RABBLE IN ARMS
ROBERTS
NELSON'S WIFE
M. KEATE
THE PAGODA TREE
Blue Haze
Not PEACE but a SWORD
Oliver
THEY WANTED TO LIVE
The Pindars
ROBERTS
Pamela Frankau
THE DEVIL WE KNOW
DROP TO HIS DEATH
JOHN RH
CARTER D
THE YOUNG COSIMA
BY
Henry Handel
RICHARDSON
Crime-book

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Alan Seymour

THERE is an unusual preponderance of fiction in this month's batch of books, and in fact there are only really two volumes which can be regarded as biographical.

In respect of a third, although it is really, primarily fiction, one would not have to stretch one's imagination very far to include it with the other two biographies, but unlike them, it is not a personal biography but a biography of a war—the American War of Independence—from which it will be appreciated that its period is 1775-1777.

Rabble in Arms, as this outstanding book is called, is by Kenneth Roberts, author of the famous *Northwest Passage,* and it comes from Collins & Co., price 9s. 6d.

Like *Northwest Passage, Rabble in Arms* is a long book—and a memorable contribution to modern literature.

In the writing of *Rabble in Arms,* the author drew upon information obtained in the Fort of Ticonderoga (New York) Museum and the Phillips Exeter Academy, New Hampshire. In addition, Mr. Roberts acknowledges a large number of librarians and others who have helped him in the compilation and arrangement of the masses of historical fact which have enabled him to build round an accurate representation of those stirring times.

As entertainment, *Rabble in Arms* is better than any historical film I have ever seen, for it holds a nice balance between interest and authenticity while the latter is usually such a minor consideration in Hollywood's scripts.

"Why, they're nothing but rabble in arms," said General Burgoyne, Commander of the British Forces in America, of the army that was destined to defeat him at Saratoga and bring about the independence of the United States.

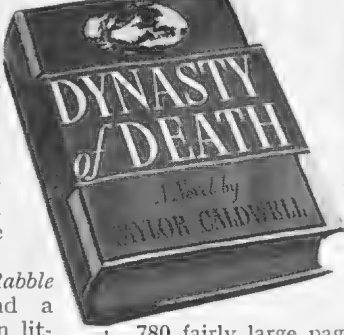
Kenneth Roberts sets out to tell us the story of this rabble, and he has given us one of the greatest historical novels of all time.

These are days when the psychology of war and war-makers is of absorbing interest and an analytical study of the psychology of a war which changed the whole aspect of the world and the whole structure of civilisation is bound to be of interest.

Rabble in Arms is more than merely of profound interest, (*Continued on page* 88)

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"Dynasty of Death"—by Taylor Caldwell (Collins & Co., 10s. 6d.)



MR. CALDWELL'S novel is terrific. Its clear-cut characterisation, its breadth of understanding and its powerful theme are alike epic.

Dynasty of Death is another of those long novels—it runs to 780 fairly large pages of fairly small type—but no reader will find one word of it which does not grip.

The theme is one with, tragically enough, a terrible topicality, for it tells of a family of armaments manufacturers, wholesalers in war.

Their business was organised to such a pitch of efficiency that they not only made the weapons of war, but also engineered the wars themselves to maintain demand.

Thus they inaugurated and fostered a dynasty whose death-dealing influence spread outwards to the farthest acres of the world, to come echoing back in the number of guns from warring nations, and muttering on the storm-winds of wars as yet unborn.

Starting in an English village and crossing to America, it is a saga that brings to life the men and women of the Barbour family as unforgettably as Galsworthy's Forsytes.

Running side by side with the central theme of the idolatry of power, is the enthralling story of the loves and lives of three generations of Barbours.

Against a background of realism and death, pitting themselves against the worldliness of their menfolk, the incorrigibly romantic Barbour women play their parts in the family destinies.

Dominating it all is the horribly credible figure of Ernest Barbour, the implacable, the indomitable, whose will moves inexorably across the story, crushing and grinding everything in its path.

His power, though terrible, will fascinate you as it fascinated the members of his family.

You will want to hate him, but I defy you to do so.

He deals out death impartially to the world, but it is his tragedy that in doing so he deals it out to those nearest to him—to his own children and to the one woman he loved.

Taylor Caldwell is a great literary artist. Only a great literary artist would employ so patient a style in the unfolding of so tempestuous a theme.

This 780-page long novel is one long, heart-breaking sigh at the ghastly folly and selfishness of mankind.

It is a book which will go down to history as a permanent indictment of twentieth-century cupidity, just as it will make literary history for its gossamer handling of an iron grimness.

You *must* read *Dynasty of Death.*

The WOMEN I MEET

A Month to Month Commentary

By

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS

LADY ELEANOR SMITH

LIFE in a big city offers always continual opportunities and, in London perhaps one of the great and most stimulating is the meeting of new people and making, as the Americans say, "fresh contacts."

For London has changed greatly since the days when households were packed up and crammed into family coaches to arrive for the short period of the "Season," and then retired to be seen no more beyond the confines of their own estates for the rest of the year.

To-day there is still the "Season" it is true, and it is nearly upon us, but London has become a place of permanent homes as well as a centre of coming and going all the year round. To live in its midst is very like staring out through a window at an ever-changing pageant through which pass the well known, the beautiful, the wise; those who have fame, rank or wealth, some who carry sorrow, others who smile gay greetings or wave a temporary farewell.

And, watching the procession as it were, it is amusing to daydream a little and wonder what it would be like to lead the life of someone else for a change—if one could slip into someone else's shoes—whose would one choose to wear?

THOSE of ANNE DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS would certainly lead, sooner or later to adventure!

She is the wife of Captain Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys of the Grenadier Guards reserve, Lord of the Manor of Stanwick, an official at Whitehall but who shares passionately with his wife a love of wandering.

Together they have travelled in many strange places and met with both dangerous and exciting adventures, in which on more than one occasion they have found it imperative to save each other's life.

Sir Weldon loves to probe the secrets of the jungle, and can show an excellent colour film of almost impenetrable places in Brazil when he and his wife were there snake-catching. They brought back alive a large collection of snakes, some of which had never been brought over alive before, including the coral snake. The venom is being used for experimental purposes in the cure of certain diseases such as epilepsy.

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys loves the desert. She is invigorated by the life of a camp, and laughs at the thought of any hardship in it. She carries her own cooking equipment and has, as a consequence, become not only an expert cook but an unusual one for she knows many dishes, foreign, gipsy or native, the recipes for which she collects wherever she goes.

Under such circumstances she has crossed the Sahara several times, always in Arab dress, and she is, I think, one of the very few Englishwomen, to have kept with the Arabs the Feast of Ramadan, that endurance test of fasting between sunrise and sundown for forty days which gives her an accepted kinship with the Arabs.

Of that exotic race she has a great love. She knows their customs, she is welcome in their harems. She thinks

(*Continued on page* 108)

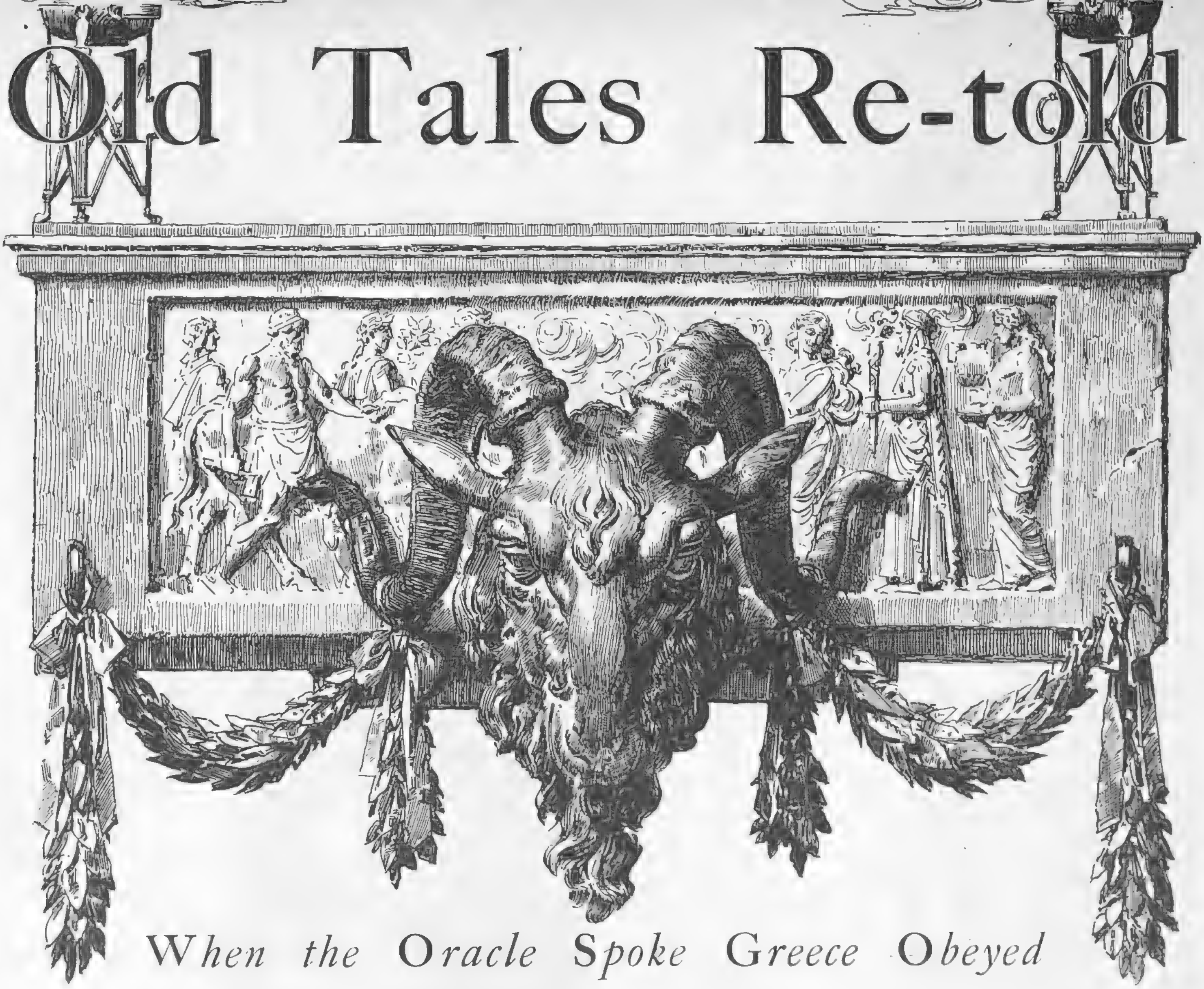
MISS OLGA LYNN

(*Left*) MISS RACHEL PARSONS

MISS DIANA MILLS

(*Left*) LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY

Old Tales Re-told



When the Oracle Spoke Greece Obeyed

Written and Illustrated

By

F. Matania, R.I.

An innate thirst to know what the future held led men in ancient times to place an inordinate faith in Oracles, and the Oracles came, indeed, to be the very focal point of pagan faith.

So immense was the Oracle's hold that in Asiatic, Greek and Roman history we find it dominating the whole course of life. A single word from the Oracle and a great expedition would be launched propitiously on its way. A warning of disaster to come would deviate many a great leader from his purpose. The Oracle was the all-powerful and only infallible medium of communication between men and gods.

Few there were who dared to question the genuineness of those sacred utterances. Herodotus, for instance, could have enlightened posterity to a remarkable degree, but for the all-dominating fear of mentioning things that he deemed at once sacred and forbidden. Although conscious of his great mission as an historian, no consideration could override his superstition.

Socrates, a man unequalled in wisdom, was just as much addicted to superstition. Before drinking the cup of hemlock that was to end his life, did he not sacrifice a cockerel to Aesculapius, sincerely believing that in doing so death would be less painful?

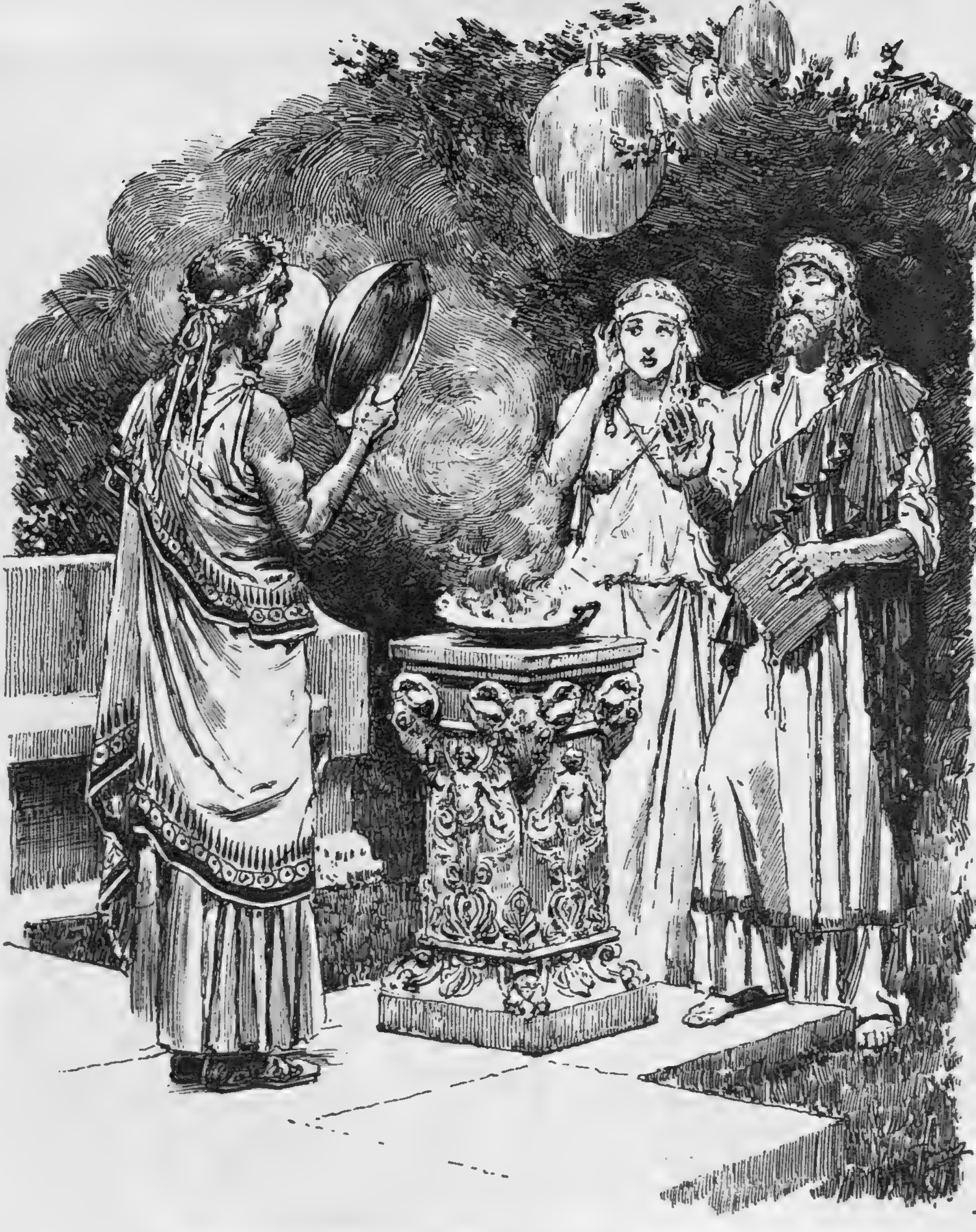
Then did not Cicero describe the Oracle as "*Oratio Deorum certa*"—the infallible speech of the divinity?

Even the mighty Seneca, with his "*voluntas divina, hominis ore enunciato,*" felt the power of the Oracle, and so we might go on, adding and adding to the list, and telling of great generals, kings, emperors and heroes, who all trembled before the Oracle like leaves before the breeze.

A more or less clear knowledge of what is the meaning of an Oracle is possessed by every one who has opened a book on ancient history; yet if we try to picture in detail what was the aspect of those places inhabited by the Oracle, what was the nature of the functions performed there, what sort of people occupied the privileged positions, and what were the scenes actually witnessed by those who submitted their cases to the prediction of the Oracle, the vision becomes at once less clear. Let us therefore focus our attention on this fascinating aspect of ancient history.

Many were the Oracles in Egypt and there were just as many in Greece. The first appears to have been at Dodona about sixty miles from Corcira (Corfu). The Deity was Jupiter. His temple was built in the midst of a thick forest of gigantic oaks. The greater part of this forest formed the sacred precincts. Visitors admitted there were invariably impressed by a profound feeling of veneration and fear, for, attached to the branches of the oak trees, there were hundreds of brass and copper gongs of varied shape and size which sent echoing through the woods; queer, uncanny sounds as they knocked against each other in the wind and were incessantly brushed by the foliage. Other kinds of fearful noises were artificially produced by the priests. It was supposed that Jupiter spoke through these resounding metals, and the priests and priestesses of the temple claimed to be the only ones who could interpret the mysterious messages. At other times when the consulter was asking for some prediction concerning his own future actions, he was given copper bowls and told to beat them together a certain number of times. While he did so the priest and priestesses wrote signs on tablets as though acting under dictation. These signs were afterwards deciphered and pronounced to be the veritable divine message.

The opinion of the Deity was also obtained in another and much more ingenious way. In a certain part of the wood there was an image of the god constructed with such minute adjustment that, when questioned, the human voice caused the figure to move. Their movements were interpreted by priests specially charged with the task and, needless to say, their interpretations were never open to argument.



When the consulter was asking for a prediction concerning his own future actions, he was given copper bowls and told to beat them together a certain number of times

ANOTHER Oracle, that of Trophonius, was in a wholly different setting. It was distant about 120 miles from the one described above, in a mountainous part of the country overlooking the sea just opposite the island of Samos. Here the impressive ceremonial was conducted. As the travellers journeyed along the ill-made roads, they passed on either side of them small tents and rudely-made booths of woven straw in which vendors of food and forage plied their trade, while hosts of picturesque beggars pestered the travellers with their good wishes. On reaching the sacred precincts the would-be consulters of the Oracle had to go through a complicated routine which was spread over a period of several days, and a fine description of which has been left us by Pausanias, who himself visited this Oracle.

First of all the visitor had to undergo a process of purification, which consisted of spending several days in the sanctuary of the good spirit and good fortune. He had to be strictly sober and sparing in his diet. He had to abstain from the luxury of a warm bath, but he was allowed to bathe in the River Hercyna. He had to offer daily sacrifices to Trophonius, to his children, and also to several deities connected with him, including Demeter Europa, who had nursed Trophonius as a child. After the animals were slaughtered the carcases were submitted to the examination of a soothsayer, who judged from certain signs whether the consultant was worthy of going before the Oracle. As soon as the first test was successfully over, the night for the consultation with the Oracle was fixed; then followed a second test. For this purpose a ram was chosen and placed on the altar, afterwards being slaughtered and disembowelled in the usual ritualistic fashion. In the darkness of the night the scene was deeply impressive, the light falling from the few torches adding a theatrical touch, at once eerie and mysterious. As soon as the requisite favourable signs were perceived in the intestines of the victim, final consent was given for the consultation.

Two comely boys of thirteen years old were charged with the task of taking the consulter to the River Hercyna, where they bathed and anointed him. Then he was conducted by the priests to drink first at the well of oblivion, so that all his former thoughts might be obliterated from his mind, then to the well of recollection, in order that he would remember all that he would see at the crucial moment.

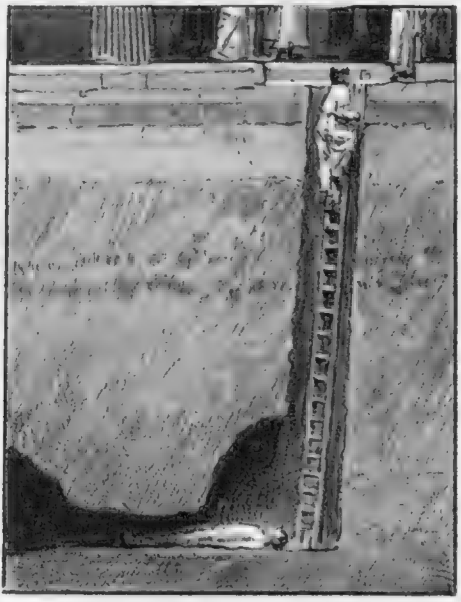


Diagram of the Oracle of Trophonius, showing the ladder down which the consulter went and the narrow way by which he was drawn into the great chamber

Before entering the sanctuary the consulter was given some special shoes and was dressed in spotless linen garments tied with girdles.

With the preliminaries over, the consulter was made to descend into the cave by means of a ladder, the entrance being almost perpendicular and so small as to allow only one person to enter at a time. As he reached the foot of the ladder he was told to lie flat on his back and to place his feet through an opening only just large enough to admit his body. No sooner had he taken up this position than he was pulled by the feet and disappeared into the dark hole with breathtaking rapidity. Once through the opening the wretched man had the clear sensation of being in a large, subterranean cave, but the darkness prevented him from seeing in whose company he was. Strange luminous apparitions were to be seen here and there. At moments there was complete silence, at others sudden sounds, voices uttering strange words and gruesome howlings added to the ghastly and terrifying experience. When at last the consulter received the order to go back, he passed out by the same route as that by which he entered, and generally was so dazed and shaken by it all that he had to be placed on the chair of Nemosine, the god of memory. There he was gently attended to until he recovered the balance of his mind. It was only then that the priest explained the meaning of all that he had seen and heard.

NO less important than the Oracle of Trophonius was that of Amphiaraus. This god was a deified hero and had two distinct sanctuaries—one at Oropus, between Boetia and Attica, and the other almost halfway between Potniæ and Thebes. A wall surmounted by an uninterrupted row of columns encircled the latter sanctuary. For some unknown reason no birds were ever seen to settle on this wall. Here the responses and the predictions were given through the interpretation of dreams, and the ritual was simpler than that at Trophonius, as it merely prescribed some ablutions and the sacrifice, among other animals, of a ram, which was afterwards skinned. This skin served as a bed for the consulter, who slept in the sanctuary. If he dreamed, his dream was afterwards explained and a prophecy given accordingly. What is really singular is the story of the man whose name is linked with these two Oracles.

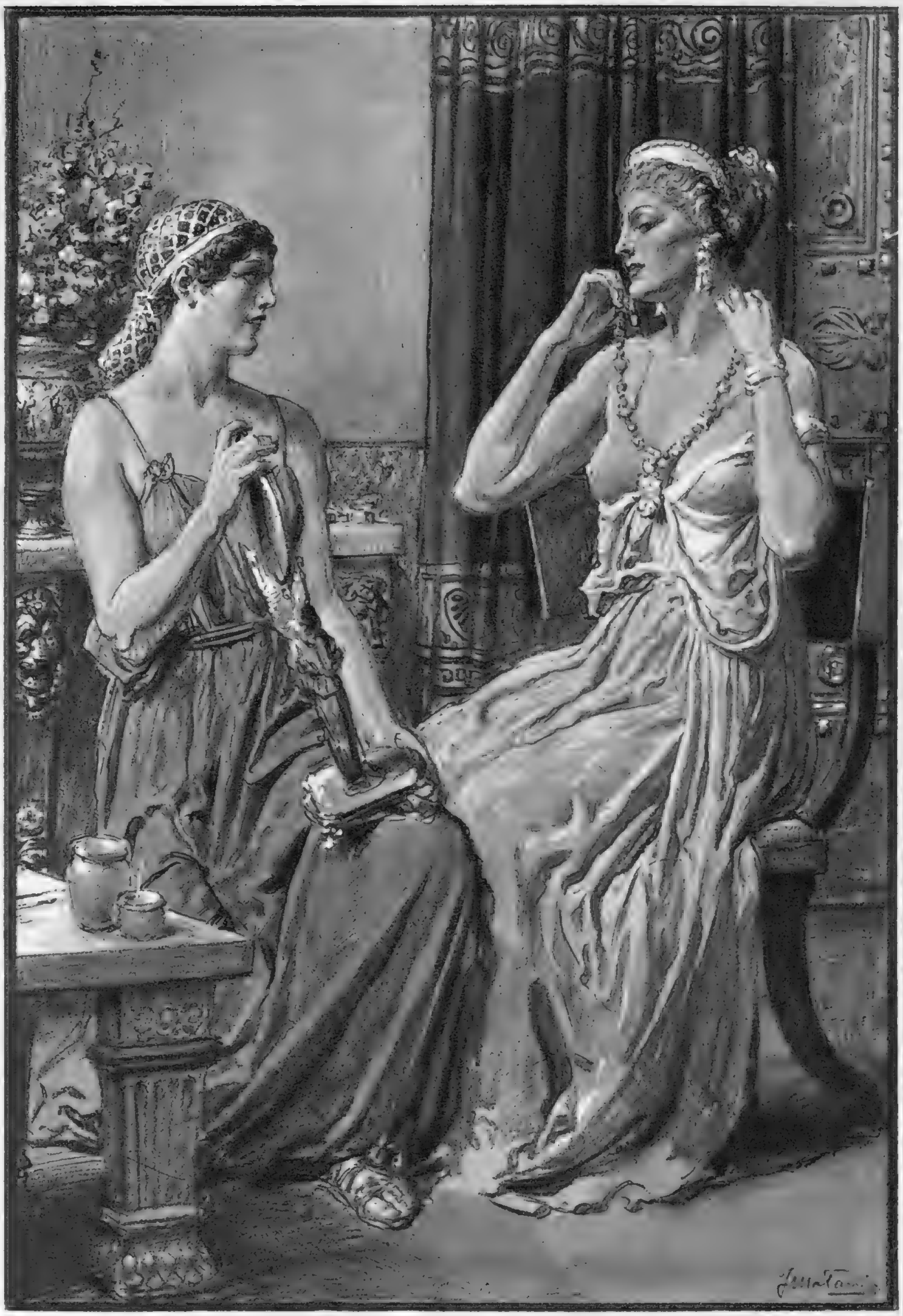
From his early youth Amphiaraus showed a remarkable genius for giving advice to people in distress and for predicting things, drawing his inspiration from dreams. Every one of his prophecies, it was said, came to pass, and amongst those who practised the art of predicting the future he soon gained a conspicuous position.

Once the women of Argos appealed to him for his help in a certain matter of which history leaves us no details. He succeeded in rendering them such a valuable service that in compensation he was unanimously given a share in the kingship of Argos, the other king being Talaus, a man of already advanced years. Out of this position there arose such bitter rivalry that it ended with Talaus being slain, if not actually by the hand of Amphiaraus, at any rate by his emissaries.

Many attempts were made to smooth over the consequences of this terrible tragedy, and to this end it was considered that a marriage between the two families might prove beneficial.

Talaus had left two children, a young man called Adrastus and a girl named Erifile. It was urged that this girl should marry Amphiaraus. At first this bold suggestion did not meet with the approval of Erifile, but eventually she yielded to pressure and the nuptials were duly solemnised. Thus Adrastus, who succeeded his father, became Amphiaraus's brother-in-law, and it was hoped that time and the tie of marriage would soon cast a veil over the unhappy past.

Before long all differences of a political nature were dispelled, and when two boys were born to the couple everything seemed perfectly serene. The children were called Alcmeon and Anfilocus. As they grew up they were much in company with their father and revealed a great affection for him.



Erifile was offered a magnificent necklace if she revealed her husband's hiding-place. This appeal to her vanity over-ruled any other consideration

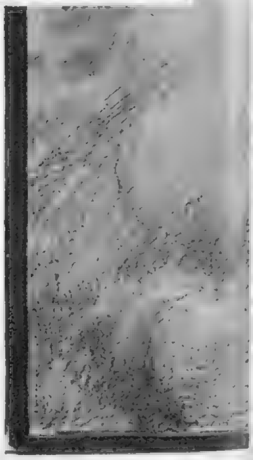
A war was about to be waged against Thebes, and, owing to the pact of alliance between that town and Argos, Amphiaraus should have taken an active part by personally leading the army of Argos.

Before departing he used his powers of divination and predicted his own death. So sure was he that the war would cost him his life that he deserted from the army, disappeared from Argos, and hid himself with such success that all search for him proved to be utterly fruitless. He planned to remain in seclusion for the duration of the war. Meanwhile in Argos relentless pressure was brought to bear on Erifile to drag from her the secret of her husband's hiding-place. They tried to revive in her the grudge that she must have felt, and that was probably still dormant, against the murderer of her father, hoping that she would take the opportunity for a long-postponed revenge. But at the same time another attempt, cleverly speculating on her vanity, was made with much better success.

To this end Erifile was shown a magnificent necklace which was offered her if she would reveal where the royal deserter was in hiding.

Vanity—that most fatal of facets of feminine weakness—gained the upper hand over any other consideration, and Erifile accepted the bribe and told the secret.

So it was that Amphiaraus received the unwelcome visit of the very persons from whom he had escaped. No need to add that when he was brought



back to Argos he was forced to do his duty.

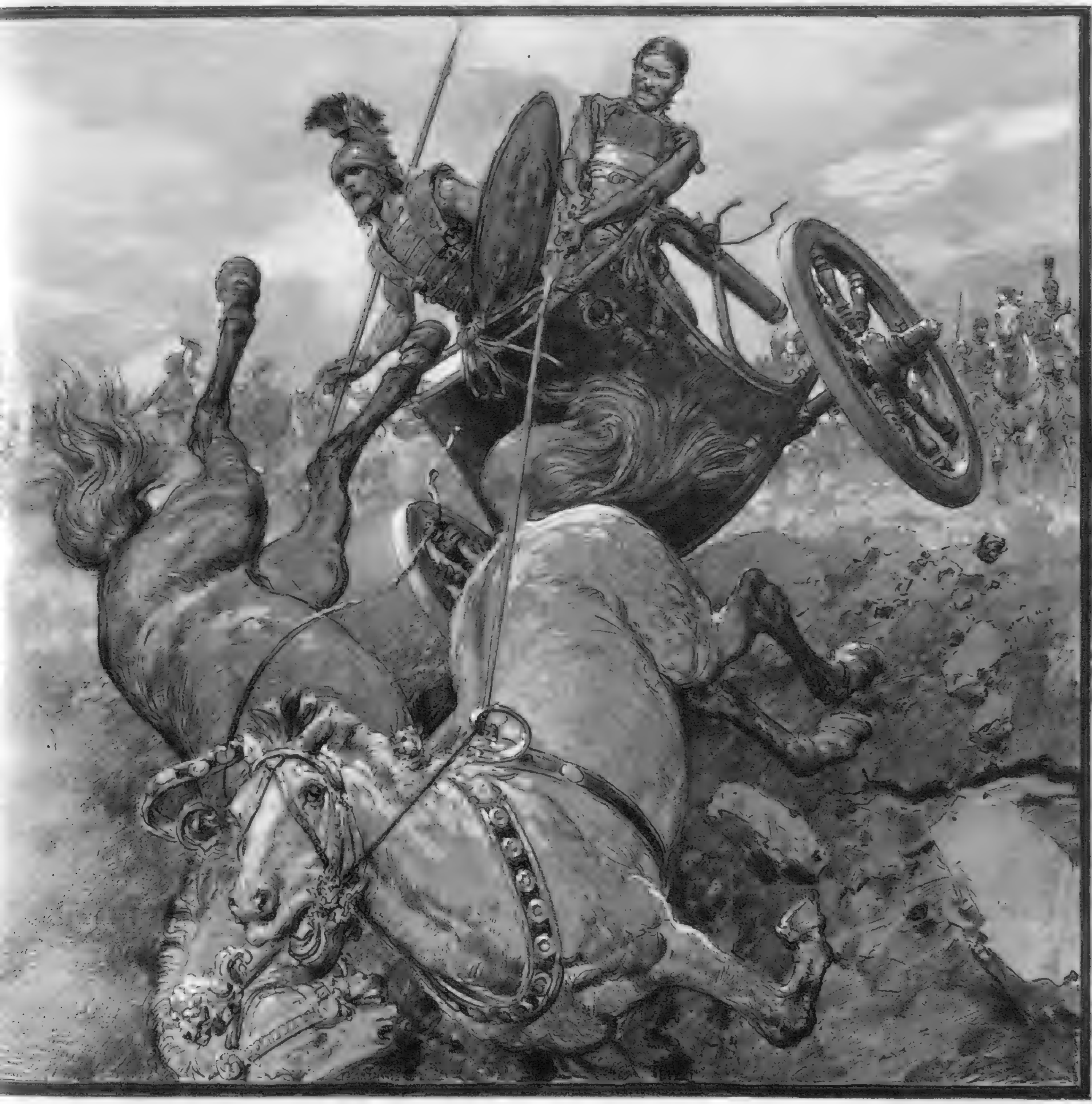
As soon as he discovered who had betrayed him and for what price, Amphiaraus flew into a rage. Blinded by hatred, he made an appeal to his son Alcmeon, asking him to swear that if the Theban battle should prove fatal to him the boy would put every consideration of sentiment aside and punish his mother with death.

Satisfied by this tragic pact, Amphiaraus resigned himself to play his part. He put aside his civilian and sacerdotal attire, donned his shining breastplate and huge war helmet and, mounting the royal chariot, set out for the battlefield of Thebes.

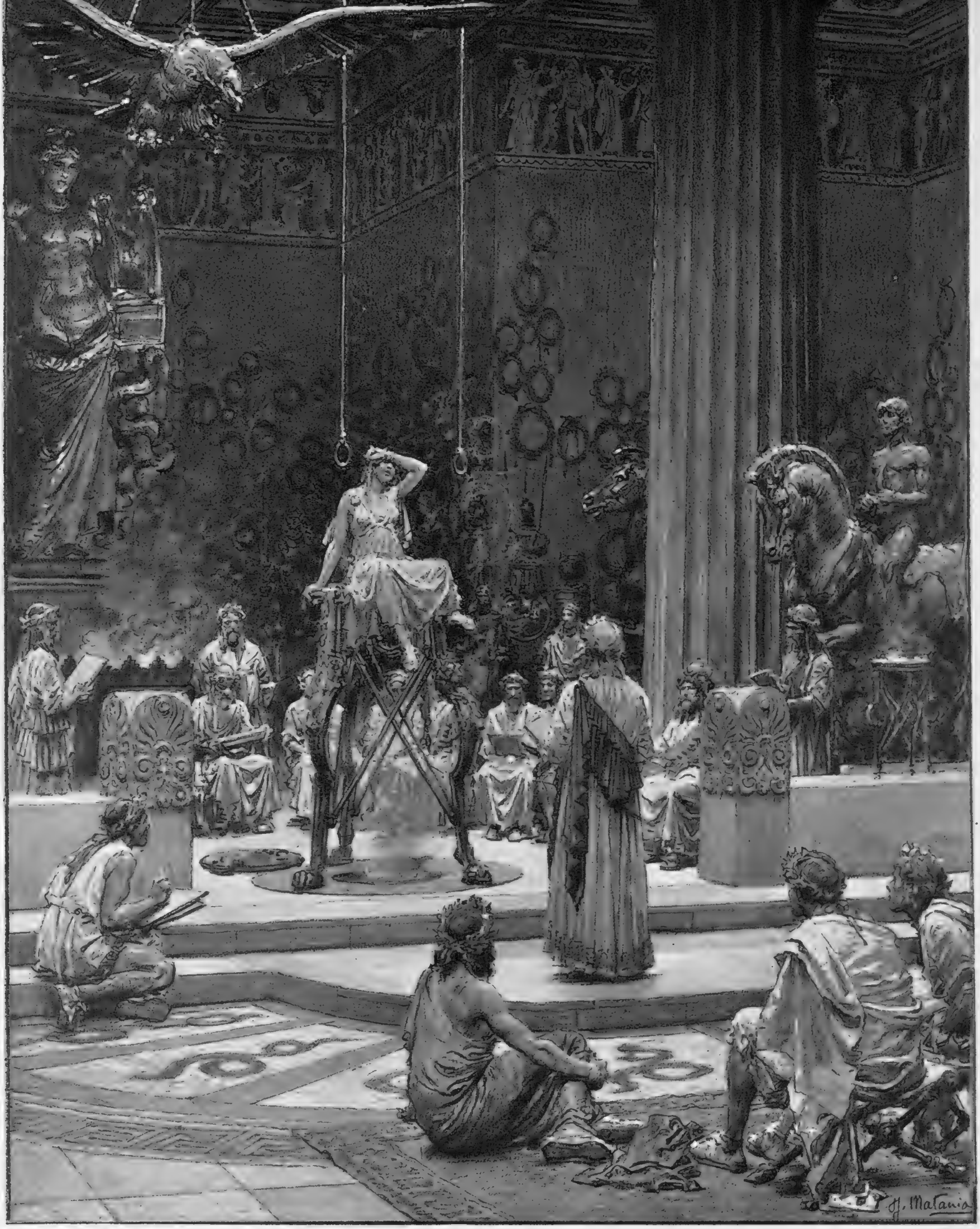
For a time all went well, but one day, whilst the King was at table with his leaders, an eagle swooped down from the sky and picked up a lance from amongst several that leaned against the royal tent. It happened to be the lance of Amphiaraus. The bird of prey was seen to fly high with the weapon in its beak and then to drop it. The lance, falling with the point downwards, stuck fast into the ground. This phenomenon was considered to be a bad omen, and Amphiaraus was so deeply concerned that he abandoned all hope of escaping the fate that he so dreaded and now felt was most certainly in store for him.

The next day, during a brisk engagement on the battlefield, Amphiaraus was advancing in his chariot, followed at a short distance by his generals. Quite suddenly, and for some unknown reason, a frightful noise, like that of an avalanche, was heard, while a cloud of dust arose from the ground just in front of the royal team. The auriga, with a lightning effort, tried to hold back the steeds, but it was too late. The ground had given way right in the path of the advancing chariot. In a moment the horses, the chariot, the King, and his auriga were precipitated into the yawning abyss. With his death Amphiaraus had his last success as the most brilliant diviner of his time.

What a pity that the drama did not finish with this spectacular episode, but,



With a desperate effort the auriga tried to hold back the fiery steeds of Amphiaraus's chariot before the ground that had given way beneath them



The Pythoness, with all the appearance of being in great agony of mind, sat on the tripod, surrounded by prophets, who, at the same time, interpreted her divinations

it was not to be, for fate ordained that the precious necklace should be paid for with two human lives. And so it happened that when the body of the dead king reached Argos it was laid side by side with that of Queen Erifile.

The beautiful necklace was now sparkling on a lifeless breast. The ill-advised son had kept his promise.

And now let us turn our attention to the most famous Oracle that the world has ever known. The Oracle of Delphi. Its ancient name was Apollo Pytho, in memory of the python killed by that god. From this came the name of Pythoness given to the priestess who gave the responses.

Delphi was a town where all was centred on the temple of Apollo. It practically derived its entire living from the institution of the Oracle. With time Delphi grew so rich that the town's wealth became a by-word. The temple, its treasury and all its annexes were situated not far from the town at Mount Parnassus, the home of the Muses.

Whilst all the other Oracles of ancient Greece enjoyed a more or less local fame, that of Delphi was of an international character, for people of nearly every race in the known world were wont to go there to learn their destiny. The exterior of the sanctuary differed little from any other Greek temple. It was the interior that was so strikingly impressive and unusual. At the far end of the Sacrarium stood a huge golden statue of the young god. In front of this statue stood a massive brazier which was refuelled night and day with logs and showers of bay leaves. Bay leaves were also burned in tripods in preference to incense or other herbs, for the bay was the tree that Apollo loved most of all. Was it not the tree into which his beloved Daphne turned in order to escape his amorous advances? The three walls that surrounded the statue were almost completely covered with laurel garlands. All around on marble shelves, on tables, on stands, there were treasures of the most varied kind and fantastic richness. It was a collection of treasures that left spellbound whoever had the privilege of setting eyes on it, and yet this splendour represented but a tithe of that which was stored within the walls of the treasury.

In the early days the Oracle of Delphi gave but one pronouncement every year, and only one Pythoness practised her art. Only young girls of Delphi were elected for this high task. Like the Vestal virgins, their purity was regarded as a super-essential rule to be most strictly observed.

Nevertheless it happened that one of these maidens fell a prey to the advances of an enterprising young man—the handsome Echeerates of Thessaly. This profanation caused such a scandal that the rules of the Oracle were changed, and from thence forward the Pythoness had to be fifty or more years old, though she was allowed to dress in maiden attire.

THE Pythoness was generally attended by a number of prophets, whose task it was to interpret into actual words the signs she gave. The prophets in their turn were attended by poets who put into hexameters the responses that they had written in prose. Very often those verses were far from being worthy of Apollo, but so long as they were sufficiently ambiguous to lend themselves to various interpretations, that was nearly all that was required of them.

The upkeep of the temple was entrusted to many other people whose work was apparently humble but nevertheless of great importance. These people were known as guides and their principal duty was to show the temple to those who came to consult the Oracle.

During the several days preceding the ceremony and whilst the Pythoness was preparing herself by fasting and purification, the guides had ample time to find out all they could regarding the consulters and the reasons that had brought them to Delphi. Whenever they appeared too secretive the crafty guides turned their attention to the servants who were seldom slow to discuss their master's affairs. The result of these inquiries was communicated to the prophets, thus enabling them to variegate their replies with particulars that would convince the credulous consulters of their powers of divination.

The questions put to the Oracle were sometimes written on tablets and sometimes addressed verbally. When the preliminary sacrifices were over and the Pythoness was ready, wreaths of laurel were distributed to every one taking part in the function and the procession entered the temple.

Standing beside the Pythoness were the prophets, and as they approached the middle of the temple they ranged themselves in a semi-circle before the famous tripod.

Before proceeding with this description of the actual function, it cannot be out of place to devote a few words to the antecedents of the Delphic Oracle.

HAVING been in existence before the Trojan War, its beginnings are lost in the mists of legend. We are told that Jupiter wishing to find the centre of the world sent two eagles in opposite directions, instructing them to stop in what he chose to term the navel of the earth.

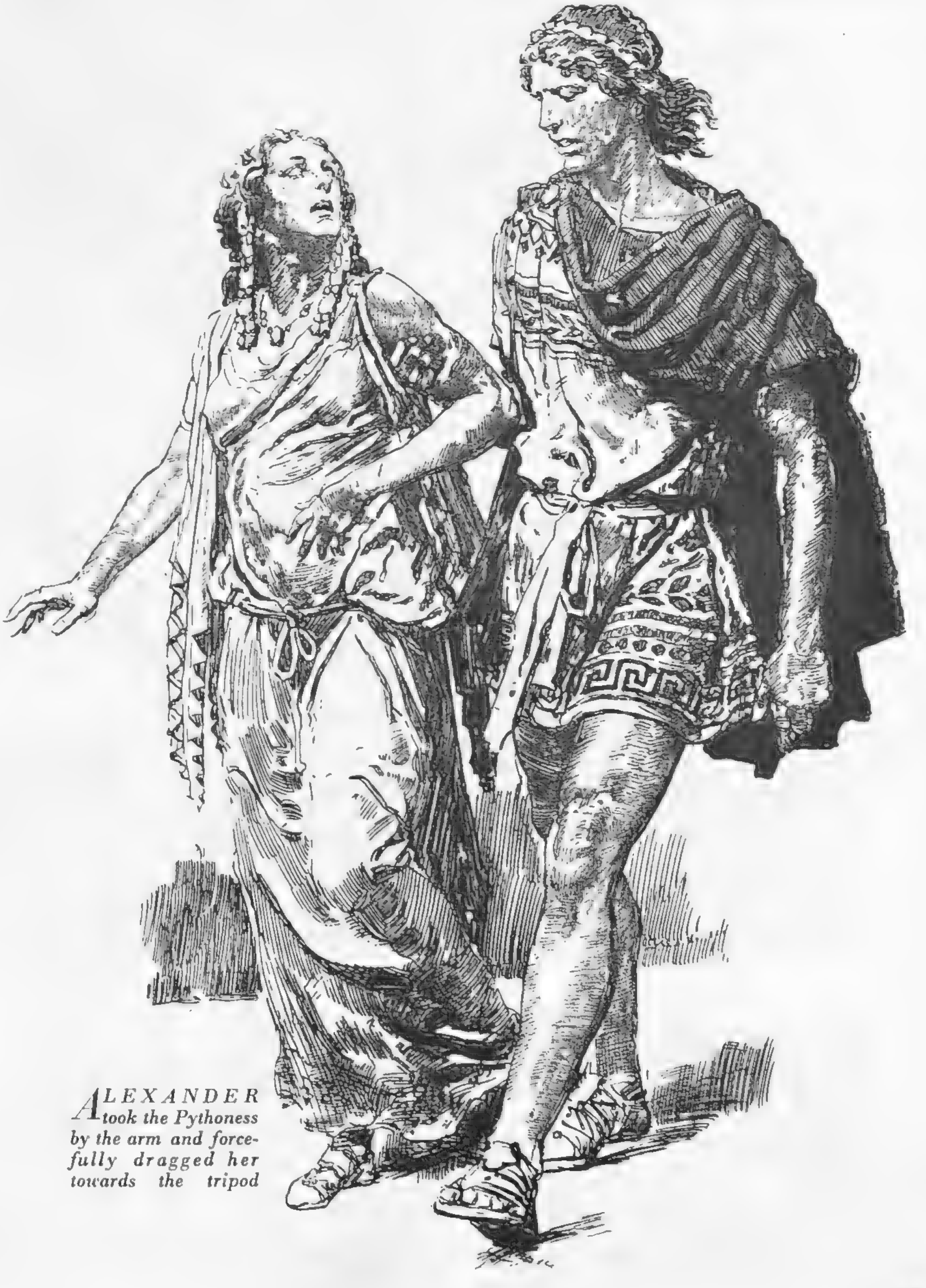
The eagles started their flight, one towards the east, the other towards the west, and when they had flown all round the world they met again and settled down on Mount Parnassus, on the very spot where later the temple of the Oracle was built. This was the reason why two huge golden eagles with wings outspread were suspended from the ceiling of the temple.

When Mount Parnassus was still inhabited only by humble shepherds, it was noticed that whenever the goats approached a certain place near a certain rock they behaved in a most curious manner, their convulsions being regarded as prophetic by passers-by who chanced to see them. Then it was discovered that there was a hole in the ground from which there was a strange exhalation. It seemed, indeed, to have been very similar to the famous "cave of the dog" that can still be seen near Naples, and where a poisonous gas, coming from below the ground ascends in the cave to a height of only one foot. Any living thing below that level dies in a few seconds, and any flame is extinguished in the very moment that the torch is plunged into the unseen but mysterious zone.

The exhalation of Mount Parnassus, it appears, had a direct effect on the brain and the nerves of any one who breathed the intoxicating fumes. It was there that the temple was built and around it was set up a market that became the centre of extensive traffic which contributed still more to the subsequent development of the place.

The temple was built around the hole and over the hole a tripod was constructed which served as the throne of the Pythoness.

(*Continued on page* 83)



ALEXANDER took the Pythoness by the arm and forcefully dragged her towards the tripod

MAKE THE

By Winifred Lewis

I used to think that if I could have had a word with the good fairy at my christening I should have asked, above all things, to be beautiful. Now I know better. I should have asked to be an opportunist.

Does that seem pretty dull to you? Well, I disagree.

To be an opportunist is to see promise in everything. It is to be alert for chances. More than this, it is to have the courage to start big ventures with small beginnings.

If you disbelieve that it can be done, think of the women who have put themselves over in a big way without any outstanding advantages at the start. Top of my list are Adele Astaire, the Duchess of Windsor, Greta Garbo.

How did they do it? What singled them out? It wasn't beauty in the conventional sense though we have come to regard these women as lovely, and certainly glamorous. It was on a foundation far more tangible than shape and colouring that these women established their build-up to success. It was, if I guess right, upon hard work, shrewd judgment, and an unremitting self-confidence.

What is success from a woman's viewpoint? What are the signs that herald her arrival as such? Admiration. Respect Envy. You know it takes more than a pretty face to command these things.

So don't rail at yourself if you fall short of beauty. You are not even handicapped. Confidence in yourself, the clear-sightedness to see opportunity in not-so-obvious places is more likely to get you across.

With these you can turn some of your liabilities into assets.

You *must* believe in yourself. Don't lose touch with the fact that the world will accept you at your own valuation.

Think of yourself as a plain nobody, and that's the label you'll carry to the end. Think of yourself as a person with unlimited powers of self-development, with a future just as big as you have the will to make it and, astonishingly, you will find people sharing your view.

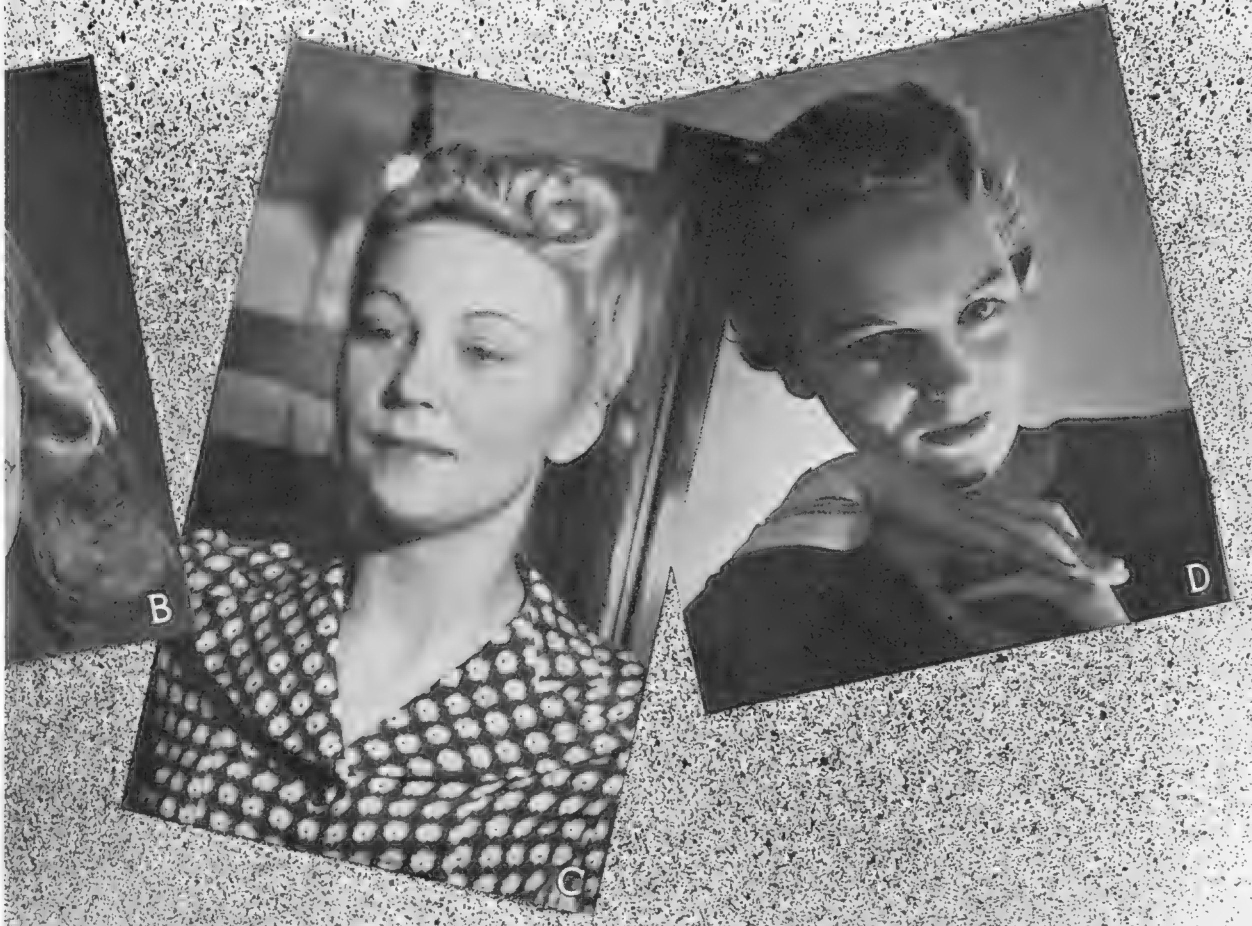
Let us take a look at you. What is holding you back. Is it looks? No need to grieve about that. Let's face it, perhaps you can't be pretty but you can be interesting. You can be a personality.

What's wrong? Is it an overlarge mouth that worries you. All right make it your distinguishing feature. Don't go around apologising for it and cursing your luck. Above all, don't attempt to hide it. Choose your lipsticks bright. If necessary, spend your last pound at the dentist getting your teeth made healthy and even and dazzlingly white. Smile.

Presently people will begin to refer to you as "the girl with the big mouth." Good, that's progress. Later it will be "the girl with the fascinating mouth." Then you've achieved something.

Do remember that to be plain is no tragedy,

MOST OF YOURSELF



but to be nondescript is. The two are not synonymous.

Nondescript colouring is a fault that puts thousands of women into the doldrums about themselves. Yet there is no excuse for mousiness now.

Suppose your hair is that "in between" colour. You're neither a blonde nor a brunette. What's that to worry about?

Brush it, comb it, shampoo it, massage it with oil. Do all these things regularly and untiringly until your hair is shining and soft. The lovely sheen of health and good grooming is as good as rare colouring any day, and any one can have it.

If your hair is straight and hard to manage and doesn't seem on the best terms with your face go to a first-class hairdresser. Go just once if you can't afford more. Save up until you can indulge this necessity. Let him devise a style to suit you. Stick to it. If you've never had one you cannot believe what a superlative hair-cut can do to your face and your self-confidence.

Make-up will provide the colouring that your skin, your eyes and your mouth seem to lack, but use these substitutes cleverly, *please*. Making up to improve yourself is an art. It takes intelligence (*Continued on page* 113)

A A mischievous gaiety looks out from this pert little face. The girl has vivacity and a charm that is not associated with the more conventional aspects of beauty. It is the person behind this piquant little face that charms, not the face itself

B Accent upon certain facial peculiarities give an unusual interest to this face. The hairdressing is devised to accentuate the high, wide forehead, the eyelids discreetly shadowed to give point to the pale somewhat feline character of the eyes

C According to conventional standards an unbeautiful face here, but alive. The effect of heavy features and an unsymmetrical jaw line are corrected by the good humour of the mouth, piquant expression, the warmly smiling eyes

D A face that could have been nondescript. The hair suggests neutral colouring, yet its lustre, and the soft grace of the trim coiffure, revealing the intelligent brow, are appealing. Features are delicately expressive rather than beautiful

BEAUTY BARGAINS

Every woman seems to be a good writer when it comes to writing about beauty problems. You write to "Britannia and Eve" in your hundreds, in your thousands, to ask for help and advice about your skin, your eyes, your teeth, your wrinkles, your double chins, your figures, your make-up. We like it. We enjoy passing on to you our specialised knowledge on this tremendously important subject. We are rewarded when you write again, as you do, to tell us how we have helped you.

On previous occasions, special features of beauty problems and their treatment have met with such overwhelming response, that, now there are some new things to tell you about, and some established things to remind you of, we make a further excursion into the subject, this time, with a difference. As a concession to the times, we have selected for mention only those preparations and treatments which combine real worth with low cost.

If you wish for further information about them write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4., giving the numbers you are interested in.

1. Enlarged Pores. There is no need to go through life self-consciously because of orange-peel skin. After thoroughly cleansing the face with a tonic milk, bleaching and astringent (2s.), smooth on an extra-special astringent pore cream. It refines coarse pores and teaches them self-control permanently. It improves your general skin condition and gives a petal smoothness. 3s. 6d.

2. Blackheads. These are unforgivable when a special grime, acid and blackhead-absorbing face pack can be so easily applied, and as easily removed after the allotted twenty minutes has allowed it to do its work. The ingredients are vegetable and leave the skin fresh as a baby's, innocent of skin-clogging dirt. A box containing sufficient for six applications costs 3s. 6d.

3. Dandruff. Clogged roots mean falling hair, greying hair, drab hair. A special pomade will cure this; massage the pomade into the hair for three nights then shampoo. The results will astound you. Price 3s. 6d. A special soapless shampoo helps the final results. There are four types: Standard, plus Vitamin F for dry scalps; Henna, Camomile. Price 1s. 3d. per bottle.

4. Thin Hair. This means undernourished hair, and the chief remedy, apart from stimulating the scalp by massage, should be internal. There are "perles" that, rapidly increasing the percentage of red corpuscles, feed the hair through the blood. Hair energy returns and with it the colour, gloss and brightness that should, naturally, be yours. Price 3s. per box.

5. Acne. Beauty rules say keep your skin thoroughly cleansed, never use a very oily cream, nor heavy foundations. Exercise. Drink at least six glasses of water daily, between meals and take a miraculous calcium, phosphorus and sulphur-containing complexion pill. These succeed when other things fail. Price 3s. a bottle. A sulphur cream to be used in conjunction with these pills also costs 3s.

6. Thin Eyelashes. There is hardly anything more attractive than long eyelashes. Yet so few women have them naturally. They have to be coaxed. An eyelash tonic made exclusively of vegetable oils and balsams has been known to almost double their length. It is so safe that mothers are using it to encourage lovely lashes on their small daughters. Price 4s. 6d.

7. Crowsfeet. For that tell-tale tracery of lines around the eyes nourish with a cream that feeds the tissues and draws up the relaxed skin without drying it. Lines that you thought had come to stay will vanish, soothed and smoothed away by the astringent properties of this cream. It costs 5s. 6d., but it lasts for months and, once the lines have been treated, it need only be used occasionally.

8. Tired Eyes. Fragrant herbs and the leaves of flowers carefully selected for their soothing and refreshing qualities make very effective little eye-pads. Dip one pad into hot water, separate it into two sections, and place over your eyes. Dark rings of weariness disappear. Re-dip the pads when they cool, twice or thrice, then look on the world refreshed, sparkling. Price 6s. 6d. for box of five double pads.

9. Red Nose, Flushing. Caused by bad circulation. These are curable if treated with a course of pillules containing a special preparation of iron. Price 3s. Also paint flushing cheeks and red nose with a specially effective astringent paint that not only lessens the high colour but smoothes the skin and makes it less puffy or wrinkled. Price 2s. 6d.

10. Brown-Paper Skin. After a long strenuous day, you want to go out looking and feeling radiant, and "brown-paper" skin refuses even to take make-up. So treat your face to a revitalising, refreshing, cream face-mask that soothes, stimulates, and teaches the real meaning of five-minute rejuvenation. Five or ten minutes is all it takes to complete its magic. It costs 14s. 6d., but is enough for ten masks.

11. Crepey Neck. Relaxed muscles and undernourished, worn tissues foster this sad neck state. Roll your head in neck exercises; and work in a penetrating herbal oil that has been evolved by an expert dermatologist for this very purpose. In conjunction, use a skin food from the same laboratory. Your neck will respond quickly and surely. The prices are 3s. 6d. and 2s. respectively.

12. Perspiration. This can be a serious problem for the business woman with limited time to spare for grooming, but there is a quick way to deal with it. The solution is a liquid that keeps underarms dry and fragrant, dispelling all concentrated surplus heat. The 1s. 6d. bottle may help your favourite frock to live months longer.

13. Thick Thighs. Unlovely bulges will spoil the line of your spring suit. Action is needed, hand action. Massage in a cream that is fast earning fame for its marvellous slimming effects. Soft, golden brown, it disappears in a few minutes, completely absorbed into the skin where it liberates fat-whittling oxygen. Price 4s. 6d. and 9s. You get results in less than eighteen days.

14. Surplus Fat. If this is your problem kill two birds with one stone. Slim all over and at the same time refresh your energies with a wonderful slimming tonic. You'll feel a new woman, all liverishness gone with the over-weight. You'll want to dance, not just because you are thrilled with your new silhouette but because this particular slimming tonic makes you feel that way. 7s. 6d. for a six weeks' supply.

15. Your Breath. Garlic, tobacco, alcohol, onions, dyspepsia—all are breath-spoilers that can be effectively combated with a new tasteless, odourless, unperfumed powder which you take dissolved in water. It is something to do with the wave-length of this powder cancelling the wave-length of the usual breath-odours. Price 1s.

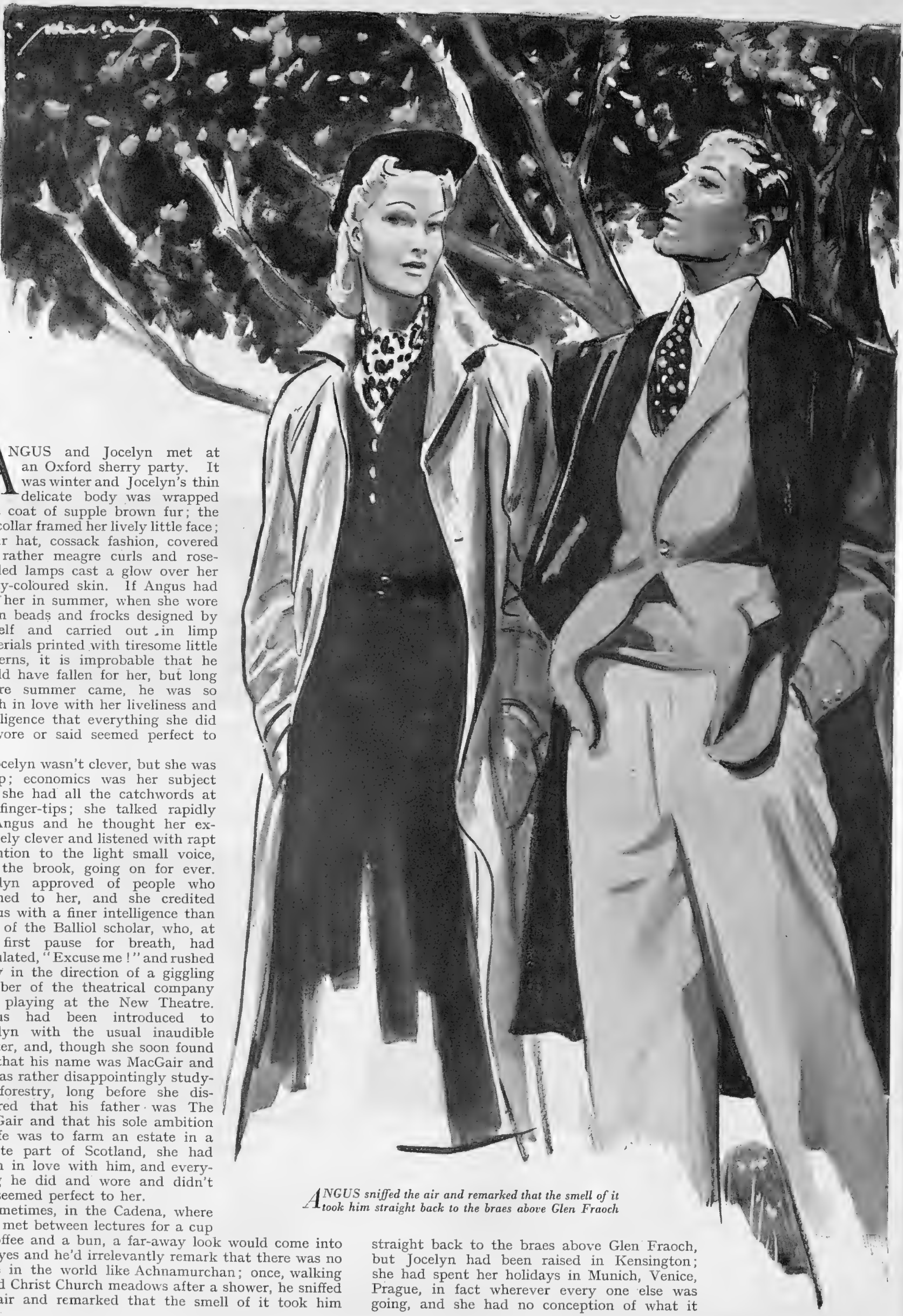
16. Perfect Breasts. A beauty of line that even flat chests can be coaxed into following can be acquired by the use of a lotion and a cream that feeds the inner tissues. Massaged carefully and gently into the breasts it creates a rounded firmness. Price 6s. 6d. and 3s. 9d. Drooping breasts need a famous continental re-forming treatment, 25s. complete.

17. Lustrous Eyes. Healthy eyes are bright eyes. A daily eye-bath of warm water to which a few drops of herbal tonic have been added will make even inflamed eyes healthy and work wonders with healthy eyes. Contents include the famous Euphrasia (Eyebright) called by the French "Casselunettes." Price 2s. 6d. It lasts for months.

18. A Classic Chin is the perfect finish to a well-groomed face. A line that holds youth—no one dare neglect it. Hold your head buoyantly and whisk away double chins with a special reducing cream that will firm the tissues and make the skin healthy and smooth. Price 3s. 6d.

19. Beautiful Hands. These are the result of constant care and a very special cream that feeds and bleaches, keeping the skin white and youthfully soft. Massage it in at night and wear gloves. 2s. 9d. Brittle nails are nourished and de-cuticled simultaneously by a clever cream, 6d.

20. Smooth Legs. Satin-smooth legs without a trace of hair are every woman's desire. Choose a certain wax depilatory—the results last quite a while, and the hair is definitely subdued when it reappears. The price is 12s. 6d. for enough wax to cover the entire leg. Re-heated it treats the other leg too.

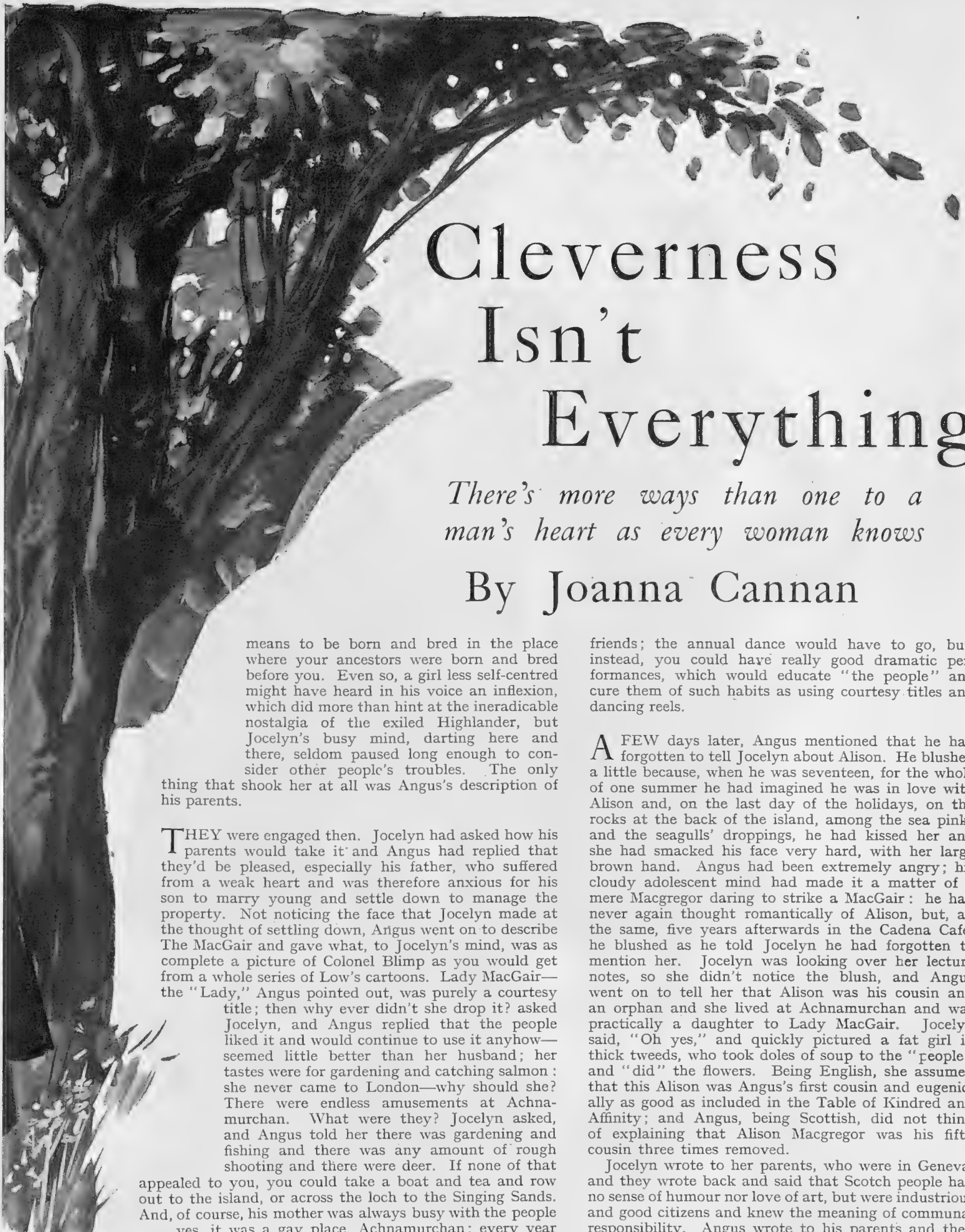


ANGUS sniffed the air and remarked that the smell of it took him straight back to the braes above Glen Fraoch

ANGUS and Jocelyn met at an Oxford sherry party. It was winter and Jocelyn's thin delicate body was wrapped in a coat of supple brown fur; the big collar framed her lively little face; a fur hat, cossack fashion, covered her rather meagre curls and rose-shaded lamps cast a glow over her putty-coloured skin. If Angus had met her in summer, when she wore green beads and frocks designed by herself and carried out in limp materials printed with tiresome little patterns, it is improbable that he would have fallen for her, but long before summer came, he was so much in love with her liveliness and intelligence that everything she did or wore or said seemed perfect to him.

Jocelyn wasn't clever, but she was sharp; economics was her subject and she had all the catchwords at her finger-tips; she talked rapidly to Angus and he thought her extremely clever and listened with rapt attention to the light small voice, like the brook, going on for ever. Jocelyn approved of people who listened to her, and she credited Angus with a finer intelligence than that of the Balliol scholar, who, at her first pause for breath, had ejaculated, "Excuse me!" and rushed away in the direction of a giggling member of the theatrical company now playing at the New Theatre. Angus had been introduced to Jocelyn with the usual inaudible mutter, and, though she soon found out that his name was MacGair and he was rather disappointingly studying forestry, long before she discovered that his father was The MacGair and that his sole ambition in life was to farm an estate in a remote part of Scotland, she had fallen in love with him, and everything he did and wore and didn't say seemed perfect to her.

Sometimes, in the Cadena, where they met between lectures for a cup of coffee and a bun, a far-away look would come into his eyes and he'd irrelevantly remark that there was no place in the world like Achnamurchan; once, walking round Christ Church meadows after a shower, he sniffed the air and remarked that the smell of it took him straight back to the braes above Glen Fraoch, but Jocelyn had been raised in Kensington; she had spent her holidays in Munich, Venice, Prague, in fact wherever every one else was going, and she had no conception of what it



Cleverness Isn't Everything

There's more ways than one to a man's heart as every woman knows

By Joanna Cannan

means to be born and bred in the place where your ancestors were born and bred before you. Even so, a girl less self-centred might have heard in his voice an inflexion, which did more than hint at the ineradicable nostalgia of the exiled Highlander, but Jocelyn's busy mind, darting here and there, seldom paused long enough to consider other people's troubles. The only thing that shook her at all was Angus's description of his parents.

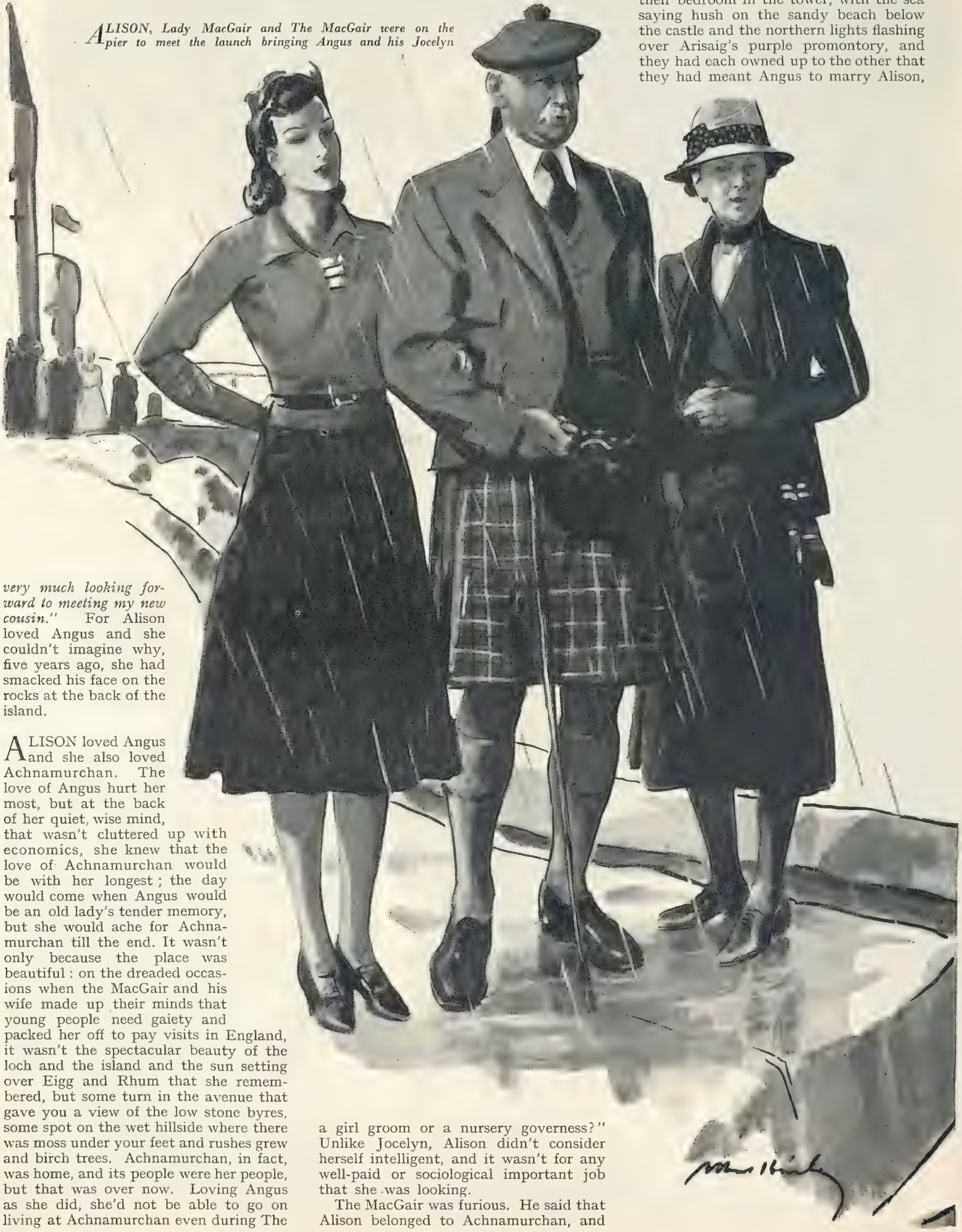
THEY were engaged then. Jocelyn had asked how his parents would take it and Angus had replied that they'd be pleased, especially his father, who suffered from a weak heart and was therefore anxious for his son to marry young and settle down to manage the property. Not noticing the face that Jocelyn made at the thought of settling down, Angus went on to describe The MacGair and gave what, to Jocelyn's mind, was as complete a picture of Colonel Blimp as you would get from a whole series of Low's cartoons. Lady MacGair—the "Lady," Angus pointed out, was purely a courtesy title; then why ever didn't she drop it? asked Jocelyn, and Angus replied that the people liked it and would continue to use it anyhow—seemed little better than her husband; her tastes were for gardening and catching salmon: she never came to London—why should she? There were endless amusements at Achnamurchan. What were they? Jocelyn asked, and Angus told her there was gardening and fishing and there was any amount of rough shooting and there were deer. If none of that appealed to you, you could take a boat and tea and row out to the island, or across the loch to the Singing Sands. And, of course, his mother was always busy with the people . . . yes, it was a gay place, Achnamurchan; every year there was a dance at the castle and all the people came and they danced reels . . .

Jocelyn was appalled, but, on thinking it over, she found comfort. Her own parents were modern and enlightened, but most people had stuffy ones, and, as long as you could prevent them from interfering in your Life, they seemed to provide you with a lot of clean fun. Achnamurchan, of course, would be impossible in winter, but in summer you could fill the castle with intelligent London friends; the annual dance would have to go, but, instead, you could have really good dramatic performances, which would educate "the people" and cure them of such habits as using courtesy titles and dancing reels.

A FEW days later, Angus mentioned that he had forgotten to tell Jocelyn about Alison. He blushed a little because, when he was seventeen, for the whole of one summer he had imagined he was in love with Alison and, on the last day of the holidays, on the rocks at the back of the island, among the sea pinks and the seagulls' droppings, he had kissed her and she had smacked his face very hard, with her large brown hand. Angus had been extremely angry; his cloudy adolescent mind had made it a matter of a mere Macgregor daring to strike a MacGair: he had never again thought romantically of Alison, but, all the same, five years afterwards in the Cadena Café, he blushed as he told Jocelyn he had forgotten to mention her. Jocelyn was looking over her lecture notes, so she didn't notice the blush, and Angus went on to tell her that Alison was his cousin and an orphan and she lived at Achnamurchan and was practically a daughter to Lady MacGair. Jocelyn said, "Oh yes," and quickly pictured a fat girl in thick tweeds, who took doles of soup to the "people" and "did" the flowers. Being English, she assumed that this Alison was Angus's first cousin and eugenically as good as included in the Table of Kindred and Affinity; and Angus, being Scottish, did not think of explaining that Alison Macgregor was his fifth cousin three times removed.

Jocelyn wrote to her parents, who were in Geneva, and they wrote back and said that Scotch people had no sense of humour nor love of art, but were industrious and good citizens and knew the meaning of communal responsibility. Angus wrote to his parents and they wrote back and said that it was a pity Jocelyn wasn't Scottish, but otherwise it was delightful, and the moment that term was over Angus must bring her to Achnamurchan for a really long stay. The people were all delighted, Lady MacGair added, and eager to welcome Jocelyn, and Alison sent her congratulations and she was busy painting the launch, but would write in a few days.

The engagement was announced and a fortnight later Alison's letter came. It had taken a long time to compose and she had had to copy it out three times because, as she sat sucking her pen at the writing table up in her beloved attic, tears fell on such appropriate sentiments as, "*I hope you will be very happy,*" and "*I am very much looking forward to meeting my new cousin.*" For Alison loved Angus and she couldn't imagine why, five years ago, she had smacked his face on the rocks at the back of the island.



ALISON, Lady MacGair and The MacGair were on the pier to meet the launch bringing Angus and his Jocelyn

ALISON loved Angus and she also loved Achnamurchan. The love of Angus hurt her most, but at the back of her quiet, wise mind, that wasn't cluttered up with economics, she knew that the love of Achnamurchan would be with her longest; the day would come when Angus would be an old lady's tender memory, but she would ache for Achnamurchan till the end. It wasn't only because the place was beautiful: on the dreaded occasions when the MacGair and his wife made up their minds that young people need gaiety and packed her off to pay visits in England, it wasn't the spectacular beauty of the loch and the island and the sun setting over Eigg and Rhum that she remembered, but some turn in the avenue that gave you a view of the low stone byres, some spot on the wet hillside where there was moss under your feet and rushes grew and birch trees. Achnamurchan, in fact, was home, and its people were her people, but that was over now. Loving Angus as she did, she'd not be able to go on living at Achnamurchan even during The MacGair's lifetime. She must leave, find a job, and like others before her *in dreams behold the Hebrides*.

Shortly before the arrival of Angus and his Jocelyn, she broached the question. Studying the advertisements in *The Times*, she asked, "Would I be best as a girl groom or a nursery governess?" Unlike Jocelyn, Alison didn't consider herself intelligent, and it wasn't for any well-paid or sociological important job that she was looking.

The MacGair was furious. He said that Alison belonged to Achnamurchan, and Lady MacGair said what would the people say? Alison, swallowing hard, said that Angus's Jocelyn would look after the people, and that it would be awkward and hard on Angus's Jocelyn if she stayed. The MacGairs realised that: they had talked the whole thing over in their bedroom in the tower, with the sea saying hush on the sandy beach below the castle and the northern lights flashing over Arisaig's purple promontory, and they had each owned up to the other that they had meant Angus to marry Alison, and they had decided that, even if it was a little unfair to Angus's Jocelyn, Alison must stay, because she belonged to Achnamurchan and the people worshipped her. But neither The MacGair nor his wife had any idea that Alison was in love with Angus.

Alison was temporarily silenced, and a few days later, *Abigail*, the launch, slipped down the loch, bringing Angus and his Jocelyn. The day was wet. The soft rain, which Alison so loved, was driving down from the moors: you couldn't see Eigg or Rhum or Arisaig, only the island, with the white waves fretting against its cliffs, where the tide was running out through the channel formed by the tall black rocks of Fisherman's Point. Alison, bareheaded in a sweater and an old tartan skirt, Lady MacGair in sagging homespuns and The MacGair in a shabby kilt were on the pier of boulders, and on the terrace, under the windows of the castle, the maids and some of the people waited.

Jocelyn was cold and wet. The loch was calm, but the launch smelled of fish; she felt slightly sick and was intimidated by the sight of the castle, which from the sea and with the clouds flying over it, looked as old as London Tower and as large as Buckingham Palace. However, when she saw the three frumps on the pier, her natural liveliness reasserted itself. By the time that they had walked the hundred yards up to the terrace, she had put The MacGair right on several subjects.

Jocelyn had walked with The MacGair, Angus with his mother, and Alison had slouched behind, kicking up little stones from the loose grey gravel. The first sight of Jocelyn had given her a momentary satisfaction: she had imagined a lovely glamorous disdainful creature and Jocelyn wasn't lovely, glamorous, or disdainful: she was quite plain and her mackintosh, hood and umbrella were merely smug. But, on second thoughts, this was worse. Angus must be very deeply in love to overlook the plainness: she must possess attractions more enduring than a pretty face, and supposing one meant to fight . . .

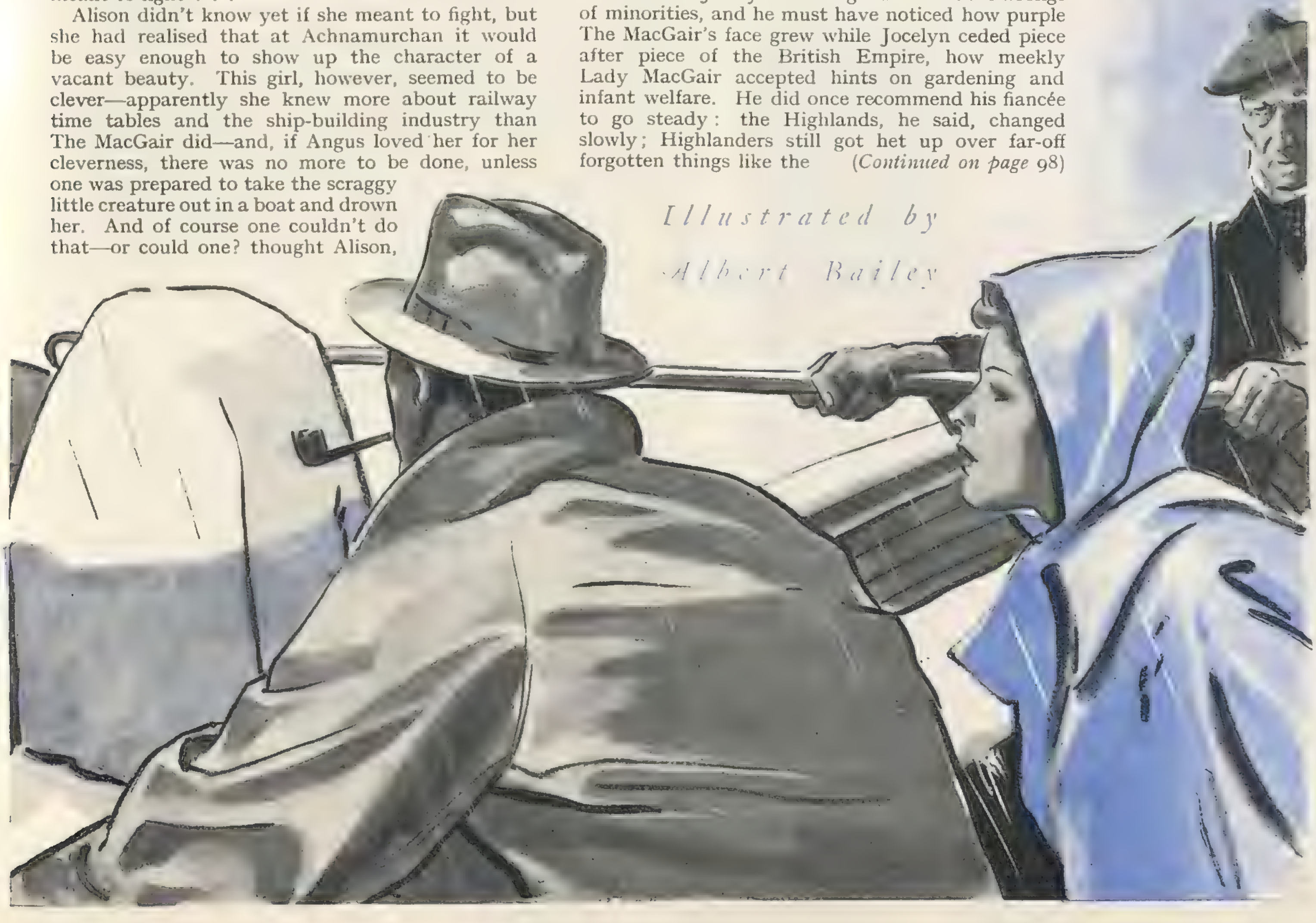
Alison didn't know yet if she meant to fight, but she had realised that at Achnamurchan it would be easy enough to show up the character of a vacant beauty. This girl, however, seemed to be clever—apparently she knew more about railway time tables and the ship-building industry than The MacGair did—and, if Angus loved her for her cleverness, there was no more to be done, unless one was prepared to take the scraggy little creature out in a boat and drown her. And of course one couldn't do that—or could one? thought Alison, standing tall and brown and speechless while Jocelyn was being introduced to the maids and the people. Of course one couldn't. One was a Macgregor, but times had changed. We were civilised now and it wasn't life and death and love: it was art and literature and taste and political opinions that mattered.

Lady MacGair asked Alison to show Jocelyn her room, and the two girls went across the antlered hall and upstairs to the big bedroom, which looked both seawards and on the garden. Jocelyn took off her hood, unpacked a comb and prepared to be girls together. Vivaciously she criticised the Victorian furniture, squealed with mock delight on discovering a Landseer. Alison asked what was wrong with it—the Highland cattle were good, she thought, just like Highland cattle—and she received a homily on art and a description of Jocelyn's own often redecorated bedroom. "Now if this room was done up like that . . ." said Jocelyn. "But it has always been like this . . ." said Alison.

JOCELYN soon summed up Alison. She was beautiful—so tall and brown; and, with her smooth dark hair, regular features and steady grey eyes, she had a style of her own, though she didn't know how to make the most of it: Jocelyn would have liked to see her in amber beads and flowing draperies. But she was stupid, and not only stupid, but a pudding. There she stayed at Achnamurchan "doing" the flowers—to what end, please?—and serving out sops to the "people." And Jocelyn soon summed up the people: they were lazy and superstitious; their outlook was positively feudal. Quickly she got going. She talked economics to Alison and to the people she held forth on social conditions. Alison mostly replied, "Two purl, two plain." The people anxiously asked Alison, "Is she reet in the heid, the young MacGair's young leddy, for she talks and talks and talks and there's nae sense in it?"

What did Angus think? He didn't hear the one-sided conversations between Jocelyn and Alison, but he heard Jocelyn lecturing Duncan on the wrongs of minorities, and he must have noticed how purple The MacGair's face grew while Jocelyn ceded piece after piece of the British Empire, how meekly Lady MacGair accepted hints on gardening and infant welfare. He did once recommend his fiancée to go steady: the Highlands, he said, changed slowly; Highlanders still got het up over far-off forgotten things like the

(*Continued on page* 98)



Illustrated by Albert Bailey

YOUR GARDEN

There is no busier time than this in the garden. Perhaps you have just taken a new house and are confronted with a garden left more or less desolate by the last owners. You want it gay at once or anyhow in a few weeks, and in spring this is not so difficult as it seems.

Firstly, you can put in plants of forget-me-nots, primroses, double daisies even when they are in bloom. They transplant perfectly in full flower and will go on for weeks. Also they are cheap.

Wallflowers can be transplanted now, provided you do the job in showery weather. Forget-me-nots and double daisies planted alternately make a charming edging, and if you plant them not too closely you can sow sweet alyssum between and this will make a good edging in summer.

You can remove the forget-me-nots to a reserve bed when they reach the seeding stage, but leave the double daisies, for their foliage is pretty and they spread rapidly.

Tulips can be bought when just coming into flower and transplant well if moved with a good ball of earth. To succeed in summer china asters, antirrhinums and zinnias are amongst the most colourful bedding-out plants, and seedlings can be bought from any nurseryman.

Roses are among the very few shrubs that can be planted now to bloom this season. Be sure, especially in a small garden, to buy well-known favourites and not highly-priced much-advertised novelties.

I recommend Betty Uprichard, Etoile de Hollande, General McArthur and George Dickson. The first-named is a beautiful salmon pink and flowers well into November. The others are deep red and all of them are deliciously scented. Never buy roses except from a first-rate firm. Those offered cheaply in general stores are frequently worthless. In any case roses are among the cheapest shrubs, for most of them cost only 1s. or 1s. 6d.

Be careful in planting them to prepare the ground by digging it well. Roses, like all plants, need firm planting. See that the roots are put in at the same depth as before. It is always easy to see the soil level mark, for the stem below is invariably of a darker colour.

Roses never look so well as when the beds are thickly bordered with violas. These can be bought very cheaply now in full bloom, or just coming into bloom. They transplant well and provided you pick off all dead flowers, they will go on blooming until cut by frost. Or sow a broad edging of a dwarf annual such as Jubilee gem cornflower.

A blue annual like this makes an effective contrast to roses. Remember that no cornflower does well in a chalky soil. On such soil sow instead a dwarf godetia such as New Blue or Bijou.

And there are a fair number of perennials that can be planted now to bloom this summer. Delphiniums planted now will flower only ten days or a fortnight later than those planted in autumn, provided you put them in with a good ball of soil.

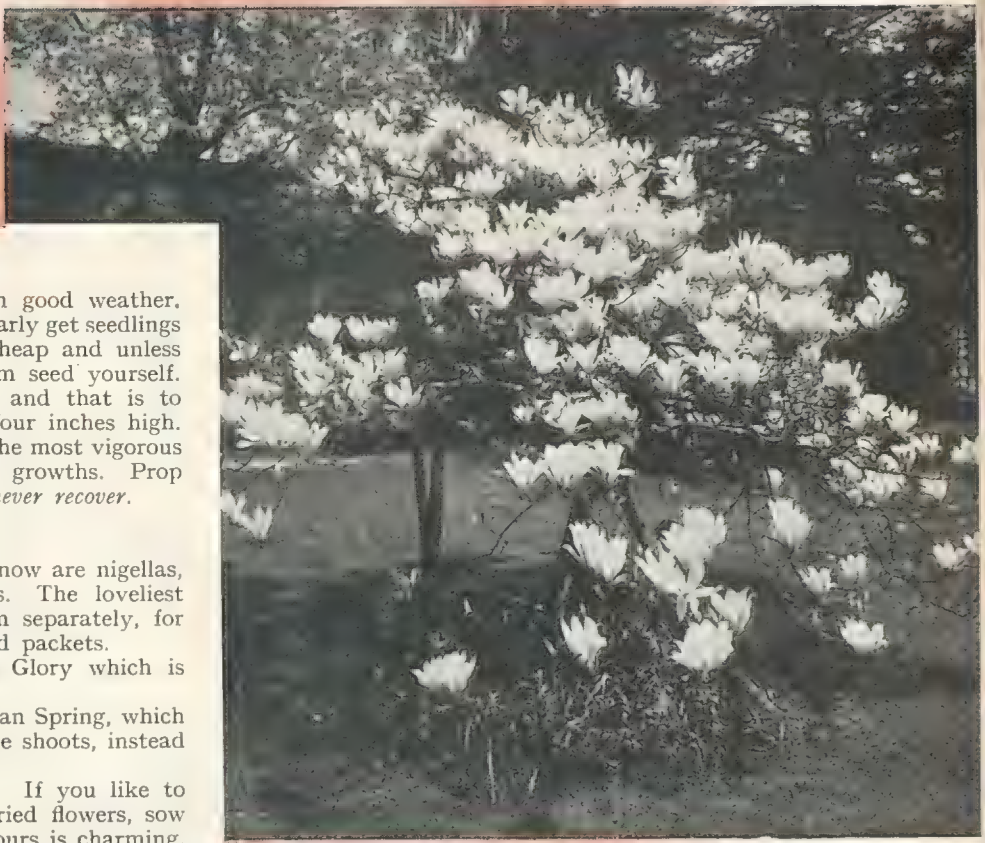
They associate well with the tallest growing of the salvias—*salvia sclarea*. This salvia is a lovely plant with its pale pink bracts and mauve flowers on stems five feet high, and not commonly grown as it deserves.

It continues flowering long after the delphiniums are over. The most effective late summer flowering perennials, phloxes, heleniums and michaelmas daisies can all be planted now.

This is the time to sow annuals, but in the event of a bleak spell wait for better weather. Seeds need a certain amount of genial warmth in the soil, and plants from seed sown in bleak weather come

By Eleanour

IN SPRING



later than those sown, perhaps a fortnight later in good weather.

Sweet peas can be sown now, but if you want them early get seedlings from any of the sweet pea specialists. They are cheap and unless you are an expert more satisfactory than raising from seed yourself.

Many amateurs neglect a very important point, and that is to pinch off the tops of the seedlings when they are four inches high.

Left to grow at will they make a poor display, for the most vigorous growths and finest flowers are obtained from side growths. Prop up the seedlings from the start. *Left to flop they never recover.*

The most decorative and colourful annuals to sow now are nigellas, clarkias, larkspurs, mignonette, marigolds, godetias. The loveliest nigellas are the rich sapphire-blue kind. Buy them separately, for there are seldom more than a few of them in mixed packets.

There is a beautiful new godetia called Orange Glory which is well worth sowing.

Do not omit to sow the new annual hollyhock, Indian Spring, which unlike many hollyhocks produces many flowering side shoots, instead of just one central stem.

The flowers of this new variety are bright pink. If you like to grow your own everlastings for winter bouquets of dried flowers, sow the new shades of *statice sinuata*. The range of colours is charming.

Many people complain that mignonette is difficult to grow. Here are the secrets of growing it successfully. Firstly, lime in some form is essential. If your soil is deficient in lime scatter a little hydrated lime on it before sowing. Secondly, this annual must be sown on very firm soil. Bang down the soil with the back of the spade before sowing. And if you want the most deliciously scented mignonette sow the old kind known as Garden Sweet.

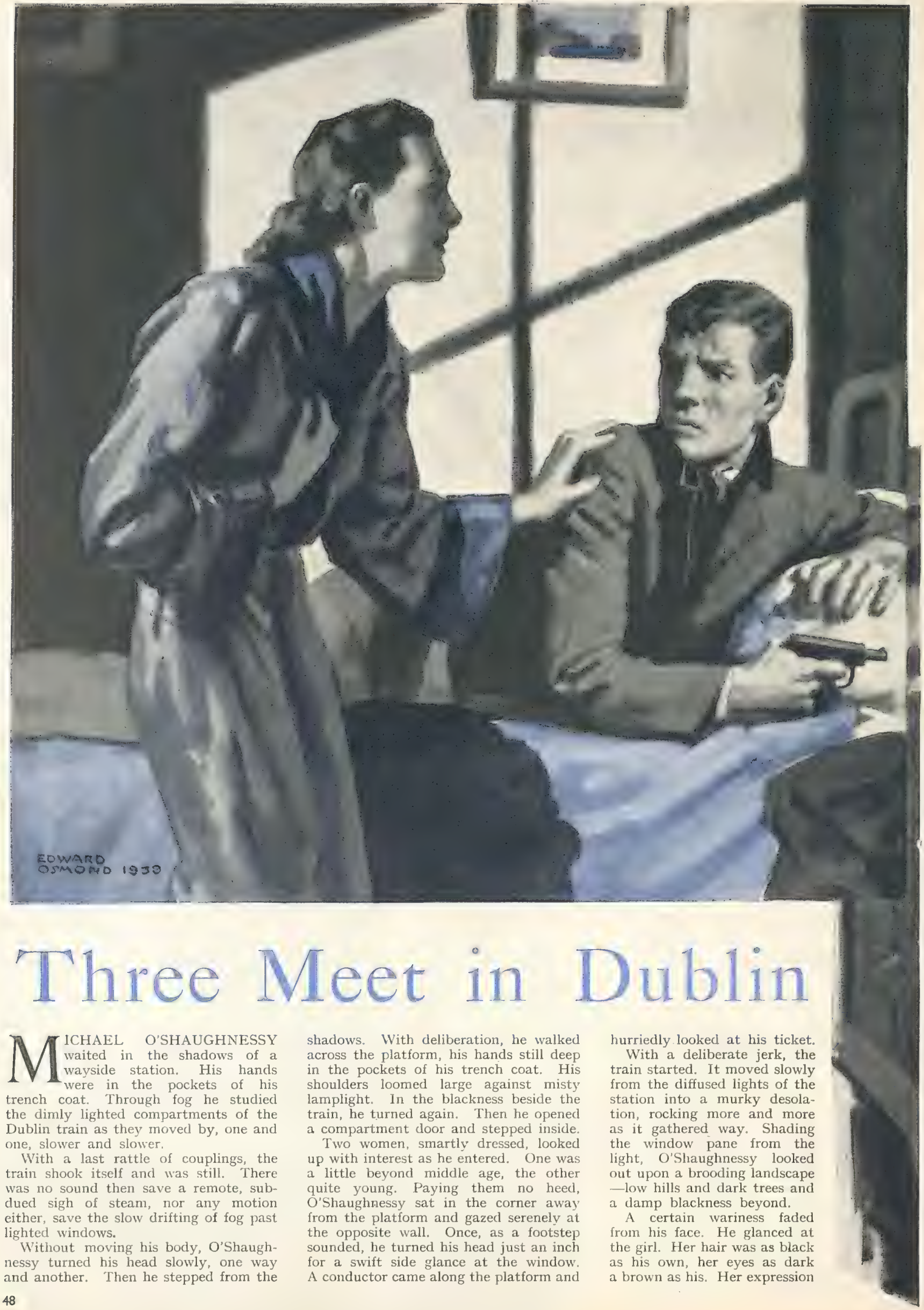
And this is the most important month for seed sowing in the kitchen garden. If you have only a very small space to devote to vegetables those most worth growing are lettuces, dwarf beans, scarlet runners, brussels sprouts, savoys and jerusalem artichokes. And don't forget a row of parsley and another of chives. They save many sixpences for parsley is continually wanted and a few blades of chives make all the difference to a salad. The more chives are picked the more "grass" they produce.

The cheapest method of securing an early supply of lettuces is to buy a box of seedlings. Plant them out in showery weather if possible and they will soon get ahead. But don't attempt lettuces on poor soil or in shade. Unless they have full sun and a good rich soil they will grow slowly and be very tough.

If you get a prolific kind of dwarf bean such as Canadian Wonder a row will afford pickings all through the summer. Try the Golden Waxpod, the tenderest of all dwarf beans and very prolific. The pods when young are pale yellow and delicious when cooked slowly in butter and only a tablespoonful of water.

As for scarlet runners cottagers quickly learnt how valuable they are. A row only fifteen feet long will give a continuous supply from mid-August till cut by frosts. Full sun is essential and they thrive in almost any well-dug soil so long as it is not lacking in lime. If lime is lacking in your soil sprinkle a very little carbonate of lime on it, but do not overdo it. The soil should look as though there had been a very light fall of snow. Try the new Streamline scarlet runner. It produces great bunches of beans, each bean about sixteen inches long, yet very tender.

Sinclair Rohde



Three Meet in Dublin

MICHAEL O'SHAUGHNESSY waited in the shadows of a wayside station. His hands were in the pockets of his trench coat. Through fog he studied the dimly lighted compartments of the Dublin train as they moved by, one and one, slower and slower.

With a last rattle of couplings, the train shook itself and was still. There was no sound then save a remote, subdued sigh of steam, nor any motion either, save the slow drifting of fog past lighted windows.

Without moving his body, O'Shaughnessy turned his head slowly, one way and another. Then he stepped from the shadows. With deliberation, he walked across the platform, his hands still deep in the pockets of his trench coat. His shoulders loomed large against misty lamplight. In the blackness beside the train, he turned again. Then he opened a compartment door and stepped inside.

Two women, smartly dressed, looked up with interest as he entered. One was a little beyond middle age, the other quite young. Paying them no heed, O'Shaughnessy sat in the corner away from the platform and gazed serenely at the opposite wall. Once, as a footstep sounded, he turned his head just an inch for a swift side glance at the window. A conductor came along the platform and hurriedly looked at his ticket.

With a deliberate jerk, the train started. It moved slowly from the diffused lights of the station into a murky desolation, rocking more and more as it gathered way. Shading the window pane from the light, O'Shaughnessy looked out upon a brooding landscape—low hills and dark trees and a damp blackness beyond.

A certain wariness faded from his face. He glanced at the girl. Her hair was as black as his own, her eyes as dark a brown as his. Her expression was quite calm, almost dreamy. Gently, her head swayed to the motion of the train. Stretching his long legs, O'Shaughnessy sank lower in his seat, leaned his weight upon his shoulder blades and stared absently before him. His head was tilted just a little to one side, his firmly-cut lips compressed.

FOR fifteen minutes they rode in silence. Then O'Shaughnessy sat up straight as the power was shut off. The train was coasting in toward another station. The brakes took hold. Once more the fog was visible against platform lights. The train stopped.

O'Shaughnessy slipped both hands into the pockets of his trench coat. On the platform sounded the tramp of many feet. Lamplight gleamed upon steel helmets and upon the polished metal of rifles.

Someone was approaching the compartment. The tread was heavy. Casually, O'Shaughnessy turned his eyes from the window and gazed at the wall.

With a sudden jerk, the door opened. A very short, very ponderous man, with a round stomach and a brick-red face, climbed with an ostentatious dignity into the compartment. Then he sacrificed the dignity as he struggled to drag a huge suitcase in behind him. In the small compartment it was difficult to strut, but he did just that as he moved over to a seat. Relaxing his severity then, he looked around at O'Shaughnessy and the two women with an air of great good fellowship.

"Well, glory be to God, it's a fine thing to be sittin' here peacefully away from thim Tans. Ye'd think I was Michael Collins or Mr. De Valera thimselves. 'What's yer name?' says the lieutinint to me. 'It's Flanagan,' says I. 'What yer got in the bag?' says he. I thought it was makin' fun of me they was so I says to thim, 'Sure it's full of grenades fer the Dublin b'ys to throw in the Tans' lorries.' 'Keep yer mouth shut,' says he, 'and when yer speak to a British hofficer show the proper respict.' Then he tells me to get on me way now and they don't even bother to look in me bag. Wouldn't it be the fine joke now if the bag *was* full of grenades!"

Laughter, long and raucous, poured from Mr. Flanagan's flaming face.

"But it raylly isn't," he added as a confidential afterthought.

The women regarded him with polite, though somewhat dubious, attention. O'Shaughnessy ignored him. O'Shaughnessy glanced toward the window, through which the top of a steel helmet was visible. Then the train lurched forward.

AGAIN they were rushing through the dark hills, but the compartment wasn't silent now. It reverberated with the voice and the laughter of Mr. Flanagan. His face was a shining red mask of everchanging expression. His eyes were a watery blue under broad, sandy brows that arched and waggled as he talked. With a frank curiosity, he scrutinised the women's travelling bags.

"So it's from Boston ye are!" he shouted at the younger woman. "Sure now, ye won't find Dublin much like Boston, what with the bombin's and the shootin's."

He fixed her with a rheumy stare.

"And it's not only in Dublin," he added meaningly.

Leaning forward with a solemnly impressive air, he waggled a fat finger at the two women, each in turn, his eyes following the finger.

"Right up the road here just the other day, a whole lorryful of the Tans was ambushed as they was passin' the side of a hill. Some of the b'ys tossed a grenade into the lorry and then gave it to thim with rifles. Did in the whole lorryful. Thin the Tans go around and get every likely lookin' young fellow they can find. If they get anything on 'em a' tall they takes 'em to the place where the lorry was bombed and they shoots 'em."

He rolled his head solemnly.

"Oh, but it's a terrible state of pandemonium this country's in—a terrible state to be sure."

Reflections on this pandemonium seemed to depress him so much that he opened his suitcase and brought out a half-empty bottle of whisky. He extended it toward O'Shaughnessy.

"Will ye have a drink with me, sir?"

O'Shaughnessy shook his head.

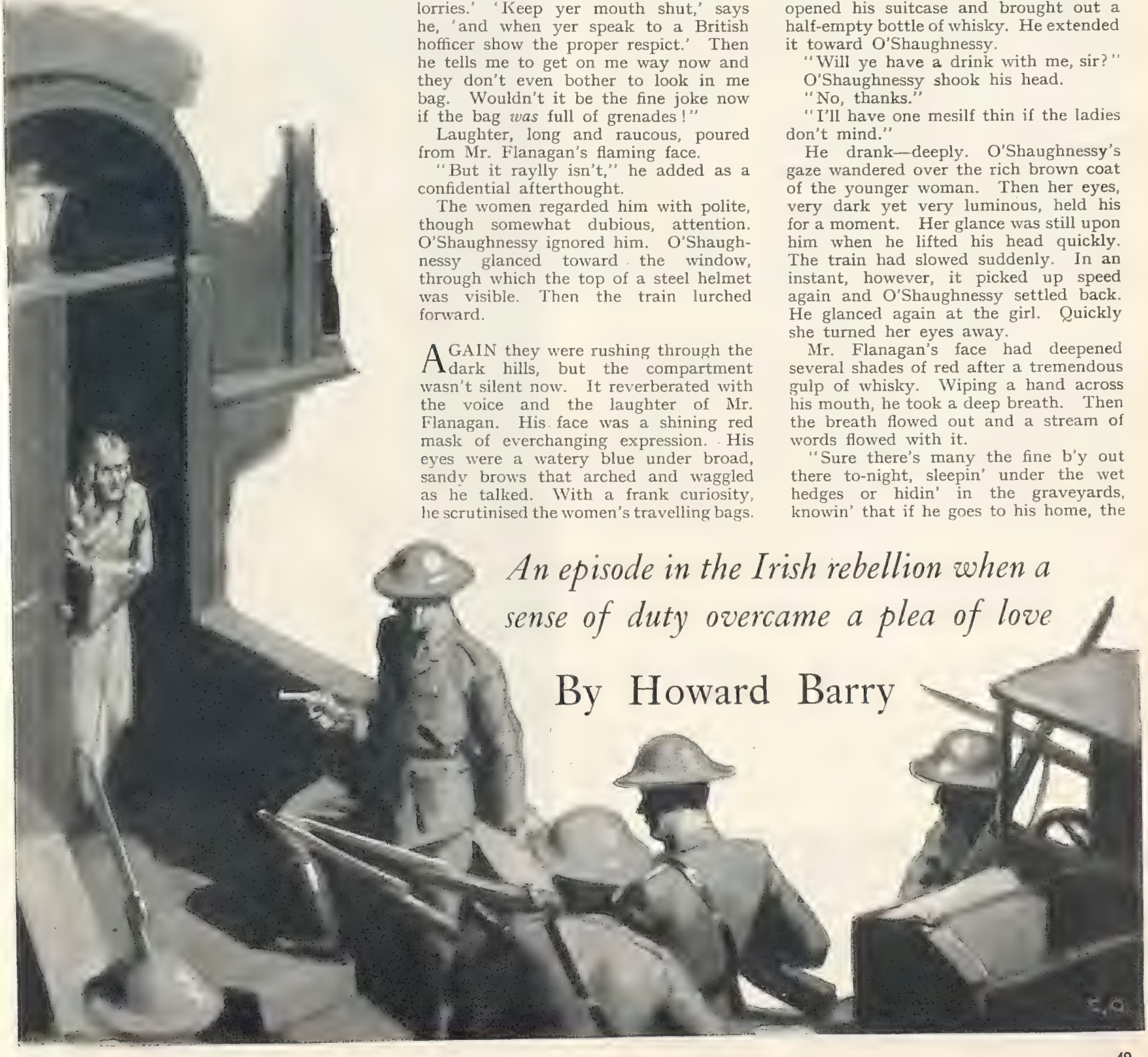
"No, thanks."

"I'll have one mesilf thin if the ladies don't mind."

He drank—deeply. O'Shaughnessy's gaze wandered over the rich brown coat of the younger woman. Then her eyes, very dark yet very luminous, held his for a moment. Her glance was still upon him when he lifted his head quickly. The train had slowed suddenly. In an instant, however, it picked up speed again and O'Shaughnessy settled back. He glanced again at the girl. Quickly she turned her eyes away.

Mr. Flanagan's face had deepened several shades of red after a tremendous gulp of whisky. Wiping a hand across his mouth, he took a deep breath. Then the breath flowed out and a stream of words flowed with it.

"Sure there's many the fine b'y out there to-night, sleepin' under the wet hedges or hidin' in the graveyards, knowin' that if he goes to his home, the



SHE touched his shoulder, and immediately he sat up, with an ominous gun in his hand. In a fierce whisper her words poured out: "They're all around the house"

An episode in the Irish rebellion when a sense of duty overcame a plea of love

By Howard Barry

Tans'll get him. It's a terrible thing to be on the run—a terrible thing to be sure—and me heart goes out to thim—me heart goes out to thim b'ys."

He drank to the boys.

"And there's many a house back there in thim hills where the women folks er gathered round the fire ternight, suppin' their tea an' cryin' an' prayin'. Sure 'tis the women what suffer the most! 'Tis the women!"

He drank generously to the women.

While the bottle was at his mouth, the brakes took hold with an unexpected jerk, and he burst into violent coughing.

Slower and slower, the wheels ground. The train stopped. To the left was open country—hedges, trees and low, dark hills—to the right a deserted platform. O'Shaughnessy looked carefully at this desolation. Again the girl's eyes were upon him, speculatively.

There was a pause while packing boxes were being unloaded at the head of the train. The sound of bumping crates and sliding trunks came to them. Fretfully, the whistle blasted.

Then from up a side road came an increasing rumble. O'Shaughnessy's face hardened to a grim wariness. The girl's eyes were upon him sharply.

Swinging round a turn, a motor lorry pulled up at the station. Soldiers in tan uniforms and black puttees jumped to the ground. Through a blue mist, the station lights glinted upon steel helmets. Upon the stone pavement, rifle butts rang.

O'Shaughnessy swung to the door that led to open country. He wrenched at the handle—but it stuck. Twisting and jamming, he had it almost free when steps sounded on the platform.

Sinking swiftly again to his seat, he stared at the wall as the door was flung open. From the platform, an officer eyed them each in turn. Then he stepped inside, a private following. In absolute silence, they studied O'Shaughnessy. The girl leaned forward, her lips slightly parted. With a cold steadiness, O'Shaughnessy's gaze met the officer's. His hands were in the pockets of his trench coat.

Turning to the private, the officer spoke crisply.

"Better search him." Then to O'Shaughnessy, "Stand up."

O'Shaughnessy's eyes were pitiless as he rose. His hands came from his pockets. He shot the soldier through the head and stepped aside as the man's body bumped against the wall and tumbled to the floor at the girl's feet. With a horrified swiftness, the girl spun sideways, drawing up her knees as she turned. The officer was groping at his holster. O'Shaughnessy shot him through the chest. Then he kicked the door open and jumped off the train. All the soldiers were on the other side. He vaulted a stone wall and headed for the dark hills.

THE streets of Dublin were all but deserted under fog-dimmed lamplight. For it was after curfew. Michael O'Shaughnessy, flattened against a doorway, watched a lorry pass, the blue beam of its searchlight roving the walls and probing into corners.

As the rumble of the lorry faded, O'Shaughnessy moved warily along the sidewalk. His progress was lonely. Every window shutter was closed. The shops were deserted. Blue mists diffused the glow of street lamps. They merged into shadows. Old houses, built side to side, presented dreary walls of weather-tarnished brick. The roofs, sharply slanting, were broken here and there by dormer windows. And remote over all sat grotesque chimney-pots, squatting like gargoyles in the gloom.

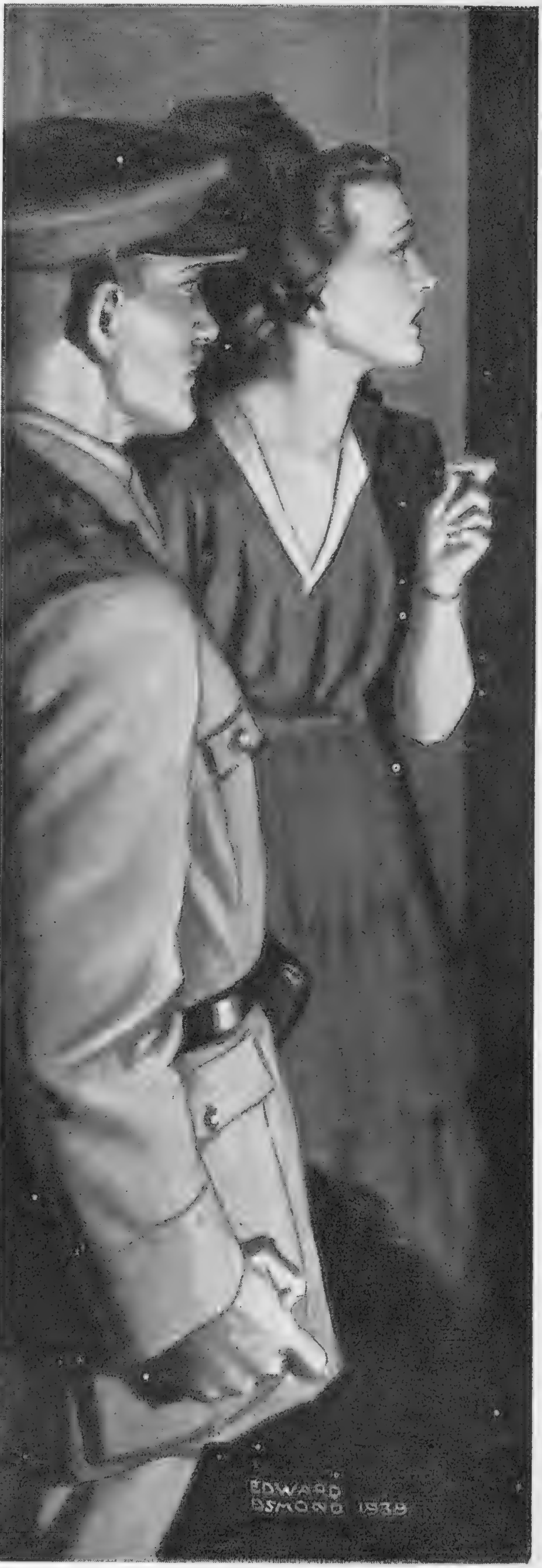
Nearing a corner, O'Shaughnessy heard yet another lorry behind him. Its approaching searchlight bored through the fog. O'Shaughnessy broke into a run. At the corner, he cast a swift backward glance and saw the lorry swing aside into another street.

O'Shaughnessy pulled up sharply as he turned the corner. Beneath a street lamp, a soldier was working on a flat tyre while an officer, leaning against a motor car, watched him. The officer swung around quickly.

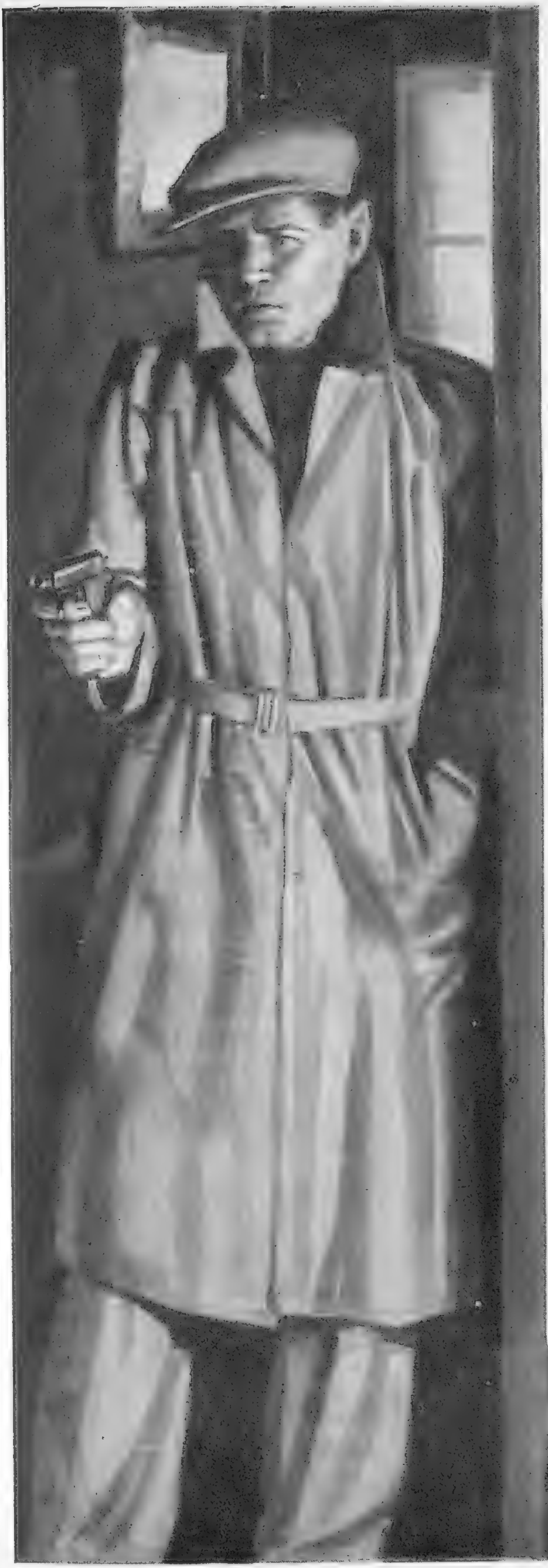
"Well, what's this?"

O'Shaughnessy sauntered across the sidewalk and paused a few feet from them.

"I'm on my way home," he said,



A MAN blocked the doorway. In his hand was an automatic pistol. "Go back," he commanded. Martha pressed forward, desperation in her eyes



Illustrated by Edward Osmond

clipping his words. "I just happen to be a bit late, that's all."

"I see you are. Don't you take military regulations seriously?"

O'Shaughnessy spoke blandly.

"Of course. Of course. But I couldn't help it, you see."

The officer, tall and poised, took a step toward O'Shaughnessy. A woman leaned from the dark interior of the car. The officer spoke with a cold precision.

"Do you understand what the curfew rules mean?"

Casually, O'Shaughnessy's hands had dropped into the pockets of his trench coat. His voice was serene.

"Sure I'll be home in a minute. It's only a step up the street."

The officer was inexorable. His words came in an ominous monotone.

"No one is allowed on the streets after curfew without a permit. No one."

From the car came a woman's voice, low and melodious, yet tinged with apprehension.

"Tom, please let's get this tyre fixed and be on our way."

In the uncertain light, her face was barely visible. But her eyes, very dark, held O'Shaughnessy's for a moment. He lifted his head sharply. Then a gleam of recognition faded quickly from his face. He eyed her impassively.

Turning toward the car, the officer spoke with severity.

"These people must be made to respect military regulations, my dear."

A note almost of pleading came into her voice.

"But I'm tired of sitting here in this fog."

"I'm sorry, Martha, but we must keep order in this city."

He turned implacably to O'Shaughnessy.

"What's your name? Have you any identification?"

Through a charged silence, each eyed the other warily. Then quickly the woman stepped from the car and stood between them.

"Tom, please! Must your military duties spoil all our evenings? Can't we ever have any fun again? We're late for the colonel's party already, and now you want to stop and arrest every man you see."

She fingered the bronze buttons on his chest. His voice grew impatient.

"Martha, you don't realise——"

A hiss of escaping air interrupted him. The soldier stood looking at the tyre as though he'd like to cry.

"There hit goes again, sir."

The officer watched the tyre collapse gradually. The hiss of air became softer and softer, then ceased.

"There," said the girl. "If you'd been helping him instead of stopping everybody, we'd be on our way."

The officer whirled about. So did the soldier. But they saw only shadows and the fog. O'Shaughnessy was gone.

MRS. MORLEY admitted O'Shaughnessy through the back door.

"Thank God you're safe, Michael."

He laughed and flung an arm around her shoulder.

"Now why wouldn't I be?"

She shook her head slowly and brushed a bit of white hair back from her forehead. Her face was sad, yet patient.

"Well, I'll put on the kettle and make you a drop of tea. You must be the tired man now."

Sitting in a kitchen chair with his long legs spread out, he watched her, busy at the stove. He buttered a slice of bread, gesturing with the knife.

"Do you know, I was dodgin' a lorry and what did I do but run into trouble itself—right here in front of your house. An officer and a soldier were workin' on a tyre. They're there yet, I think. They wanted to stop me but there was a girl with 'em and she told 'em to get on with their work."

Mrs. Morley looked up nervously. (*Continued on page* 130)

Got A Headache?

Nothing is more awful than to be imprisoned on a bright day by a headache. Nor is anything more frequent in March, when the body is undergoing the seasonal change-over to warmer conditions. Transitions always disclose weaknesses, hence this sign of disorder.

Never disregard your headaches or make light of them. A feather will show the way the wind blows, so will a headache. Diagnose it correctly and you will probably forestall more serious trouble.

NEURALGIA is an easily distinguished form of headache, because the pain is sharp, shooting and acute. It usually strikes down one side of the temple and forehead and may even paralyse that side of the face.

It is a sign of nerve trouble, and is generally brought on by worry or over-work, due to some form of mental strain. But it can also be due to an inflamed nerve from a poisoned tooth, or a nerve that has been inflamed by a draught. In either case see a dentist, because no nerve will become inflamed by draught unless it is sick, and there must be a cause for this.

Rest in a darkened room. Two crushed aspirins swallowed with a little water, will relieve. So will a smear of Bengue's Balsam stroked over the bad spot on the temple or forehead. But a good rest is the essential.

Honey and brown bread seems to ward off neuralgia because honey is a nerve tonic. Diet should be light and nourishing, and consist of plenty of steamed fish, boiled eggs and milk. Tea should be weak and China. Orange juice, freshly squeezed, is a fine neuralgic preventative.

ANAEMIA, so prevalent during the spring change-over, will cause a recurring, low and undefined headache, accompanied by lassitude, dizziness and a disposition to burst into tears over the slightest problem.

This headache might be described as a form of cloud with a pain not bad enough to require dulling by aspirin, as this, in fact, would only increase the cloudy feeling.

Fresh air is as important as food here. The midday meal should be of underdone calves' liver alternated with underdone steak. Also take watercress, parsley, raw grated carrot, tomato cocktails made from the juice and pulp of tomatoes, braised onions, spinach juice—this can be obtained in bottles, prunes, and as much fresh fruit as you can lay hands on. Never eat apples at the same meal as tomatoes, especially at night. It may lead to sleeplessness and indigestion.

PAIN AROUND THE EYES, just behind the eyeballs, or across the top of the head, denotes trouble with your sight, due to wrong glasses or no glasses. See an oculist.

But this pain must be carefully distinguished from a rather muzzy ache with black spots either dancing on the page in front of you, or before your eyes. This is due to liver.

Drink hot lemon and barley water. Take one dessertspoonful of cascara evacuant last thing at night, with a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts, first thing in the morning. Have next to nothing to eat, and then soft and milky foods only.

A HEAVY HEAD, with either a slight feeling of nausea, or one of intense irritability, would be a sign of congestion.

There are two good cures for this. One is a large cup of lukewarm strong black coffee, sipped slowly, which acts as a powerful eliminator, and is all the stronger if taken between mouthfuls of cold mashed potato. (One large baked potato will do. The yeast ferment generated by the combination of cold coffee and cold potato draws to it and evacuates all acids in the body.)

The other is a course of higher irrigation, which can be taken easily, painlessly, and most beneficially at several good London clinics.

When this course is over, the sluggishness which leads to congestion can be overcome by a diet of mainly fruit and vegetables with a large proportion of onions, cabbage, and dried figs. Honey and cream should also abound in this.

BACK OF THE HEAD PAIN. Of all head pains this is a beast. When acute, the head feels as though it had been jammed on a ramrod; at other moments it feels as though it had swollen to the size of a great balloon. It throbs as though it would burst. This is a *pressure* headache. Frequently the pain affects the top of the shoulders.

This is an ache which is sometimes relieved by half a wineglass of gin.

(*Continued on page* 112)

Next Best Thing to a New Face

All around us the earth is putting out new life. Blossoms are on the bough, winter coats are being shed. Birdsong is madly jubilant. So is the season's song of new clothes, new colours, new hats.

The only thing that seems old is our own faces. They have looked back at us from the mirror so often before, just like that . . .

Well, Elizabeth Arden has fixed it all for us. She has brought out a rouge that will make you glad your face is your own. You won't want to exchange it with anybody else's, for this rouge seems to pull out a new and hitherto hidden personality and present *you* with a glow. It is your face, but it is you projected to the *n*th with attraction.

Redwood is the name of it, and it confers a skin-harmony that especially blends with the apricot, lime-green and yellow shades that are going to be worn a lot this season.

It is complexion clarifying, without a hint of orange, yet not of the same purply-red as Arden's Peony. It is fresher, freer and very young, and seems to add not only sparkle to the eyes, but a lilting happiness to the whole expression. If Peony was rich rapture, Redwood is swift ecstasy.

Arden advises using a Special Matt Foncé in the Ardena Powder, and a Banana Japonica in the surface powder, with it.

There is lipstick and nail-varnish to match, and an eye-shadow called Bleu-Vert, which looks like an angry sea off, but on the eyelids becomes the blue-green mist seen in distant spring thickets.

As a whole this combination of powder and rouge is a definite advance on any brought out in former years, certain to go to the onlooker's head and ensure the wearer's success.

Sensitive skins should only be cleaned with the new cream called Fluffy. It acts as a balm on roughness or blotchiness of every kind, whatever the cause: wind, spring rash, sunburn.

Sport's Jelly is the name of a glaze which will be a boon to every woman, especially the countrywoman.

It is a substitute for powder, almost as it were, a transparent varnish, which does not shine but provides an even glow to the face. It is waterproof and an absolute protection against wind and weather.

Worn over rouge and with a dash of flashing lipstick it gives an appeal that is novel and intriguing, for it looks as though the wearer were willing to face anything—on the cliffs, in an open car, on a windjammer, or the golf links—most chic yet most comradely.

The world-famous Arden Velva Cream Mask is for dispelling fatigue and it does so like magic, even as it is slipped up over the neck and face with the fingers. On, it feels cool and light as thistledown.

It can easily be done at (*Continued on page* 112)

POWDER-WHIFF

Whatever shade of powder you may be using, have one much paler to dust over your temples and under your chin. Especially press it in about the hair roots. Light at these places lifts the face.

ROUGE TIP

Three dabs mark the placing of your rouge (use a cream one for preference): (*a*) under the outer side of your lower lid; (*b*) for the peak of the triangle towards the ear; and (*c*) for the lowest point on the cheek.

EYESHADOW STRIP

Slip it vividly in a narrow definite streak along the roots of the lashes, from mid-eye to the outer corner. Then, when mascara stiffens the lashes, the strip of shadow-gleam greatly enlarges the eye.

LIPSTICK FLIP

Always outline the shape of your mouth in the form required, first with a lipstick pencil, then fill it in heavily. Press the lips on to a tissue, touch briefly with the outlining pencil again.

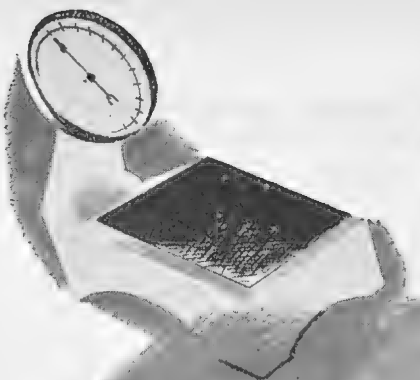
MAKE-UP WHIP

If your powder and powder foundation starts to clog and look greasy pat a wisp of damp cotton-wool over your nose and the affected places. Re-powdering will then give a damask bloom, instead of caking.

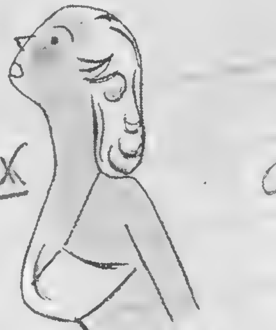
By CHRYSIS

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Exercise

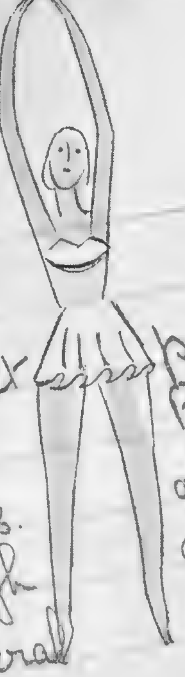


Chin and neck



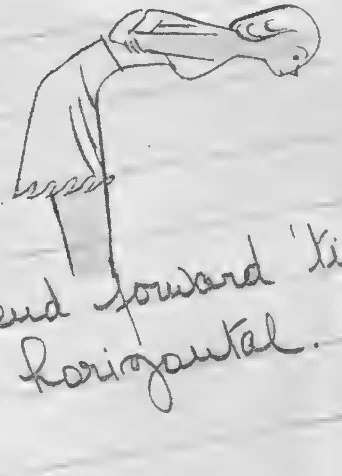
Drop head backward. Open mouth wide. Close again and bring head level.

Breasts.

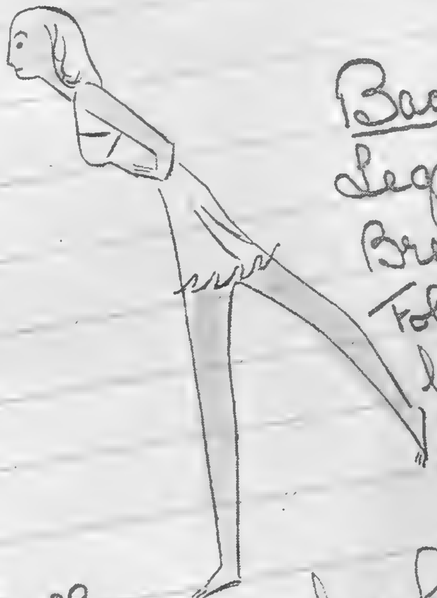


Stand with feet parallel, arms in front. Breathe out. Raise arms. above head. Reach high and breathe in & out several times.

Back.



Legs together. Breathe in Fold arms behind. Bend forward 'till trunk is horizontal.

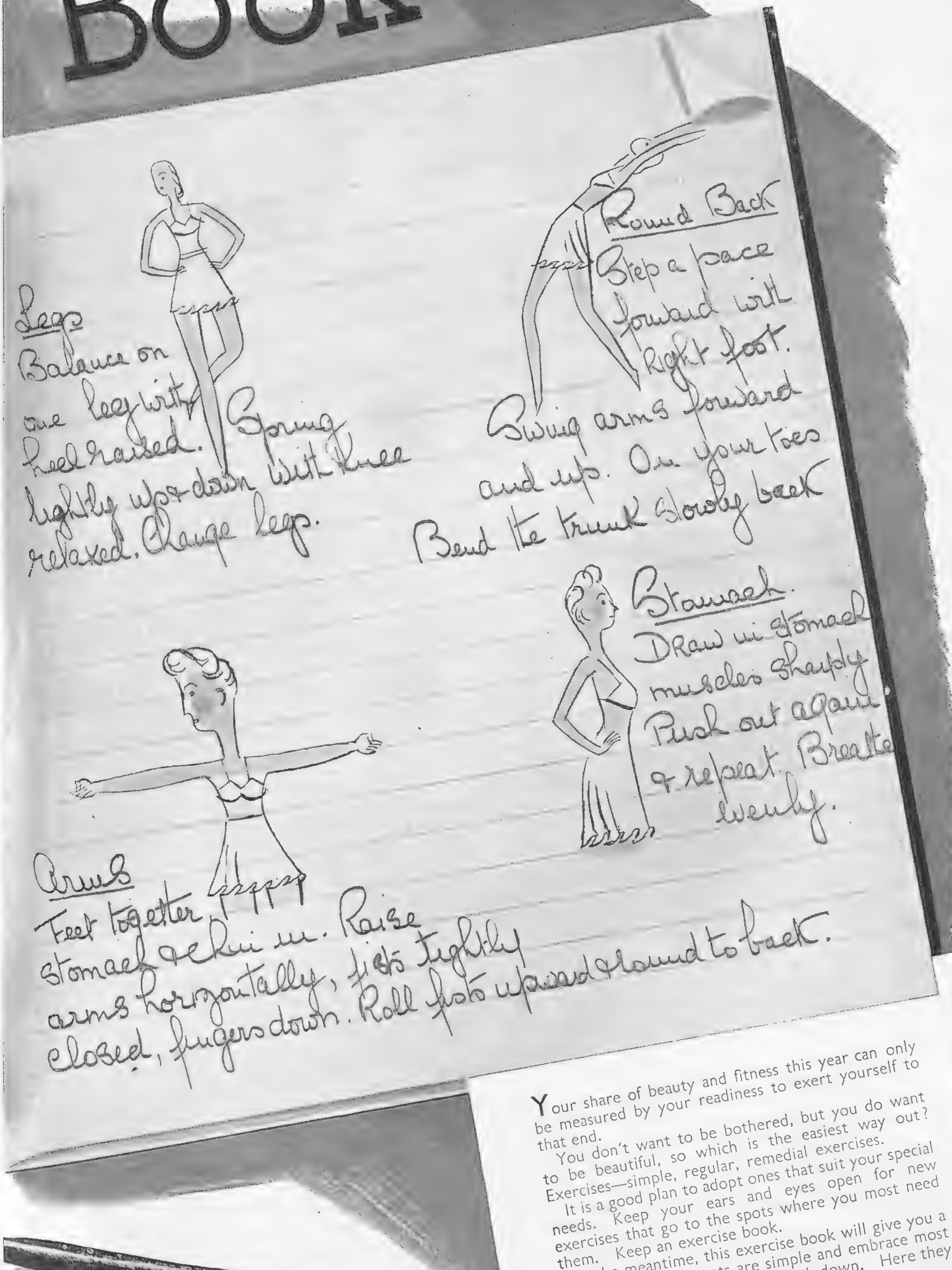


Balance

Stand on left leg, hands on hips. Swing right leg forward & bend body back. Swing leg back & body forward. Repeat on other leg

ray toby

Book



Legs
Balance on
one leg with
heel raised. Spring
lightly up & down with knee
relaxed. Change legs.

Round Back
Step a pace
forward with
right foot.
Swing arms forward
and up. On your toes
Bend the trunk slowly back

Stomach.
Draw in stomach
muscles sharply
Push out again
& repeat. Breathe
evenly.

Arms
Feet together
stomach & chin in. Raise
arms horizontally, fists tightly
closed, fingers down. Roll fists upward & round to back.

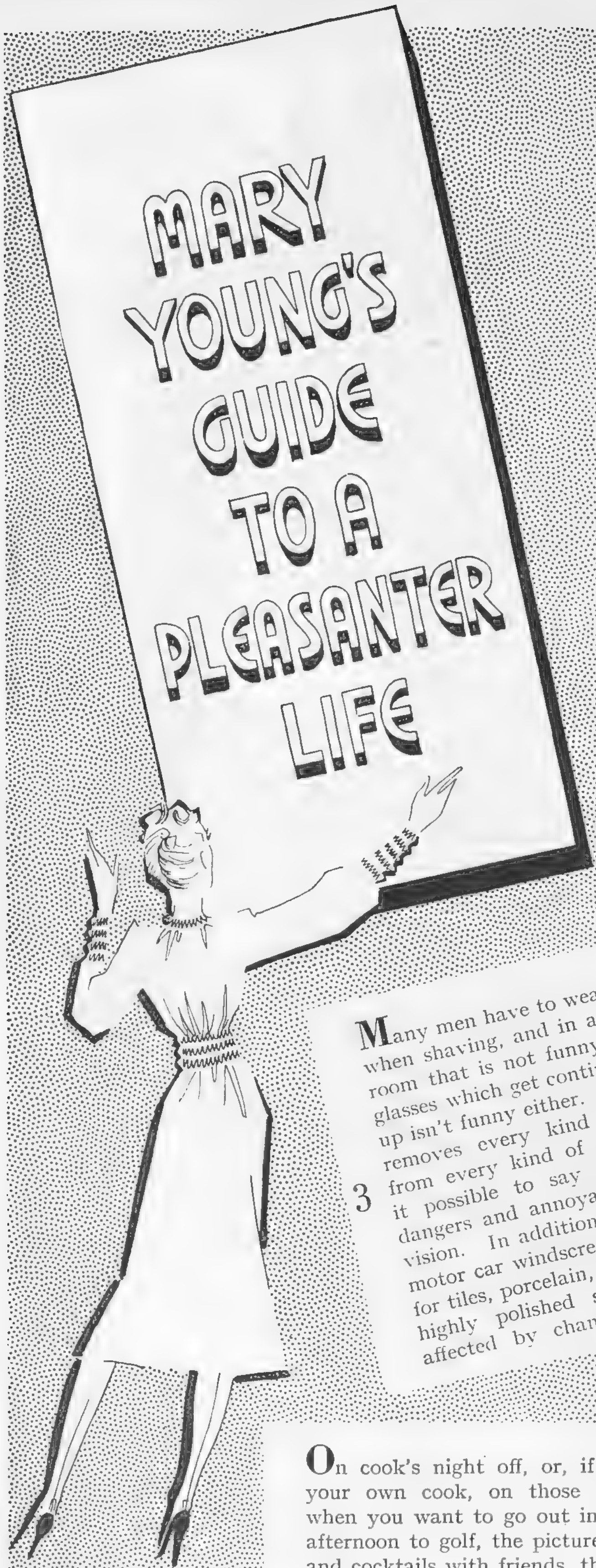
Your share of beauty and fitness this year can only be measured by your readiness to exert yourself to that end.

You don't want to be bothered, but you do want to be beautiful, so which is the easiest way out? Exercises—simple, regular, remedial exercises.

It is a good plan to adopt ones that suit your special needs. Keep your ears and eyes open for new exercises that go to the spots where you most need them. Keep an exercise book.

In the meantime, this exercise book will give you a start. The movements are simple and embrace most sections of the body from the neck down. Here they are—try them.

MARY YOUNG'S GUIDE TO A PLEASANTER LIFE



1 I had a bill in the other day, a plumber's bill and it came to quite a considerable sum. The bill was for dismantling pipe to kitchen sink, thoroughly cleaning out, replacing and testing. All of this means that a continuous flow of flotsam and jetsam down the drain had eventually succeeded in blocking the pipe up despite the use of a sink basket that is supposed to entrap bits and pieces and doesn't. Now I have invested a shilling in a new type of sink strainer. It looks exactly like a small bee-hive and it clips so firmly into the plug hole that nothing of any kind except liquids can go down the drain. It can be removed in an instant for cleaning.

2 One of the troubles to which the modern foot is heir, is dropped arch, caused by overstrain of the muscles. This condition may be caused by faulty shoes, faulty posture or by standing for long hours. Rest for the muscles is only a part of the remedy. There must be massage, too. Here is a problem for the busy man or woman who cannot afford time to lie up, or expensive treatment. A new type of foot support rests the muscles, supplies massage and enables the patient to carry on as usual. It is a soft springy cushion worn under the foot and held securely in position by a wafer-thin rubber band. The cushion relieves strain. At the same time, automatic massage at every step helps the muscles to regain their natural elasticity.

3 Many men have to wear their glasses when shaving, and in a steamy bathroom that is not funny. Cooking, in glasses which get continually steamed-up isn't funny either. A new product removes every kind of atmospheric from every kind of glass and makes it possible to say good-bye to the dangers and annoyances of imperfect vision. In addition to spectacles and motor car windscreens, it can be used for tiles, porcelain, cut-glass and other highly polished surfaces which are affected by changes of atmosphere.

4 On cook's night off, or, if you are your own cook, on those occasions when you want to go out in the late afternoon to golf, the pictures, or tea and cocktails with friends, there is no need to rush back in the middle of things to cook your husband's dinner, or for you both to return to a cold, scratch meal. Secret service will fix things so that you come home to the appetising smell of a roast cooked to perfection and nothing to do but dish it up.

This secret service is just a time switch fitted to the cooker. It switches on heat at the required moment, times the cooking, switches off when the meal is ready.

5 Over-painted lips are not attractive, yet many women overdo lipstick drill, thinking that the more they put on, the longer it will stay put. They couldn't be more wrong. But it is not altogether faulty technique, for a really good lipstick that stays on well is difficult to come by. Here is news, then, of one that is different. It contains a fixative which is blended with cream. Apply the lipstick in the usual way, then, a few minutes after, wipe the mouth with a tissue. They say that with this lipstick, a girl can drink, eat, smoke, swim, kiss, without leaving a trace of anything or anybody. There are fourteen shades from which to choose. Trial size 6d.

6 Unless we are among Nature's fortunates, a crop of pimples is apt to arrive simultaneously with the first spring flowers; and spots, rough blotches, and other horrors come out to greet the sun. Change your diet with the sun is a good axiom, and as to external treatments, nothing is better than a course of face packs. A clever beauty specialist offers a choice of three for home use. The one for spring maladies is called the Blue Pack. It is made from alluvial clay and simply ousts winter hangover, leaving the skin clear and the contours smooth and firm. Mix the clay with water, spread on the face with a brush, and lie down flat until the pack dries. Remove with tepid water and make up as usual. It really is something.

7 It often happens that a suit or a frock has to go to the cleaners just because there is a spot or two. No wonder cleaners' bills run high and become a serious item in the family budget. So it is good news to hear that someone has taken the matter of removing grease spots in hand and given us a product that should end the hit-and-miss methods that usually only succeeded in making that spot a hundred times worse. This new home cleaner comes in a tidy tube and is non-explosive. It is specially recommended for delicate fabrics like fine silks and georgette. Men will like it, too, for it instantly removes motor grease from clothing and grease marks from ties, collars, and hat linings.

8 It is a chastening thought to us gardeners that good weather for flowers and vegetables is equally good for weeds. There are all sorts of aids to combat the pest, but still there remains lots of weeding which can only be done slowly, patiently, and back-achingly by hand. One of the worst jobs is weeding brick or crazy-paving paths. I have recently tested a tool that really is excellent for this and many other jobs. It is a long, pointed affair with a saw-edged prong at the tip. Besides weeding, it is handy for planting small things, excellent for bulbs, and can be used for finicky jobs for which the ordinary trowel is useless.

9 Women who use their hands a great deal for housework or gardening often find March a trying time. The cold winds bring chaps, and chaps are unsightly and *can* be painful. An effective way of keeping the hands in condition is to have a bottle of emollient in the kitchen as well as in the bathroom, and to rub the cream well in each time the hands have been in water and again before going out in the cold. As to a remedy for chaps, I personally swear by a compound of glycerine, cucumber and honey, which can be had ready made up. Used as described above, it will keep the hands white and soft in all circumstances. The emollient is excellent, too, as a protective base for powder.

10 As well as converting any ordinary saucepan into an efficient steamer, a new kitchen gadget I have lately tested should convert the most hard-boiling of cooks to this admirable method of doing vegetables. The convertor is rather like a round basket with openwork sides that expand or contract as it is lowered into the saucepan. Potatoes and greens keep their flavour best when steamed and can be cooked simultaneously, thereby saving labour, and as only half an inch of water is needed for simmering, there is a saving in gas or electricity as well. Substitute fat for the water, and small joints and birds can be roasted to perfection in this clever invention. Price is 1s. Larger size, 2s. 6d.

11 Every woman loves the feel of silk next to the skin of her body. So every woman should thrill to the idea of wearing silk next to her face. I am afraid I cannot tell you exactly what the processes are, for these are a scientific secret, but I can assure you that there is a face powder now on the market which is made entirely of real silk. If you could analyse it, you would find that instead of containing particles of rice, kaolin, cornflower and other abrasive and pore-clogging ingredients, this powder is compounded of pure silk rendered down to unbelievably fine atoms. It is claimed that the powder clings all day, never goes streaky, and cannot clog the pores. It certainly feels as lovely as silk to the touch.

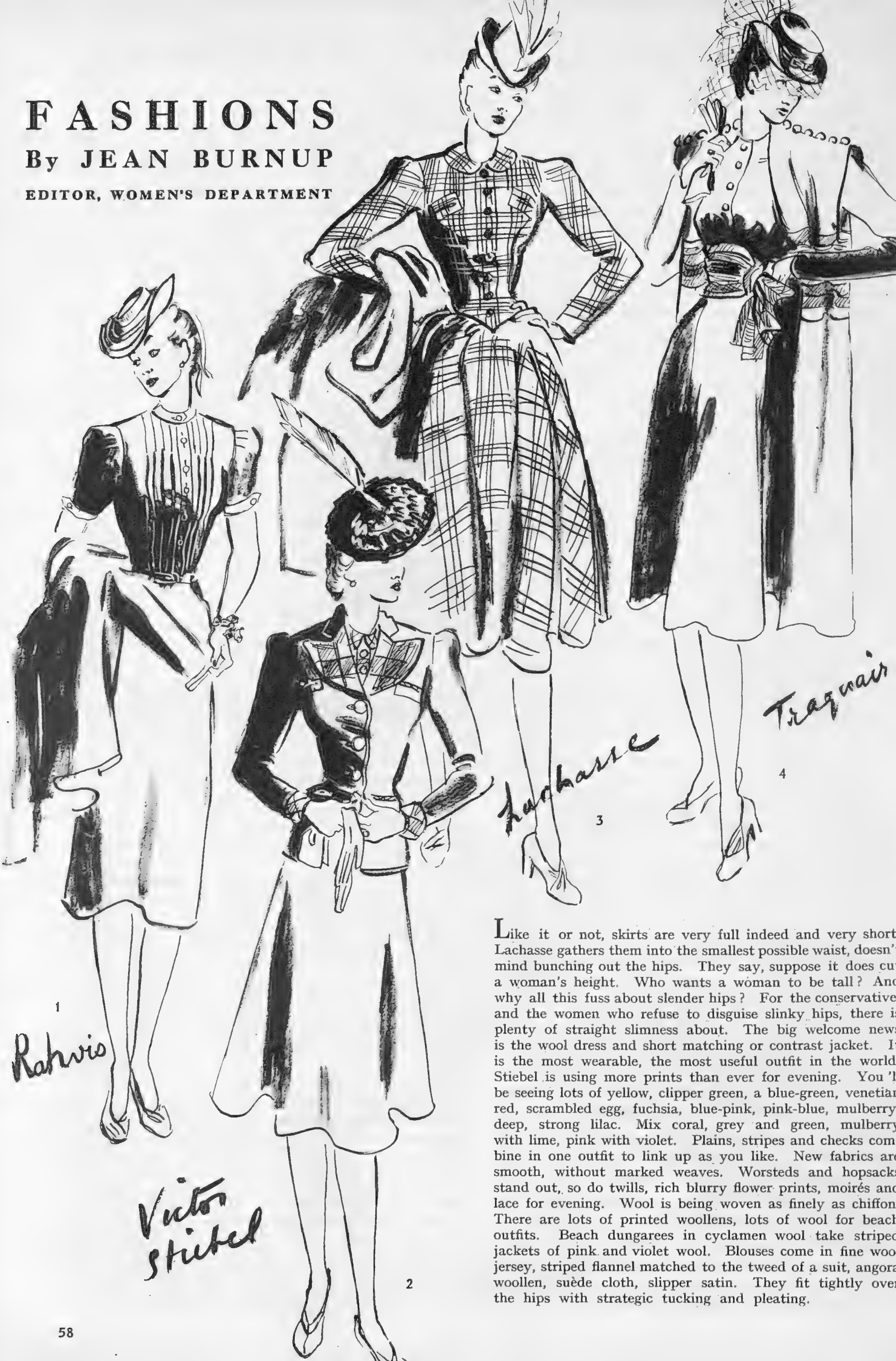
If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your own problems write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving the numbers in which you are interested.

12 Even now, when women really are learning to take care of their looks, I am continually seeing attractive faces disfigured by superfluous hair. It certainly is a problem. If you know somebody whom the cap fits, it would be more than kind to pass on the word that there is now a lotion available for weakening the growth of the hair. You use it after you have "tweezed" out each hair. The lotion comes to you complete with sponge applicator and a pair of special tweezers.

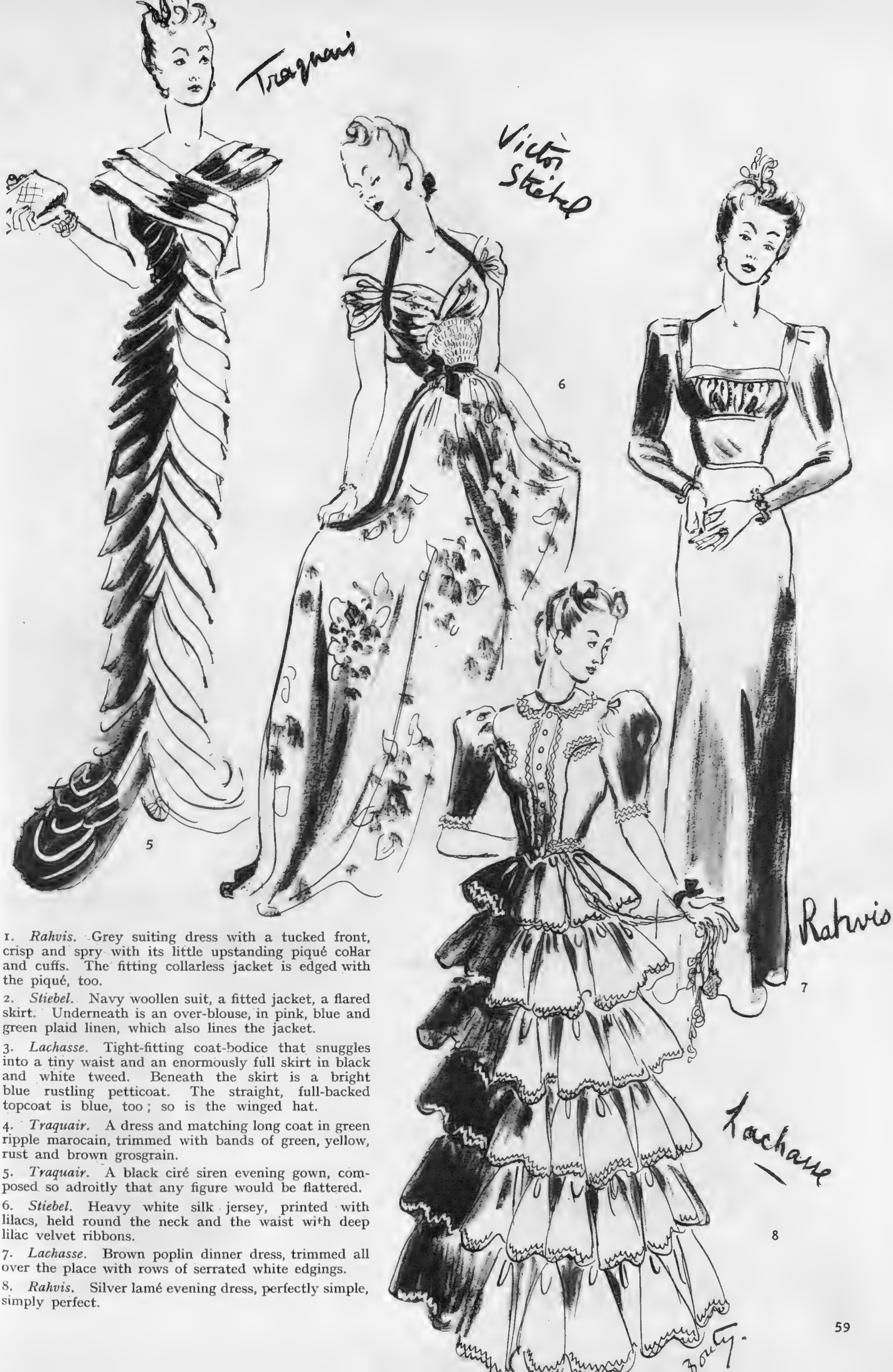
FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

EDITOR, WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT



Like it or not, skirts are very full indeed and very short. Lachasse gathers them into the smallest possible waist, doesn't mind bunching out the hips. They say, suppose it does cut a woman's height. Who wants a woman to be tall? And why all this fuss about slender hips? For the conservative, and the women who refuse to disguise slinky hips, there is plenty of straight slimness about. The big welcome news is the wool dress and short matching or contrast jacket. It is the most wearable, the most useful outfit in the world. Stiebel is using more prints than ever for evening. You 'll be seeing lots of yellow, clipper green, a blue-green, venetian red, scrambled egg, fuchsia, blue-pink, pink-blue, mulberry, deep, strong lilac. Mix coral, grey and green, mulberry with lime, pink with violet. Plains, stripes and checks combine in one outfit to link up as you like. New fabrics are smooth, without marked weaves. Worsteds and hopsacks stand out, so do twills, rich blurry flower prints, moirés and lace for evening. Wool is being woven as finely as chiffon. There are lots of printed woollens, lots of wool for beach outfits. Beach dungarees in cyclamen wool take striped jackets of pink and violet wool. Blouses come in fine wool jersey, striped flannel matched to the tweed of a suit, angora woollen, suède cloth, slipper satin. They fit tightly over the hips with strategic tucking and pleating.



1. *Rahvis.* Grey suiting dress with a tucked front, crisp and spry with its little upstanding piqué collar and cuffs. The fitting collarless jacket is edged with the piqué, too.

2. *Stiebel.* Navy woollen suit, a fitted jacket, a flared skirt. Underneath is an over-blouse, in pink, blue and green plaid linen, which also lines the jacket.

3. *Lachasse.* Tight-fitting coat-bodice that snuggles into a tiny waist and an enormously full skirt in black and white tweed. Beneath the skirt is a bright blue rustling petticoat. The straight, full-backed topcoat is blue, too; so is the winged hat.

4. *Traquair.* A dress and matching long coat in green ripple marocain, trimmed with bands of green, yellow, rust and brown grosgrain.

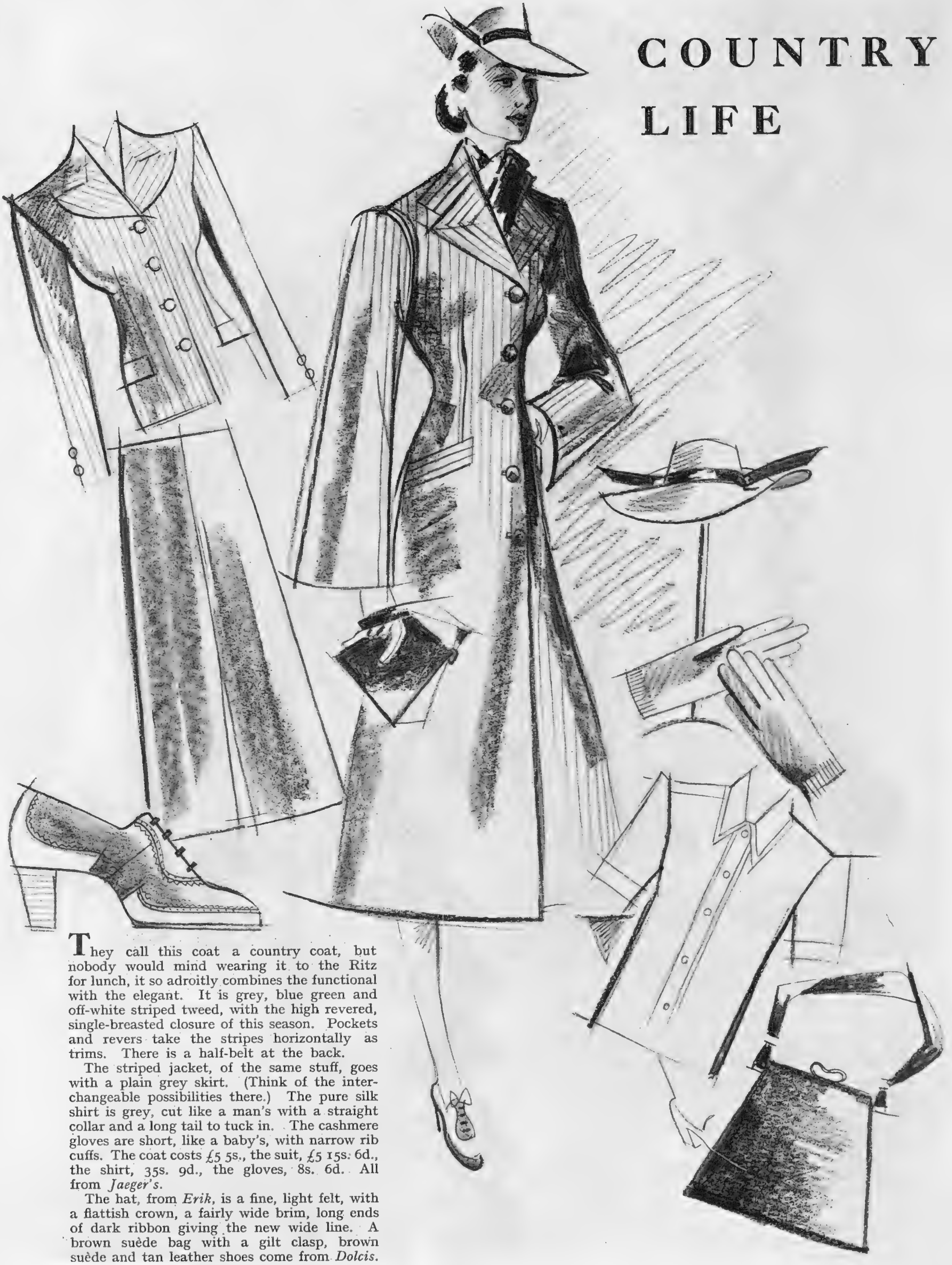
5. *Traquair.* A black ciré siren evening gown, composed so adroitly that any figure would be flattered.

6. *Stiebel.* Heavy white silk jersey, printed with lilacs, held round the neck and the waist with deep lilac velvet ribbons.

7. *Lachasse.* Brown poplin dinner dress, trimmed all over the place with rows of serrated white edgings.

8. *Rahvis.* Silver lamé evening dress, perfectly simple, simply perfect.

COUNTRY LIFE



They call this coat a country coat, but nobody would mind wearing it to the Ritz for lunch, it so adroitly combines the functional with the elegant. It is grey, blue green and off-white striped tweed, with the high revered, single-breasted closure of this season. Pockets and revers take the stripes horizontally as trims. There is a half-belt at the back.

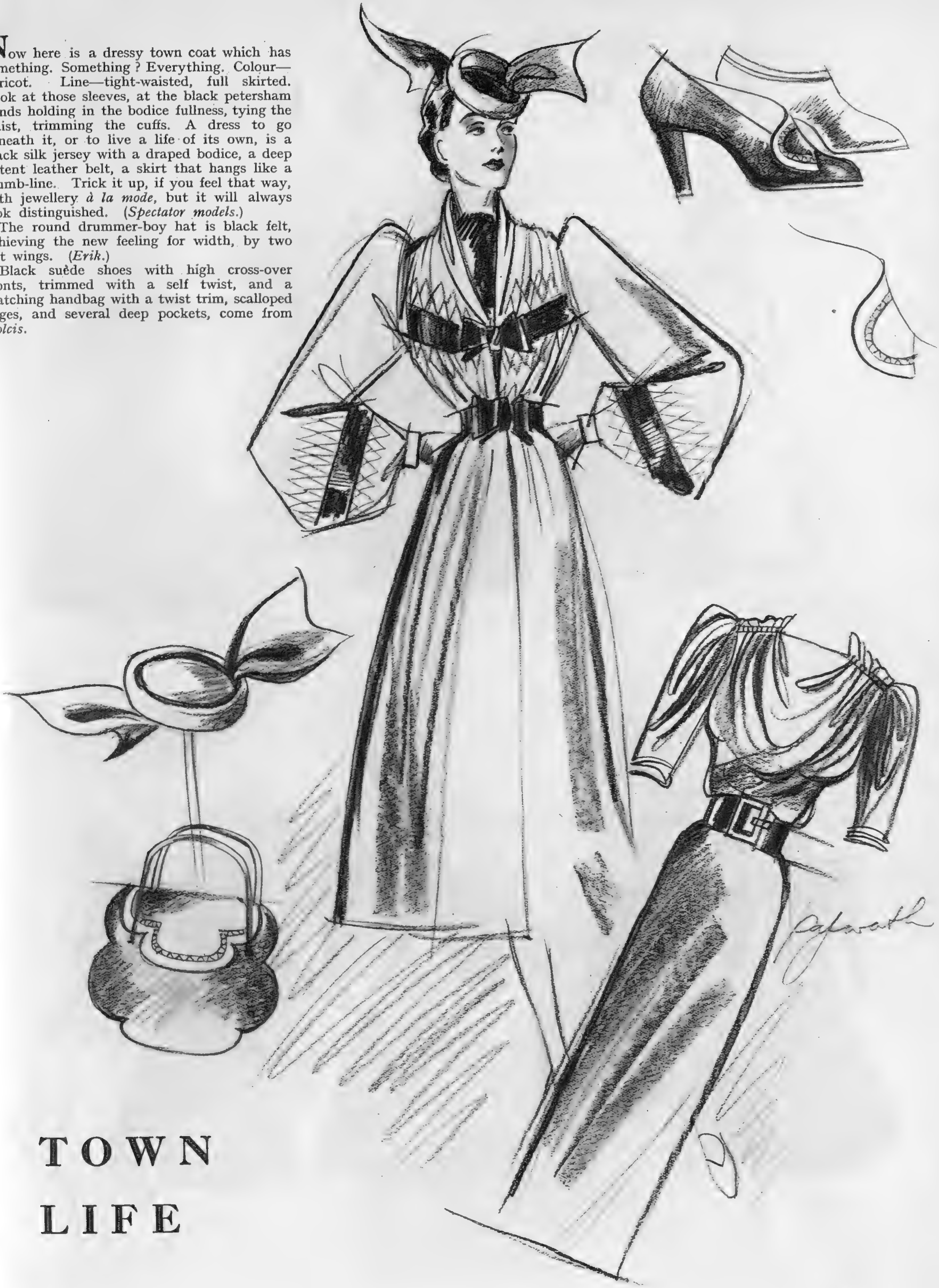
The striped jacket, of the same stuff, goes with a plain grey skirt. (Think of the interchangeable possibilities there.) The pure silk shirt is grey, cut like a man's with a straight collar and a long tail to tuck in. The cashmere gloves are short, like a baby's, with narrow rib cuffs. The coat costs £5 5s., the suit, £5 15s. 6d., the shirt, 35s. 9d., the gloves, 8s. 6d. All from *Jaeger's*.

The hat, from *Erik*, is a fine, light felt, with a flattish crown, a fairly wide brim, long ends of dark ribbon giving the new wide line. A brown suède bag with a gilt clasp, brown suède and tan leather shoes come from *Dolcis*.

Now here is a dressy town coat which has something. Something ? Everything. Colour—apricot. Line—tight-waisted, full skirted. Look at those sleeves, at the black petersham bands holding in the bodice fullness, tying the waist, trimming the cuffs. A dress to go beneath it, or to live a life of its own, is a black silk jersey with a draped bodice, a deep patent leather belt, a skirt that hangs like a plumb-line. Trick it up, if you feel that way, with jewellery *à la mode*, but it will always look distinguished. (*Spectator models.*)

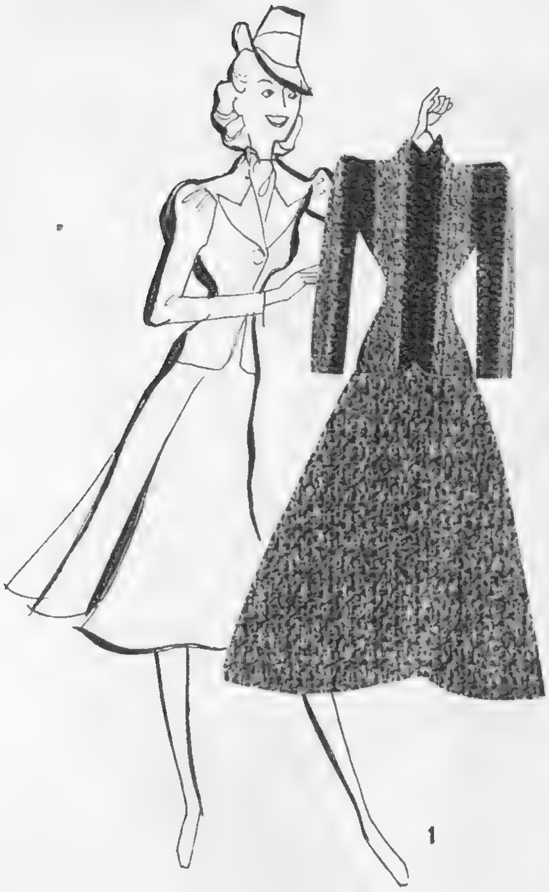
The round drummer-boy hat is black felt, achieving the new feeling for width, by two felt wings. (*Erik.*)

Black suède shoes with high cross-over fronts, trimmed with a self twist, and a matching handbag with a twist trim, scalloped edges, and several deep pockets, come from *Dolcis*.



TOWN LIFE

NEW FABRICS



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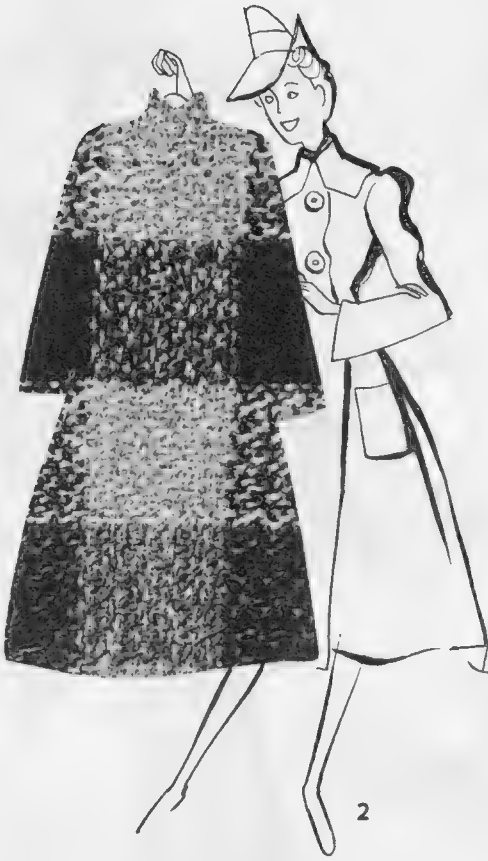

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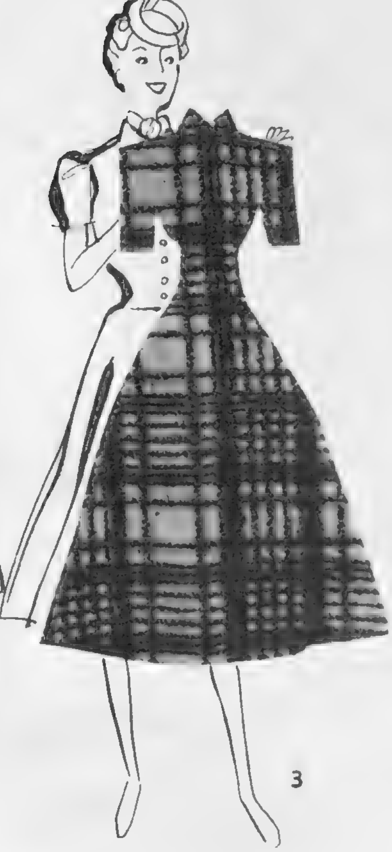

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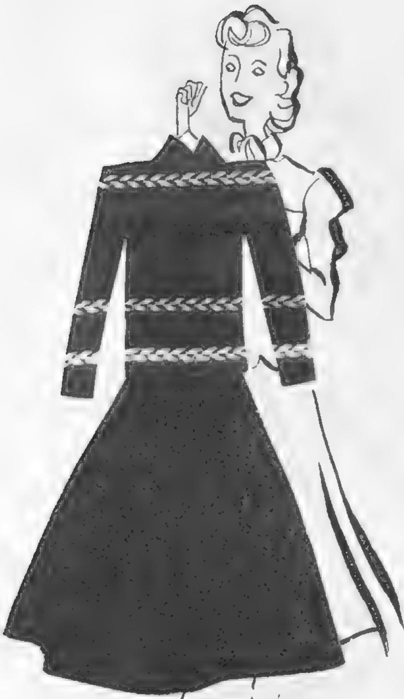

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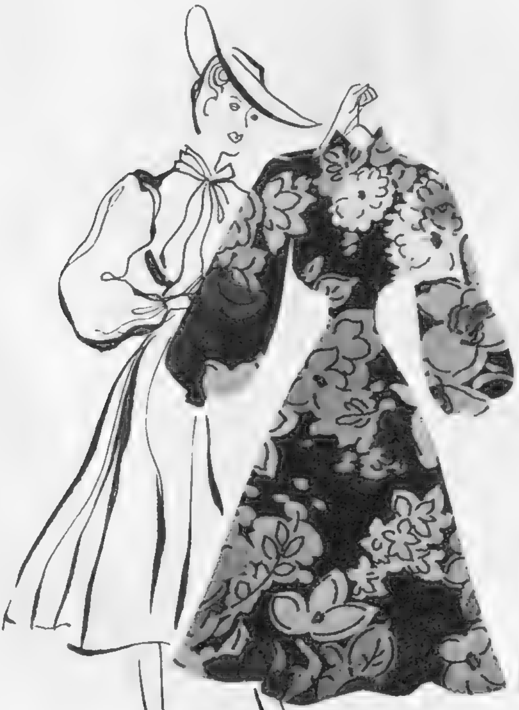

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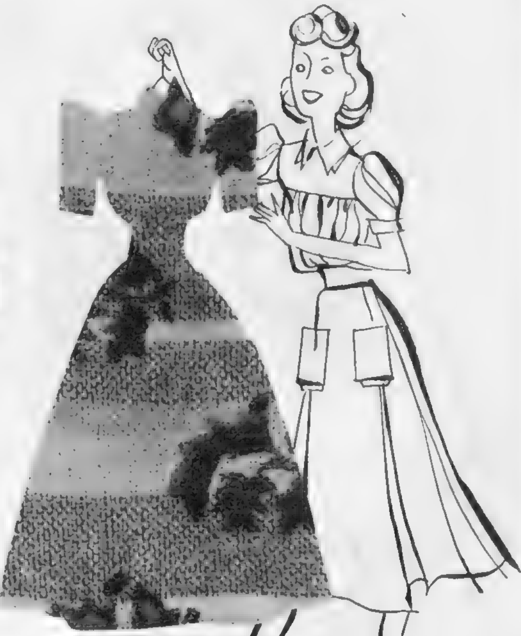

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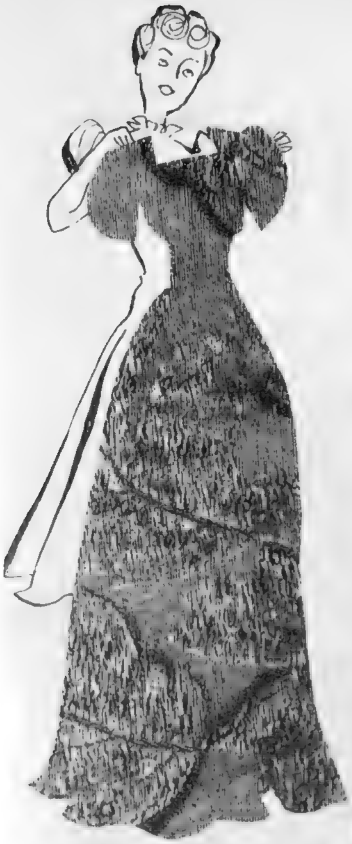

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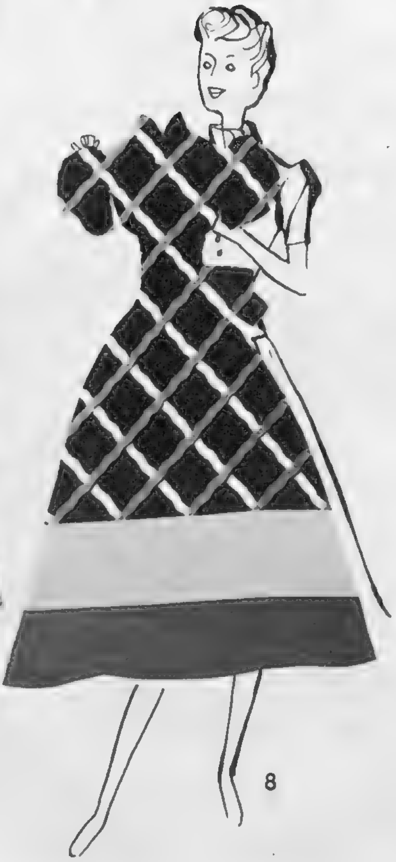

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1 and 2. Bold checks, stripes and plain tweeds ensemble together to be used as fancied. Here a grey-blue skirt goes with a jacket striped in grey-blue, heather green, and a topcoat which adds to these colours mauve, brown, cinnamon. *Jacqmar.*

3. Here is a new fabric called Stigyl, a fine voile background darned with a fluffy woollen thread in an irregular check design. The colours are lime and mulberry. It is a favourite combine this spring. *Rodier.*

4. Viyella repeat their famous fancy and plain alliances in new, *chic* designs. For the jacket, fancy stripes of white, flame and black appear on a green ground, which exactly matches the plain green of the skirt. (Other colours.) *William Hollins.*

5. Rayon de luxe, a soft, beautifully wearing artificial silk in vivid blue, green, fuchsia, flame on black. (Other colours.) *Courtaulds.*

6. Burrah, a coarse, hopsack weave, striped in lavender, yellow, green and beige, over-printed with a formal leaf design. *Rodier.*

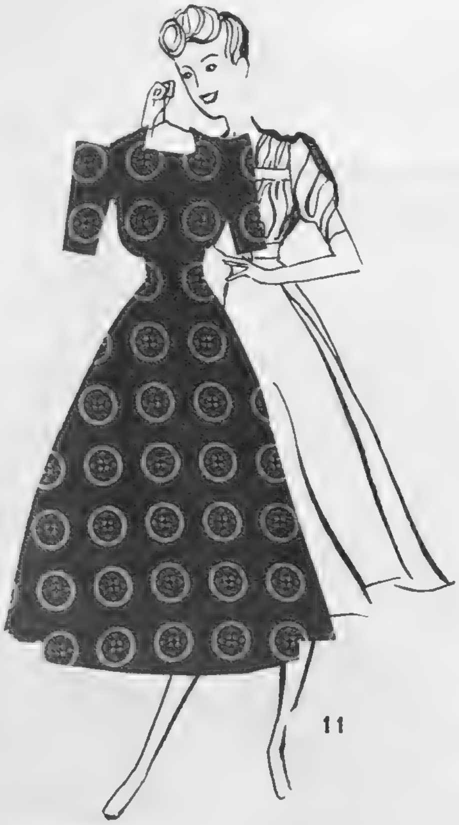
7. Green and gold shimmering lamé, for an evening gown to knock them. *Liberty.*

8. One of the new border prints, violet and scrambled egg, trellised on a black ground. *Celanese.*

9. Triumphant stripes with serrated edges in light and dark grey, coral and green. Another of the Viyella 36 range. (Other colours.) *William Hollins.*

10. Heavy, artificial taffeta in a blurred flowery print would make one of the new spreading evening gowns. (Other colours.) *Courtaulds.*

11. Printed twill, perfect for a tailored silk frock or suit. This has a green ground with red circles. (Other colours.) *Celanese.*



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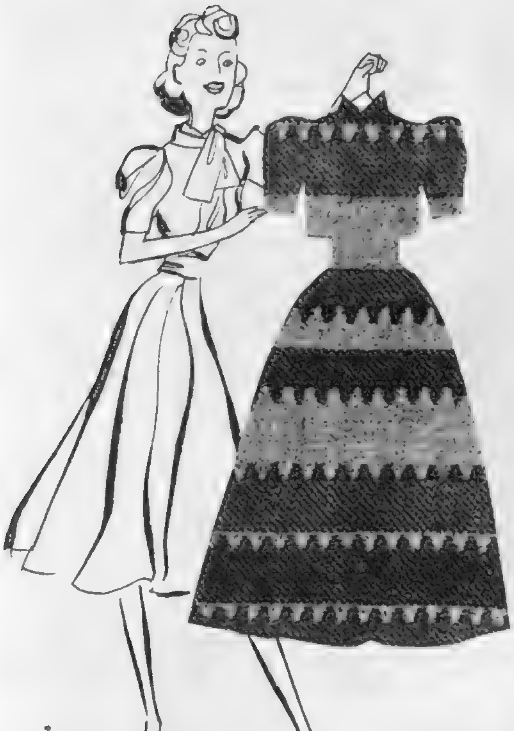

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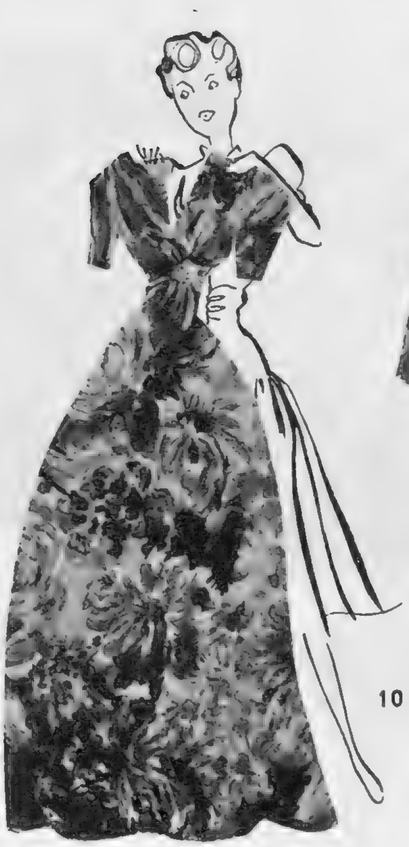


10

We See Your Rooms Through

ROSE-COLOURED

So many rooms one meets with are substantial, homely, at times expensively furnished, yet drab. They have no special charm, nothing to single them out.

It may be that they have grown tired through overwork. Faded colours, dingy fabrics obscure whatever charm they may once have had. Or, it may be that, in assembling the furniture at the start, some of the simple, essential rules of co-ordination and grouping were omitted.

In average cases it is neither difficult nor expensive to give such rooms a tonic treatment. A new colour scheme, some effective fabrics, a better balanced arrangement and the transformation is complete. There is nothing in it that an intelligent amateur cannot do, and it is good fun.

If the improvement is to be carried out at the lowest cost, the first step is to divide the room into good points and bad. Perhaps the furniture—or at least most of it—is good, but lacks a setting to show its best points. Perhaps the carpets and rugs are good and accessories charming but merely obscured by their neighbours. Quite often a new background, a better light, the proximity of flattering colours will give a new interest to things that have previously seemed dull.

Take an inventory of the room for a start. Be quite ruthless about throwing out such things as have no practical value or beauty either. We are all inclined to cling to things with some sort of vague conviction that they will eventually prove their worth, or that to discard them would be wasteful. It is *not* wasteful to dispense with things that prevent your home from being a more beautiful place.

So, out with ugly, superfluous furniture and fittings. Away with silly, gimcrack accessories and irrelevant ornamentation. A picture has no value just because you have had it for years. Nothing in the way of age or sentimental attachment can make it suitable for the walls of your room unless it is of the right shape and size for the position it occupies, the right colouring and character and of artistic worth.

On these pages we have given you a glimpse through our rose-coloured glasses of two typically middle-class

GLASSES

family rooms. They are nice rooms. They show neither bad taste nor a lack of substance, but at the same time they don't amount to much. They are just rooms.

By emphasising some good points and slowing down on some bad we feel we have given them a new interest.

Our methods are simple enough. New colours, new arrangement, a discreet addition, a little emphasis on grouping and there you are.

Try looking at your own rooms through rose-coloured glasses. Unearth new beauty in your old possessions. Your home is worth it.

The bedroom shown on the opposite page had its good points but it seemed to us depressing.

Through our beautifying spectacles we see a brighter colour scheme. Turquoise, yellow and mulberry.

The walls are distempered turquoise except behind the bed where we see a sprigged wallpaper matching the bedcover. This is optional.

The bedcover is something new. It is of glazed chintz with a mulberry ground and yellow and turquoise flowers. Under it is a softly shirred valance of washable ninon or muslin in creamy yellow.

The windows have plain curtains of mulberry chintz, a swagged pelmet to match the yellow bed valance, and yellow cross-over screening curtains.

The bookcase is moved to another end of the room where it shows to better advantage against a light wall. The tallboy replaces it to give balance in this corner.

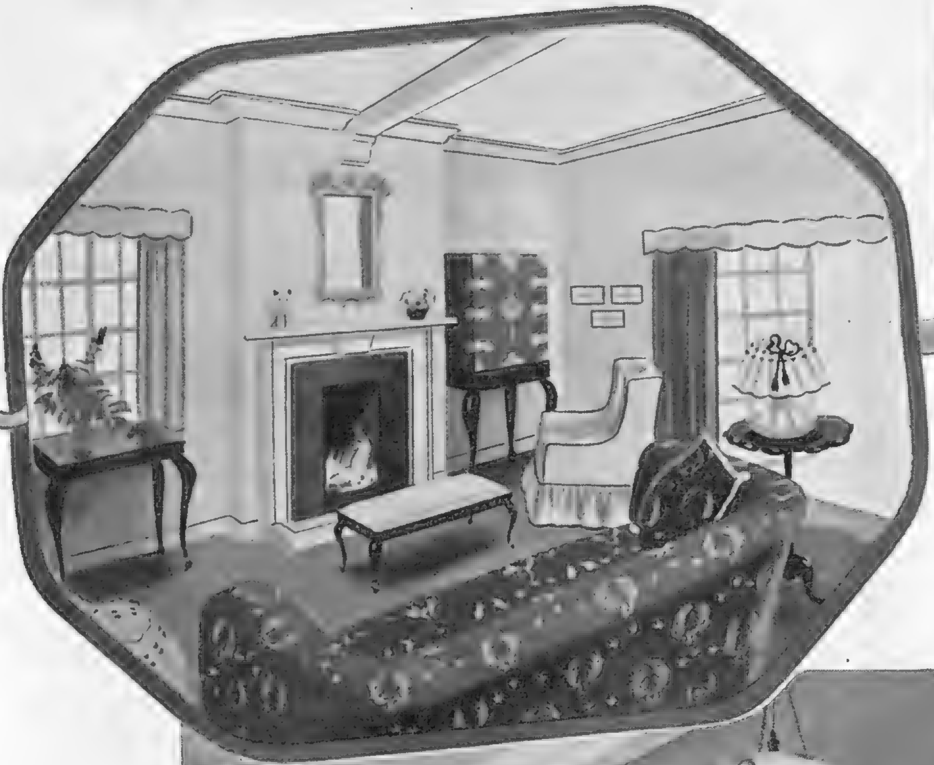
The shapely stool in the window has been stripped and painted, and the bedside tables match its colouring.

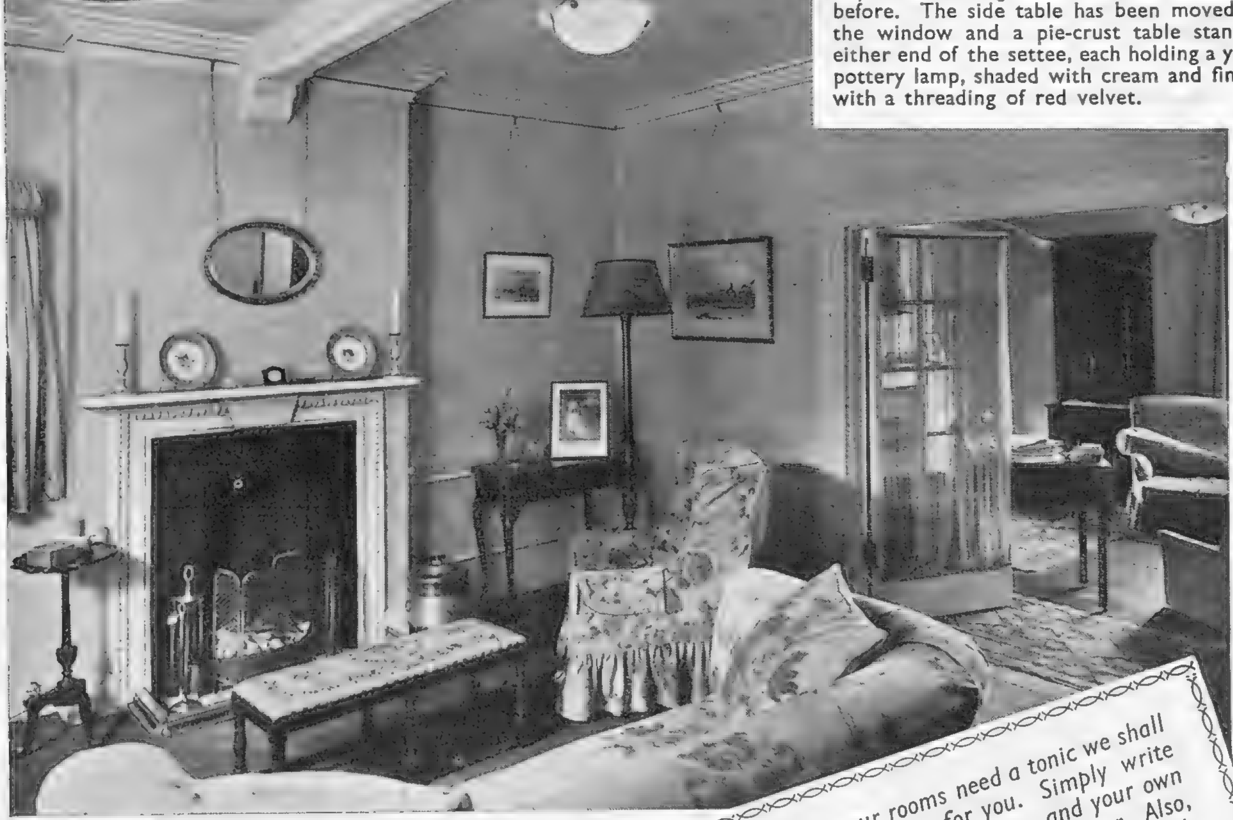
Slip covers have worked a sudden transformation in this sitting-room. The armchair has a boxy cover in an oatmeal textured fabric of the same colour heavily welted at the seams with deep red.

The bulky settee has a heavy linen cover of warm, deep red with a bold but neat design of cream.

Over the glass communicating doors we have fitted a carpenter-made wooden pelmet. This is a frame for the linen curtains of plain red matching the background of the settee. The walls, like the wooden pelmet, are plain, soft yellow and the woodwork matches.

A better balance on the right of the fireplace is achieved by the introduction of the lacquer cabinet giving much needed height here. Above the mantel also the long shapely mirror gives importance and grace where there was none before. The side table has been moved into the window and a pie-crust table stands at either end of the settee, each holding a yellow pottery lamp, shaded with cream and finished with a threading of red velvet.





If any or all of your rooms need a tonic we shall be glad to administer it for you. Simply write describing the room, its contents and your own preferences, if any, in the matter of colour. Also, roughly, how much you are willing to spend. We shall be happy indeed to send you suggestions. Address your letters to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

SPRING

About Cleaning

START in the right frame of mind. You *can* have fun spring cleaning, changing things around, fixing new curtains and falderals, getting new ideas about old things. Don't start with thinking you are going to hate it; choose a morning when you are feeling good, *not* the morning after a party. Don't warn the family in tones of foreboding that the annual earthquake is about to begin. Don't tell them at all. Just let them find out.

If there is any painting going on and you don't care for the smell of it, slice some onions in a pail of water. These are said to absorb the odour.

Add a little kerosene to the water with which you clean the linoleum. The dirt will come off easier. For the rest of the year polish your linoleum—don't keep swamping it with water, if you like it to last.

If you keep copperware about the house—kettles and jugs—fill them with boiling water before you begin polishing. You'll be surprised how much simpler it becomes.

Scratches on the silverware can be treated with a paste of olive-oil and putty powder. Rub the paste gently over the marks till they disappear.

Try cellophane wrapping for the Sunday-best silverware and cutlery that spends most of its time laid away. You'll find it never tarnishes this way.

Another use for cellophane : a long strip of it tacked to the wall where greasy masculine heads are likely to be leant, is a perfect protection for delicate wallpaper and almost invisible.

Use a mixture of ammonia and cold water, not soap, to clean the fibre matting that is so much used now to cover floors. Dry in the open when possible.

Wicker bedroom chairs can be cleaned, but not with soap, or with hot water. A rag dipped in paraffin is best. Polish with a soft cloth.

Tarnished gilt frames can be perfectly restored this way: First remove all dust with a brush. Place a bottle containing a little spirits of wine in a cup of hot water, then use the warm spirit to rub the frame. Use a very soft cloth. After the spirit has dried, rub on a mixture of one part linseed oil and two parts turpentine, well mixed.

To restore the colouring of Persian and Oriental rugs, boil six ounces of salt in a quart of water. When cool dip a loofah into the brine and rub the rug well with it, constantly dipping into the brine. Finish by vigorous rubbing with a dry cloth, and hang the rug in the open to dry.

YOU'LL NEED THESE

Plenty of dusters. They must be clean and you should keep renewing them. The same applies to floor swabs. Surround yourself with clean, soft polishers.

Overhaul your broom cupboard before you start. See that bristles are stiff and clean and you have the right implements for the occasion.

Get in Min Cream. This for cleaning and polishing light and dark paint and most polished surfaces. Put it on with a clean rag and polish at once with another. No hard rubbing involved.

Remember Cardinal Polish, too, if you have any red tile floors or fireplace surrounds. It restores these things like magic and gives them a fine polish.

Mansion Polish must go on the list. You can't beat it for linoleum, floor-boards and pretty well any other surface that needs polishing and protecting. There are sizes from 6d. but the two-pound tin costing 3/- is an economy.

GLEANINGS

About Refurbishing

IN this country, especially in London, dirt is the "Big Bad Wolf." It makes curtains and covers, wallpapers and rugs seem dingy in no time. So you must be one up on the climate. Choose materials and effects that wear well, look sunny and wash easily. This is simple. Washable glazed fabrics, crisp marquisettes, washable rugs and cheerful matting form a conspiracy of gaiety in the home. You are going to have fun refurbishing if you are not afraid to take a chance.

An original and quite practical suggestion for loose covers is serge. It wears excellently, looks rich and costs about 5s. 6d. a yard, fifty-three inches wide. Scarlet with trimming of white cotton fringe is a suggestion, smart with off-white walls.

Curtains and covers, even rugs, that have grown tired can be given a new lease of life with dyeing if the dyeing is good. Clarks of Retford have a reputation second to none for dyeing everything, including household effects. The service is quick.

For pepping up the bathroom at a low cost, try new curtains of flower-printed towelling. Or plain coloured towelling with rows of bias-binding at the edges in contrast colouring.

Have loose covers made by the best makers. Loose-cover cutting and fitting requires the highest skill if the finished effect is to be good and lasting. The finest craftsmen are employed by Hamptons, yet the charge for a loose cover is only 9s. 6d. The material is extra.

Looking for a new kind of bedcover? Some of the most attractive and original obtainable are Vantona. These are made of cotton in various weights with floral and conventional designs, in lovely colourings to suit any scheme and almost any period. Prices from 75s. for the super-quality double-bed size down to 14s. 9d. for the "C" grade. Obtainable from Waring and Gillows.

The newest range of Old Bleach furnishing fabrics are worth seeing. As well as decorative, linen furnishing fabrics are practical. Flax is the strongest, as well as the most hygienic of fibres and is proof against moths. Modern and traditional designs in the most glorious colourings are in the Old Bleach range, there are all kinds and all prices.

When you make your own curtains, line them whenever possible. It costs a little extra at the time but adds immeasurably to the appearance of them, as well as to their wearing qualities. Use Rufiette curtain tape to make curtains hang and drape better. No stitching on of hooks or rings is necessary.

New rugs give a lift to a scheme, more especially if they accompany new curtains. If you are looking for something cheerful, cheap and really attractive, get Algerian hand-made wool rugs. The average price is about 45s. for a good useful size.

ECONOMY BUYS

Make this the moment for choosing those new labour-saving gadgets you have been hankering for. They will save you a whole lot of drudgery, and anyway, spring cleaning is more fun with some new machinery to fool around with.

If it is a suction cleaner you are after, the Whirlwind non-electric cleaner might suit your fancy. This is a great little apparatus and does everything a suction cleaner should at a gratifying cost. £2 15s. for the Standard Model and £3 5s. for one with super chromium-plated finish.

Consider a washing machine this year. It really is an economy buy. Think of all the laundry bills you can cut down on.

H.M.V. make a splendid electrical model suitable for the uses of an average family. It practically does the washing while you go out and play. The price is 19 guineas or 13/- a month—no more than a radio and just as essential.

If you use stair rods, take a look at Clipper Holders and their advantages. They make cleaning and dusting the stairs much easier. Stair carpet lasts longer and looks better.

BUYING

Shopping for a baby is a thing apart. You may fancy yourself as a shrewd buyer in a general way, but you can still fall down badly when it comes to shopping for the littlest member of the family.

You need care and skill choosing the clothes best qualified to guard the baby's health and ensure his comfort.

In many cases the need for economy is urgent, yet the new mother is naturally timid of going too far in the direction of thrift. So much is at stake and only the best seems good enough.

All the same a great deal of money can be saved by careful planning ahead and by cutting down expenses where it is reasonably safe to do so.

When you are planning a layette you must consider carefully what items of clothing and equipment are required to last for a considerable period, and which are just for temporary use.

Items that may reasonably be expected to go on for a considerable time should be of the best quality. This is true economy.

A baby's clothes and equipment meet with some very hard wear. They are, for one thing, continually in the wash. This alone suggests the need for quality materials that will stand up to hardship without the need for replacements and without sacrificing warmth or protectiveness.

Suppose we take one of the first items of a layette, the flannel binder. This is so soon discarded that it is an extravagance to spend much money on them. The woman with a small experience of sewing will make them at home from a soft baby flannel. A professionally made one will provide a pattern. They are simple enough. If you cannot make them at home a good quality flannel binder can be had from one of the better-known makers for one and threepence. You will require three.

First vests should be good. They must be of the softest wool so as not to irritate delicate skin and they should be fairly large to allow for growth.

Chilprufe is undoubtedly the most economical choice. The reason being that, apart from their superlative quality, the makers offer a service whereby the vests can be sent to them later for enlargement or repair.

A Size One Chilprufe vest will be large enough to carry the average baby on to about four months. At this point the enlargement can be made and the vests will go on until he changes to toddler styles. The price for the first size is three and sixpence.

For economy's sake many mothers to-day are putting new babies straight into short clothes, but an even better idea is to adopt the three-quarter (twenty-four inch) length garments and to shorten them after a month or so. This can only be done if the garments are amply large enough in the beginning.

Flannel petticoats must be of good quality. Only the best baby flannel will remain soft and porous throughout repeated washing and wetting.

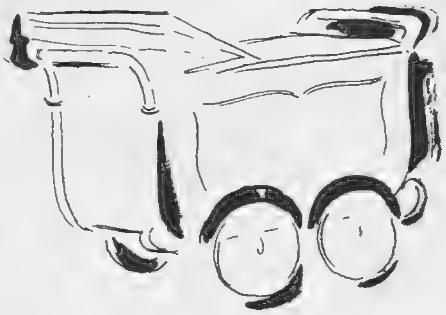
A very excellent quality under flannel, quite plain, can be had for nine shillings. Many women make their own.

Long cotton slips can be left out of baby's trousseau entirely if you are cutting down expenses. The only useful purpose they serve is as a background for diaphanous day dresses. One will do for this purpose.

On the other hand long slips can be cut down for short petticoats later. A small baby is so wrapped and rolled in clothes that any discrepancy of fit in his earliest garments will not be unsightly, but it will save you many pennies if his clothes will continue to fit him for several months. So buy them large enough for growing at the start.

Pretty cotton day gowns can be bought for six shillings

FOR BABY



By Louisa Kay

each if you are unable to sew your own. Do not be tempted to buy cheap day gowns. Wetting, dribbling and washing will ruin them in no time and replacements will cost you more in the end.

Nightdresses are one of the more expensive items of clothing. It is sane economics to see that they are good.

For the summer, cotton nightdresses are adequate but not ideal. They are cold when wet and moreover need frequent boiling to keep them a good colour. Flannel is apt to stain badly as well as to become harsh, and nuns' veiling invariably shrinks.

Viyella nightdresses, on the whole, are best. They do not stain, nor shrink and their comfort is unrivalled.

Viyella fittings are very large so that first nightdresses, which cost twelve and sixpence, may be expected to last until the child is six months old. At this rate the price of the nightdresses is well justified, and means real economy.

Shawls should be of soft, shrunk wool and not too massive. I know of an imitation hand-knit shawl, soft and light, perfect for indoors, costing only eight and sixpence.

Apart from clothing it pays again to look ahead in baby shopping. All those many pretty, frilly items of equipment that are so fascinating to see, such as trimmed cots and beribboned baskets are costly things. It is possible without any slight to the baby who appreciates them less than you, to dispense with many of them.

It is quite possible to put a young baby straight into a drop-side crib that will last him for several years, but in this case a sateen lining should be hung like a screen all round the inside of it to keep off draughts.

On the other hand there is very little extra cost in providing a light cradle for the first month or two. Raffia is the lightest to handle and very decorative as well as draught-proof.

In plain colours these cradles can be had from thirty-nine and sixpence, but a light wicker cradle costs considerably less even than that.

Blankets must be light and warm. Don't buy cheap ones ever. One good blanket is worth two inferior ones.

It is worth noting that white blankets are much cheaper than coloured. I can recommend you to a pair of all-wool Whitney blankets as soft and woolly as fleece, which cost twelve and sixpence for a pair. Coloured Whitney's of similar quality cost ten and nine each.

Cellular blankets are so light that it is possible to buy one of crib-size and to fold it in two to make covering for a cradle. This saves discarding the blanket when the baby transfers to a larger bed. A good cellular blanket of cot size (36 ins. by 52 ins.), will cost you nine and sixpence.

When you choose the crib, either now or later, choose a beech or birch frame for long service. Remember that, later, your Little Indian is going to give it some pretty hard knocks, and only a good bed will stand up to it. A good plain wood costs three guineas, the size 4 ft. by 2 ft.

(*Continued on page* 107)

All the items of baby clothing and equipment referred to in this article can be obtained at the prices named. If you are interested in the purchase of any other baby requirements of the best quality at the lowest price, write to us and we shall be happy to tell you where and how to obtain them.

Address your inquiry to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE

By A. H. Adair

It is better to have a blend of coffee beans—say a mixture of Bourbon, Costa Rica, Moka—than to insist on beans from one country only. There you must experiment until you find the mixture you like best. A good plan is to have one mixture for after dinner black coffee and a cheaper one for *café au lait.*

In any case the mixture is made by your grocer—you can also get him to have the beans more or less roasted again, this is a question of taste, but you can take it as a general rule that the beans are practically never sufficiently roasted in this country. Whatever coffee you buy, get it in the bean and grind it at the last possible moment, just in time to start making it.

The only kind of coffee pot I ever use is the old-fashioned pot of earthenware or china—because it cannot be beaten. The correct way to make coffee is to put your coffee in a filtre and to pour boiling water slowly through it. That is all. You stand the pot in a pan of boiling water to keep the contents hot, for, above all, coffee must never be allowed to boil. Serve the coffee and drink it as soon as you possibly can; the flavour is very evanescent and the better the coffee the sooner it loses its aroma.

There are, of course, various excellent pots and gadgets for making coffee, if you don't care to use the old-fashioned pot.

Whichever sort you choose, insist on a pot, of which the principle is boiling water percolating through freshly-ground coffee.

For black coffee allow one heaped tablespoonful for each person which will be ample to provide a second "half a cup." If you are not used to making coffee in the old-fashioned way, it is better to measure the water into a saucepan with one of the coffee cups. Say you are making it for four people: use four heaped tablespoonfuls and eight cups, for some of the water will remain in the dregs. You should then have six good cups of coffee.

If you are using one of the gadget type of pots follow the instructions; they usually have proper measures for water and coffee. But use no salt, mustard, egg shells. Your coffee will be perfectly clear and flavoured.

Make breakfast coffee as you would the other but here you can economise and use chicory. The knowing ones will tell you that French coffee is full of it. They will pick up a few beans, sift them and say: "Ah! Chicory, of course, I knew it."

What they don't know, is that chicory is a root—that pretty pale blue and yellow flower which grows by the roadside in France is the chicory plant—and when prepared for use it looks like shreds of tobacco.

A teaspoonful of chicory in the water with which you make your breakfast coffee will add strength and flavour of a less delicate kind. Put your usual spoonfuls per person, but puddingspoons instead of tablespoons, of coffee into the filtre. Have your water in a saucepan and add—for four to six people—one teaspoonful of chicory. Bring to the boil for a few minutes. Use this water to pour over the coffee; that is the secret of chicory.

When you use coffee as a flavouring you can ignore nearly all the other rules. The coffee can boil, can simmer, can do what it likes but it must be freshly ground, and no chicory.

For a custard or a cream sweet you can use various methods, the best of which, I think, is the (*Continued on page* 120)

HAVE YOUR BEANS WELL ROASTED
GRIND THE BEANS AT HOME
ONE HEAPED TABLESPOONFUL OF GROUND COFFEE PER PERSON FOR BLACK
ONE HEAPED PUDDINGSPOONFUL FOR WHITE
LET BOILING WATER DRIP THROUGH THE COFFEE
AND ONLY USE CHICORY FOR BREAKFAST COFFEE

TOURNEDOS LUDOVICI ... Tournedos cooked in the usual manner, but served with an icy cold sauce

FIVE PERFECT DISHES

Tournedos Ludovici

The *tournedos*, one for each person, are cut from the fillet of beef. They are trimmed of all fat and tied with a string. Salt and pepper them on both sides and cook them according to taste on both sides, in butter. My own view is that the outside should be brown and the inside a varying shade of pale brown, grey-brown to a real pink in the middle, but you may prefer them more or less cooked.

Fry also—very crisp and brown—some rounds of crustless, stale white bread. Drain well, stand the *tournedos* on the *croûtes* and serve very hot with the following icy cold sauce :

A tablespoonful of finely grated horseradish mixed with the same quantity of tomato sauce ; add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped cocktail onions, a little chopped parsley, salt and a dash of prepared English mustard. Mix well and add thick cream to make a smooth but crunchy cream sauce. Put this in the refrigerator until really icy cold. You could even put it in one of the ice-making trays and serve little cubes of frozen sauce on top of each *tournedos*.

Poussins ubu

The poussins—asparagus chickens—are prepared as for roasting and spread all over with butter. Lay them in a casserole—it can be of copper, earthenware or glass—and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook on top of a hot fire without the lid for ten minutes, turning several times so that they are well browned. Put the lid on and simmer for five minutes more on a slower fire. While this is happening, prepare the garnish.

Chop very finely one hard-boiled egg—or, better still, pass it through a coarse sieve ; chop a little parsley, tarragon and a slice of *raw* beetroot. You should also add a suspicion of chopped garlic, but omit if you find this a bit overpowering.

Mix all this together. Melt a little butter in a frying-pan and throw in a handful of white bread-crumbs ; when these are golden brown they are ready.

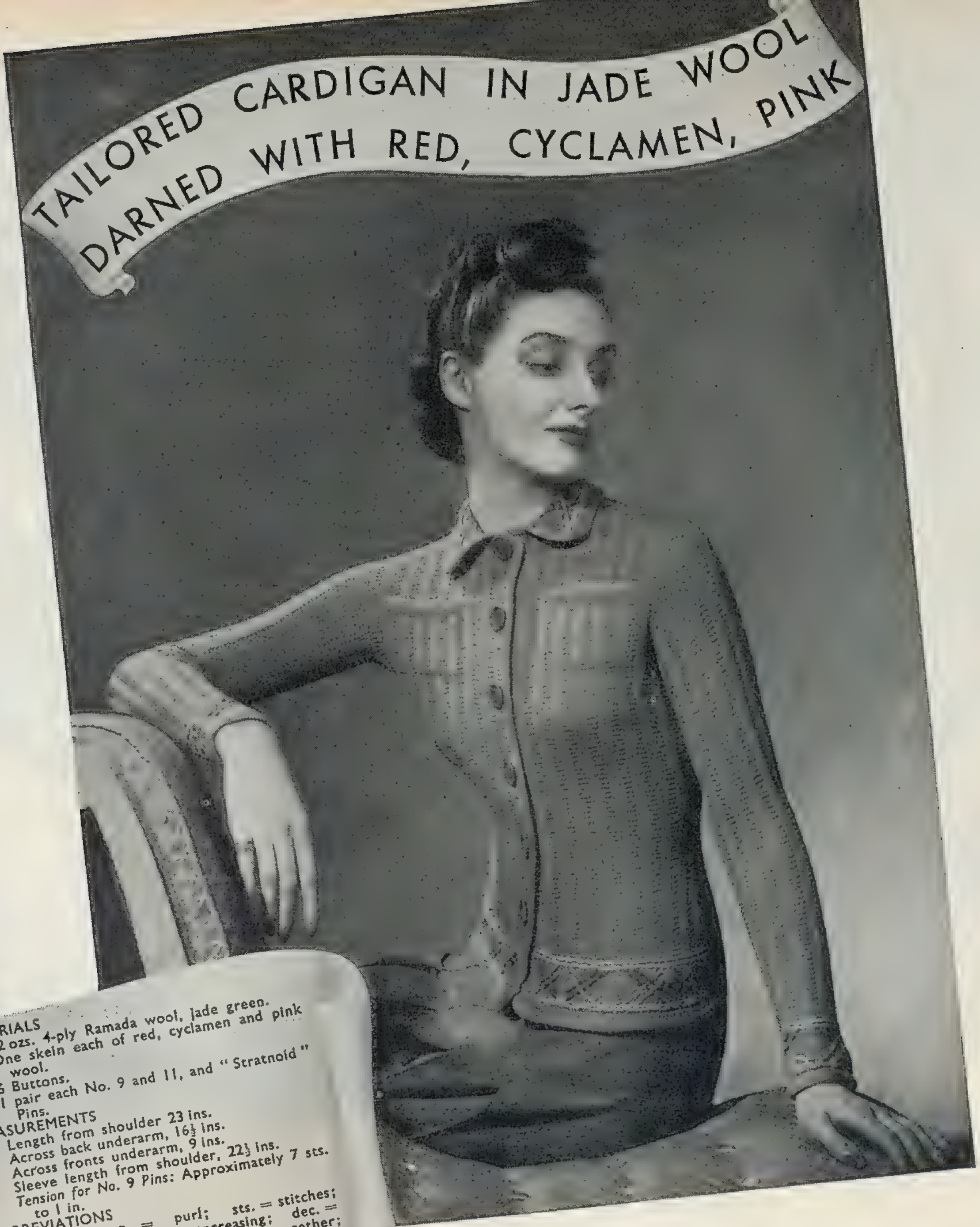
Remove the birds from the casserole, arrange them on a flat dish, sprinkle with the herb and egg mixture and a little of the buttered bread-crumbs. A squeeze of lemon juice, and there you are.

Trout with Capers

You start by preparing *Truites Meuniere*—the trout cooked in melted butter, kept hot, the first butter thrown away and a fresh melted butter with lemon and parsley prepared. Serve the trout flat in a hot dish, pour the fresh *Meuniere* butter over them and hand separately the following :

Cut very thin slices of lemon—one for each trout—remove the rind and pips and (*Continued on page* 135)

TAILORED CARDIGAN IN JADE WOOL DARNED WITH RED, CYCLAMEN, PINK



MATERIALS
12 ozs. 4-ply Ramada wool, jade green.
One skein each of red, cyclamen and pink wool.
6 Buttons.
1 pair each No. 9 and 11, and "Stratnoid" Pins.

MEASUREMENTS
Length from shoulder 23 ins.
Across back underarm, 16½ ins.
Across fronts underarm, 9 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 22½ ins.
Tension for No. 9 Pins: Approximately 7 sts. to 1 in.

ABBREVIATIONS
K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase or increasing; dec. = decrease or decreasing; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; patt. = pattern; ins. = inches.

BACK

With No. 9 pins and green wool, cast on 111 sts.

1st row : Knit.

2nd row : K. 3, * p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * to end. These 2 rows form pat.

Work until 2½ ins. from start. Then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 99 sts., and work measures 5½ ins. from start. Change to No. 11 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins and work until 15 ins. from start, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 111 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 87 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 pins cast on 63 sts.

1st row : Knit.

2nd row : P. 3, * k. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * to end. Now work as for back until 3¾ ins. from start, dec. at *armhole edge only*. Make 1st buttonhole. Cast off 6. Work to end. Next row : Cast on sts. in place of those cast off. Make 4 more buttonholes 3¼ ins. apart. Continue as for back until 15 ins. from start, dec. and inc. at *armhole edge only.*

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 5 armhole end rows. Work 1¾ ins. on remaining 48 sts.

SHAPE POCKET SLIT

Work 15, cast off 27, work 6.

Next row : Work sts. of pocket lining in place of those cast off. Work 3½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 15 sts. at neck edge. Work 1¾ ins. on remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. every armhole end row 3 times.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for right, with shapings at opposite edges and omitting buttonholes.

POCKET LININGS (2)

With No. 9 pins cast on 27 sts. Work 3 ins. patt. Break off. Leave on spare pin.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 pins cast on 51 sts. Work in patt. as for back until 18 ins. from start, inc. 1 st. each end of 17th and every 8th row following until 87 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of

(*Continued on page* 134)

IN HAWAII ONE DRINKS YWERA..*

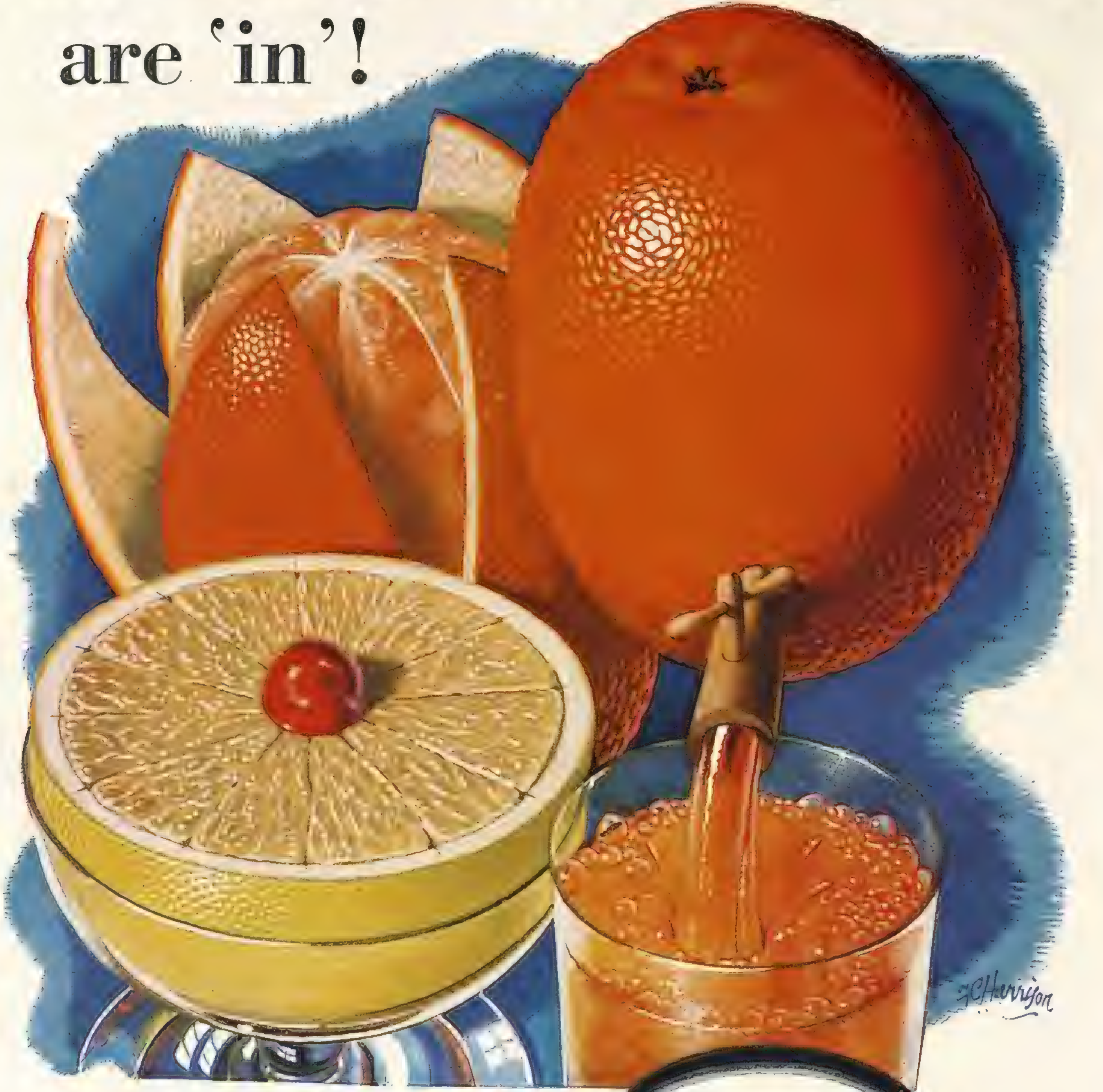
...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

* The South Sea Islanders distil the spirit Ywera from a sticky juice extracted from the roots of the Dracoena, a plant very much like our beet. But when they're dead-beet, they send their wives for cool, clear, bubbling Schweppes.

WHEREVER YOU ARE...THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

Jaffa oranges and grapefruit are 'in'!



JAFFA GRAPEFRUIT

Indispensable for preparing the palate for a shrewdly selected and well-cooked meal. Perfect as the first cleansing taste of the day, as an immaculate early morning cocktail!

JAFFA ORANGES

The easiest oranges in the world to peel. The easiest to divide. The easiest to eat!

The most generous in yielding great glassfuls of healthful juice to drink every day. Glassfuls rich in vitamins, rich in calcium, good for the teeth, good for maintaining the alkaline balance of the blood.

Jaffas for juice

Produce of Palestine

The neat proportions of this Claygate fireplace make it an excellent choice for the scheme of modern furnishing, yet the warm colouring of the brickwork gives it a mellow character, too

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

To give a new interest, perhaps even a new character, to your sitting-room this springtime, why not a new fireplace?

If an excuse for such a step seems necessary, there are plenty if you choose the right fireplace. A Claygate brick fireplace is, for instance, an excuse in itself. You can assure yourself that you are getting it in the interests of beauty, comfort and economy and it will all be true.

On the practical side there is the fact that Claygate fireplaces burn less fuel. The makers have been designing fireplaces for so long and with such zest for technical perfection that to-day their product is, quite simply, an economy buy.

On the question of looks these fireplaces have what most of us want. Importance, charm and that essential quality of robust comfort which English standards demand.

There is a Claygate fireplace for every type of room, either modern, picturesque, simple or grand. There are types, also, for every pocket, and that's important.

If you still know where to lay your hands on that old gilt frame in the attic, unearth it, dust it and bring it downstairs. You'll want to frame your face with it when you've used Dorothy Gray's new Portrait Powder.

This new powder is made to a brand-new formula that is entirely free from orris root or starch, and it is perfectly suitable for the most sensitive skin. An emollient ingredient gives the powder wonderfully protective powers, while another secret ingredient assures its clinging properties. Together, these ingredients combine to give you the most attractive "soft-focus" look, a bloom of radiance.

As if that were not enough, Dorothy Gray has at the same time produced two new powder shades, "Special Blend" (a deep flesh with the pinkness toned down) and "Glo-Rachel" (for the neutral, colourless skin that needs colour but cannot rise to a pink powder). Price 6s. 6d. per box.

It is March. The anticipation of sunshine and blue skies on the way calls up daydreams of the summer holidays—perhaps even an Easter trip.

Plan your wardrobe, plan your route, and—if you want to be certain that every second of your travelling time is fun—plan to take Mothersill's in your pocket. Even a short Channel crossing can spoil a short holiday for a bad traveller.

Mothersill's is a safe, effective, time-tested remedy for travel sickness. The latest addition is a specially prepared capsule to prevent air sickness, so now, no matter what your method of transport, Mothersill's can assure you comfortable and enjoyable travel. Price 4s. 2d., 8s. 4d.

If beauty is only seven skins deep, how very important that each of the seven should be as healthily beautiful as possible.

Dr. J. F. Kapp, M.D. (Leipzig), knowing that an efficient blood supply should replace every fatigued and worn-out skin cell by a new one, worked on certain theories until he discovered a preparation which rebuilds the skin from within, regenerating and rejuvenating it. This preparation is available to the public under the name of W-5 brand tablets. They restore the blood supply to the cutaneous tissues so that the skin is kept youthful and healthily nourished internally.

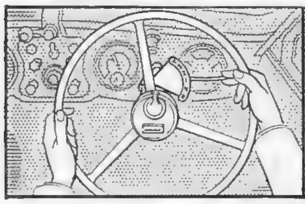
For longer than any one remembers, man has realised the value of wheat as an energy and health builder. Golden wheatfields have served as the foundation for a strong, happy community. To-day the advance of science has altered many of our standards, but the truest form of nutrition is still—wheat.

Many children who have never seen wheat growing depend for their strength on this product of nature—Shredded Wheat. Brought from the sun-ripened fields of South Australia, filled with important vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts, the wheat grains are transformed with as little food-value alteration as possible, into Shredded Wheat. If you are ever near Welwyn Garden City, the Shredded Wheat Company invites you to visit them and see just how efficiently, how hygienically this perfect wheat food is prepared for you.

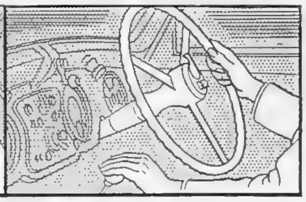
THE CAR THAT GIVES YOU EVERYTHING . .

There's a salesman's phrase '*You can knit in the back at fifty.*' *In the Lanchester it's* true. *Superb riding steadiness lets you really relax — mentally and physically.*

EXCITING in performance yet made for family needs. Beautiful modern lines that conceal an ample roominess for five. A powerful engine that gives sparkling acceleration and an easy 60 cruising speed. Yet so steady is the ride (from independent front wheel springing) that your wife can chat happily in the back while you steal up to 70 and over. Make your own choice of gear controls — Daimler transmission or synchro-mesh and clutch. And all this at an annual tax of £10.10.0. Such is the new LANCHESTER Roadrider — the car that gives you *everything.*



Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission — gears that you pre-select without taking your hand off the wheel. No gear lever, no clutch — a great help in traffic driving.

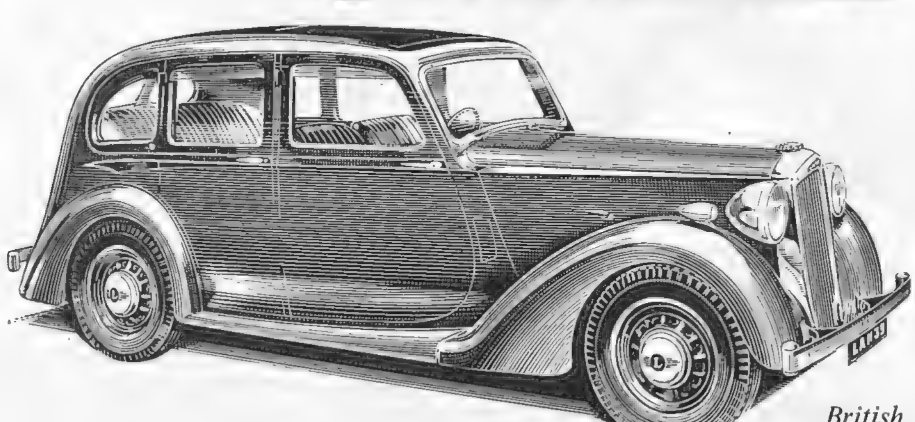


Instead, if you still prefer the ordinary gear-change — a silent synchromesh gearbox and a very sweet, smooth clutch. Have which system you like in the new Lanchester.

Traffic's almost fun in this Lanchester. No need to change gear — no clutch to use. Stopping and starting, slowing, sweeping ahead, with nothing to touch but brake and accelerator . . .

The new LANCHESTER *Roadrider*

Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents



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SIX-LIGHT SALOON or
SPORTS SALOON . . . .
£375
with synchro-mesh gearbox
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Learn more about this splendid car. Send a postcard to The Lanchester Motor Co., Coventry, for free illustrated catalogue and name of your local Lanchester dealer.

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ARE YOU A "HARD" DRIVER?

By

The Earl of Cardigan

A Lanchester "14" drop-head coupé. Coachwork by The Car Mart, Ltd.

THE expression "'hard' driving" is often used among motorists; but a good deal of misconception still exists as to what exactly is implied by it. Does a fast driver necessarily drive his car "hard"? If not, how are we to define that style of driving which, in the long run, bears hardly on the mechanism of a car?

That such a thing exists is indisputable. Most of us are acquainted with the type of driver whose car seems to be always "in the wars." He tells us, to be sure, that the dealer has sold him a "dud" model, and that anyway they don't put decent metal into the modern car; but we can hardly fail to deduce that his continued "bad luck" is not wholly due to the villainy of manufacturers and dealers!

My own definition of "hard" driving is that it simply consists in the driving of a car without comprehension of the mechanical stresses involved. Thus the fast driver *may* drive his car hard, if it is a 10 h.p. model and if he drives it continuously at 60 m.p.h. or more. Here we have a failure to comprehend the immensely high "revs" which a little engine has to do in order to keep a car moving at such a pace.

If, on the other hand, the car is a 30 h.p. sports model, the fast driver may not be harming it at all. At a rough estimate, I should say that 60 m.p.h. in a car of this type is equivalent to about 35 m.p.h. in a light car. In other words, so far as the engine is concerned, such a speed is perfectly innocuous.

THERE are, however, many people who are capable of driving a car really hard at speeds around 10 or 20 m.p.h. I came across an instance of this the other day, when a reputedly competent driver broke one of the axle shafts of my own car. In this case the shaft was not snapped, as it might be by an exceptionally bad bump being encountered, nor did the metal contain any flaw. It was simply twisted into two pieces, just as a cigarette may be twisted and broken between one's fingers.

This breakage was achieved at an exceedingly modest speed—probably not exceeding 5 m.p.h. The driver was climbing a steep hill, and had had sufficient foresight to change down successfully into third gear.

Unfortunately, the car decided that it would not tackle the hill except in second gear. Now this driver has a dislike of changing down "through the gate". She therefore delayed until the car had lost nearly all its speed, and then made a "crash" change from "third" into "second." Seeing how rapidly momentum was being lost, she then raced her engine and let the clutch in sharply. (Let us be fair, and admit that it is a disagreeably fierce clutch.)

Here we see lack of comprehension in another form. The power of about 30 horses (for remember that a 10 h.p. engine can develop as much power as this when it is "revved up"), was being coupled up to a virtually dead weight of perhaps 1½ tons. And the strain had to be taken, not gradually but quite abruptly. Is it really surprising that some part of the transmission should have given way?

TO complete my picture of the uncomprehending (and therefore "hard") driver—this lady, when I subsequently showed her the twisted fragments of my late axle shaft, said—"I couldn't have done that. I haven't the strength." She did not add—but obviously implied—"frail woman that I am!"

Any comment on this ought to be superfluous—and yet I am sure that many drivers, when they move a lever or release a pedal, do not appreciate that they are directing the application of power equal to the strength of 30 or perhaps 40 horses. The modern car has been so refined that that fact may not be apparent, unless the matter has been given a little previous thought.

Actually, when the full engine power is applied to a car which has almost "stalled" on a hill, we have something very near to that problem over which the scientists are popularly supposed to ponder—"What happens when the irresistible force encounters the immovable obstacle?" A car on a hill is certainly an obstacle so formidable that it is difficult to picture the moving of it either by human or animal power. (Sandow is believed to have injured himself fatally in moving a motor car out of a ditch.)

(*Continued on page* 83)

By appointment to the late King George V

The
WENTWORTH
DROP HEAD COUPE
ON
LANCHESTER

Designed to meet the increasing demand for an extremely roomy and comfortable all-purpose car. Three people can sit comfortably abreast in rear with plenty of leg room. £415 and the Fluid Flywheel model £440.

De Luxe model £455, with Fluid Flywheel £480.

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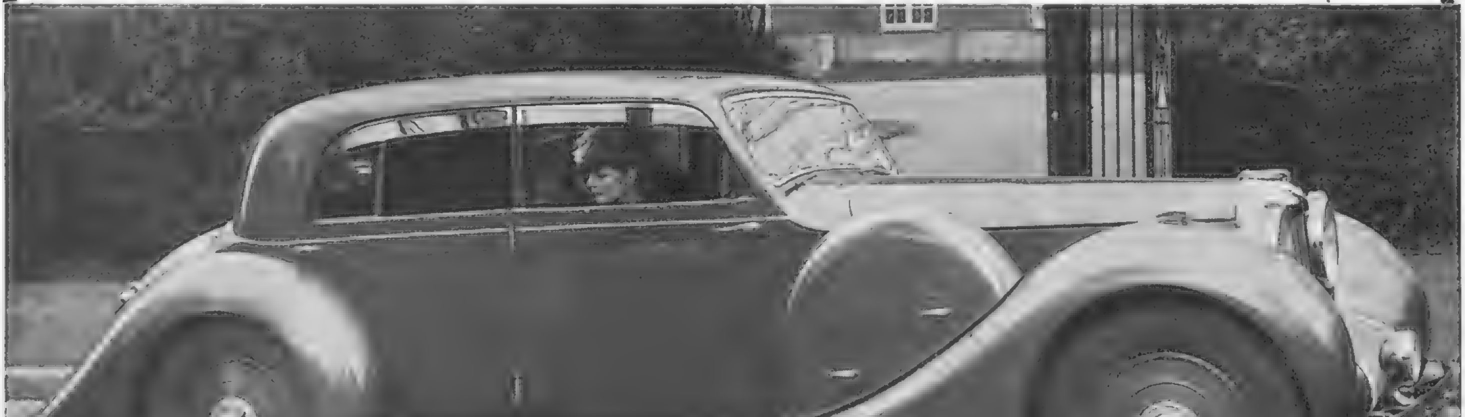
LAGONDA
W. O. BENTLEY'S MASTERPIECE

Illustrated is the Lagonda Saloon
Twelve Cylinder (11′ w.b. chassis) £1,600
Six Cylinder (11′ 3½″ w.b. chassis) £1,270

A standard Lagonda 12 Cylinder Saloon ran 101·5 miles (including a 2¼ minute tyre stop) in One Hour at Brooklands in October last. The 6 Cylinder model, the same day, covered 95·87 miles in the hour.

"*There are motorists who consider that little else matters besides* **comfort,** *others think of* **performance** *first and last. In the Twelve-Cylinder Lagonda both sides—extremes—stand out predominantly . . .* **a more comfortable,** *and at the same time* **really stable car, has not yet been produced,** *taking into consideration all that its* 100 *m.p.h. performance requires.*"
"The Autocar" 7.10.38.

"*To find standards of comparison one has to consider the* **finest three or four cars produced at the present time,** *and even then the Lagonda remains, in some respects, unique, so successfully does it combine tremendous performance with* **smoothness,** *and* **quietness,** *and* **excellent roadholding** *with personal comfort.*"
"The Motor" 27.9.38



LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX. TELEPHONE STAINES 1122 (5 Lines)

A Rolls-Royce Still Further Improved

The 30 h.p. "Wraith"

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT has, I believe, often been pointed out that, although the firm of Rolls-Royce is not a frequent producer of what can be termed brand-new models, there is nevertheless a continual process of improvement going on, whereby the Rolls-Royce of to-day is nearly always superior in some respect to the equivalent car which was on sale a year ago.

The results of this process are truly remarkable. When a brand-new Rolls-Royce model *does* appear, it is invariably hailed as a leader of "quality" cars. Many a connoisseur will put his name on the waiting list of would-be purchasers, possibly months before delivery can be hoped for. It is easy to see how high a pitch of perfection the same model will have reached when, in a subsequent edition, it is given all the further improvements and refinements which four or five years of road experience can suggest!

This is really the basis on which to consider the Rolls-Royce "Wraith." Basically, this car is a development of the admirable 25/30 h.p. model with which we have been familiar for some years past. The 30 h.p. engine is as smooth as ever. If possible, it seems to be even more silent—so that one only has to drive the car for a few yards to see how justly it is named "the Wraith."

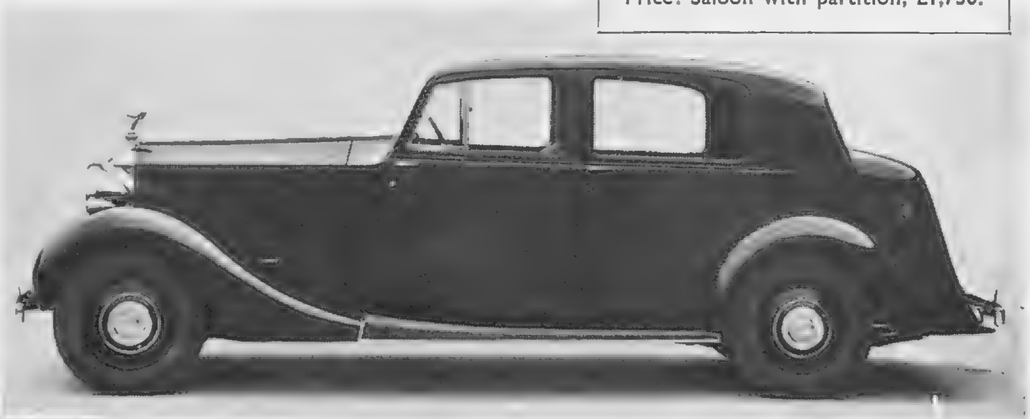
To one who has some appreciation of engineering problems, two points seem to be outstanding in this achievement of almost entire silence. One is that the engine remains silent even when running at its maximum speed: this is something exceptional. The other is that all gears give almost equally perfect silence—even including reverse gear. Is there any other car in the world which can be silently reversed? If so, I would be interested to know of it.

AS to performance, the "Wraith" has plenty of speed, and—since the engine can never become rough or noisy—one is encouraged to make full use of it. The very refinement of the engine, however, makes the rate of acceleration seem only moderately good. In fact, I believe that this is an illusion, and that the car really gathers its speed at a very creditable rate.

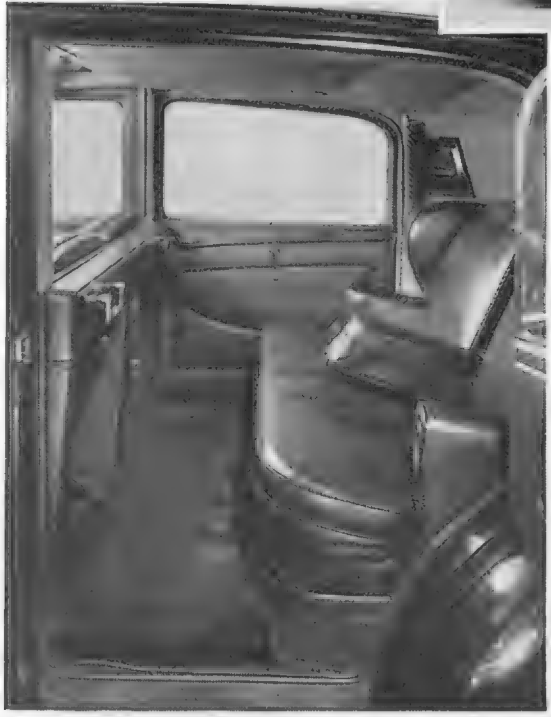
I can at any rate vouch for it that very high average speeds are possible. The car hardly ever seems to be racing over the road; but, if the driver cares to time himself over a familiar route, he will certainly find that he has accomplished the distance in a surprisingly short space of time.

The Rolls-Royce "Wraith" in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves; phenomenally silent; 30 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three synchromesh ratios.
Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.
Steering: Improved type; very light.
Brakes: Of exceptionally good Servo type.
Springing: Independent in front, semi-elliptic at rear; extremely comfortable.
Coachwork: Luxurious.
Price: Saloon with partition, £1,730.



The Rolls-Royce 30 h.p. "Wraith" with coachwork by Messrs. Park, Ward & Co. Ltd.



A view of the rear compartment of the "Wraith." The upholstery is luxurious and comfortable

The maximum speed in top gear will be reached at about 80 m.p.h. The gearbox, which provides synchromesh engagement for all ratios except the lowest, need hardly ever be used as a matter of necessity; but many drivers will find themselves dropping into second or third gear occasionally as a matter of choice. Both of these ratios are well pitched for their respective purposes, the latter giving a maximum of 60 m.p.h.

A new feature of the "Wraith" is that independent front springing is employed—and there is no doubt that this gives exceptionally comfortable riding. The car still holds the road well, and the driver has a hand control for his shock absorbers. The only further improvement which I dare suggest is that this hand control should have a greater range of action, especially when set to the extreme "hard" end of the scale.

The steering has also been improved—and here one's praise must surely be unqualified. Rolls-Royce steering has always been noted for its accuracy, and also for the excellent steering lock provided. These qualities are retained, and the steering still centres itself with firmness; but the new design makes for much greater lightness of action than the old. Since the weight of the car must be relatively great, this is a real attraction.

As for the brakes, I don't think that I have ever driven a car which has given me such a sense of confidence in its ability to stop, and to stop smoothly. In fact I shall not attempt to describe the braking system, beyond saying that it is as near to perfection as any such system imaginably can be. Certainly it defies criticism by any present-day standards.

I have not left myself space to say very much about the coachwork; but the car loaned to me was a saloon with division, designed to be either owner- or chauffeur-driven, and priced at £1,730. The driving position, with this type, is extremely comfortable, and it need hardly be added that the rear compartment is in every way luxurious. At the same time, the design includes nothing pretentious: indeed the "lines" of the car as a whole display beauty in a severely simple form.

Altogether, the "Wraith" is a connoisseur's car. Obviously, the majority of motorists have not £1,730 to spend—and there are a few people who would consider it wasteful to lay out so much on "mere transport." Regarded, however, as a new expression of the motor manufacturer's art, the many outstandingly fine qualities of this new Rolls-Royce must inevitably make it an object of desire to the keen minority.

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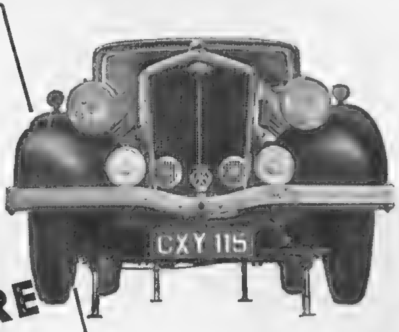

THE design of the modern car is not made for the old-fashioned screw-up jack. You often find that, when you have discovered the jack and succeeded in placing it under the low-swept bodywork, it is necessary to search for a suitable block to stand it on. This is where the necessity for Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacks makes itself felt. Because with Jackall the jacks are permanently fitted to the axles and operated from inside the car. No need to grovel with a wobbly jack—you merely sit in the driving seat, work a small handle and—up she rises.

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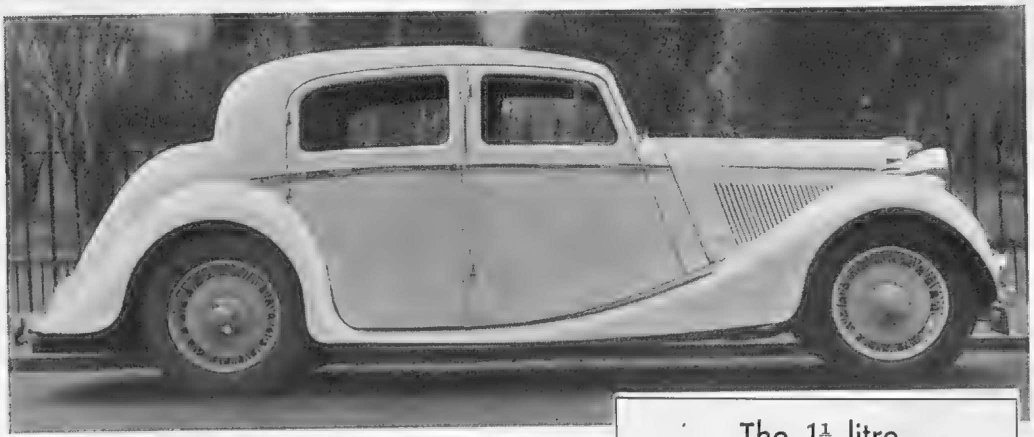

An Attractive Small "S.S."

The 1½-litre "Jaguar"

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 1½-litre "Jaguar" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves; 14 h.p. (1,776 c.c.).

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three highest ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 75 m.p.h.

Steering: Light, self-centres well.

Brakes: Of efficient Girling type.

Springing: Semi-elliptic; gives best results at medium or high speeds.

Coachwork: Good-looking and comfortable.

Price: Saloon £298.

IF I use the word "small" to describe the 1½-litre S.S., it is only to distinguish it from the larger "Jaguar" models of 2½ and 3½ litres. By ordinary standards, this is far from being a small car. Indeed, when I first saw it, I thought that some mistake must have been made at Henlys, and that the car loaned to me must be of greater capacity than a mere litre and a half.

There is no doubt that, in the design of this model, fine and impressive "lines" have been combined with roomy and even luxurious coachwork. That an S.S. model should be attractive to the eye is a matter which need occasion no surprise; but it is really very creditable that the smallest of these cars should provide genuine five-seater accommodation. This is not merely a claim made by the manufacturers: I can vouch for it that four really large individuals can be comfortably carried, or five if those on the back seat are of no more than average girth.

This view shows the seating accommodation of the 1½-litre "Jaguar"

THE exact size of the four cylinder engine is 1,776 c.c., giving an English rating of rather more than 13 h.p., with a tax of £10 10s. The engine design is highly efficient, including overhead valves and aluminium pistons. As soon as one takes the wheel of this car, one becomes aware that its acceleration is above the average—and it does not take long to discover that it has also an abnormally wide range of speed.

The maximum speed in top gear, for example, is a good 75 m.p.h. The gear ratios being relatively high, it pays to use third gear fairly freely if the best acceleration is desired. In this excellent ratio (about 7 to 1), a very fine speed range is available—from a mere crawl up to 60 m.p.h. Second gear also gives a useful turn of speed, so that the competent driver need never be at a loss to obtain high performance under any given circumstances.

Furthermore, since the gearbox provides synchromesh engagement for all ratios except the lowest, there is never any difficulty in slipping from one gear to another. Thus while the lazy driver can stick to top gear if he wishes—for the engine is quite flexible if the hand ignition lever is set slightly towards "retard"—the man who likes to get the best out of his car is encouraged, and enabled very easily to do so.

THROUGHOUT the chassis, a careful balance has been held between what the steady-going motorist desires and what the sporting driver will appreciate. Thus the springing is not uncomfortably hard; but it is obviously at its best when the car is running at a good speed. It also has that sort of firmness which makes for good road-holding.

The steering is light, but self-centres nicely after a corner has been taken. As for the brakes, they are of the Girling type and act with marked efficiency.

There are a number of points which will be appreciated in particular by the critical type of driver. Thus, the driving position has obviously been well thought out, with Dunlopillo upholstery and a comfortable seating angle. The steering column is adjustable for length, so that the sliding seat does not take its occupant "too far from his work" when it is pushed well back.

THEN, the brake pedal is on the same level as the accelerator. This may seem trivial; but it means that the right foot can be shifted from one pedal to the other simply by pivoting on the heel. (In some cars, the whole leg must be lifted to get from accelerator to brake.)

I have already referred to the hand ignition lever—and this is almost unique among modern ignition levers in having a wide enough range of action to make it practical and useful. The instruments include a "rev. counter," which is always a pleasant addition to any instrument panel.

The instrument panel. The steering column is adjustable for length

All these things go to make up a car which is genuinely enjoyable to drive—and there are not so very many cars of moderate price in which this intriguing quality can be found. Indeed, when one can say of a car it is nice to drive, faster than the majority, has good looks and comfort, and at the same time keeps inside the £300 limit—one is placing it at once in a very attractive category.

If one thinks of the car simply as another 14 h.p. model, this may seem to be quite enough. If however, one concludes, as I concluded at an early stage in my test run, that it is really a car of quality built on a moderately small scale—then the figure quoted must appear truly remarkable for its moderation.

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Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

Here we resume the description of the solemn rites of Delphi. The Pythoness was assisted on to the tripod and she sat on the actual skin of the python supposed to have been killed by Apollo, for which deed Jupiter compensated him with the power of divination. After a short time the exhalation began to produce their effect. As if invaded by a growing emotion the Pythoness sometimes vibrating and quivering as though by terror and at other times contorting her limbs, uttered little cries and indistinct words. Those apparently disconnected murmurings increased their intensity as time went on, and it became a heart-breaking sight, as the Pythoness had all the appearance of being prey to unbearable suffering.

All the time the prophets were making a record on their tablets, writing in a kind of shorthand of their own devising. This strenuous scene went on until the priest thought fit to consider the proceedings finished, and the Pythoness was lifted down in an almost fainting condition and was carried to her cell where she was revived with restoratives.

It often happened that things had gone too far and the Pythoness perished.

As the Pythoness left the temple the work of deciphering began, the various versions being blended into one and put into prose form. Afterwards poets composed their hexameters and it was only then that the consulters knew the answers to their queries.

In life, anything that falls under the protection of wealthy people becomes in a measure, their property. So it happened with the Oracle of Apollo, which in many instances showed a distinct partiality towards them. It was neither fitting nor wise that clients like Crœsus should be displeased.

One of the shortest consultations ever recorded was that of Alexander the Great. He, like many before and after him, went to Delphi, anxious to know what destiny had in store for him.

At that time the Pythoness gave only one reply every month, and it appears that the great man arrived at Delphi at the wrong time. When he was shown the temple he wanted to consult the Pythoness. As soon as she came into his presence she explained to him the impossibility of his request. But Alexander, with the same rapidity with which he decided to cut the Gordian knot rather than undo it, took the Pythoness by the arm and forcefully dragged her towards the tripod. The Pythoness, instead of resenting such unusual behaviour, turned towards the god-like warrior saying : "No one can resist you."

Alexander left her at once where she stood and ran towards the door of the temple. Before leaving he cried : "That is all that I wanted to know from you !"

END

Are You a "Hard" Driver?

(*Continued from page* 77)

The force of the modern engine may not be irresistible; but we know that, properly applied, there is little that it cannot accomplish. When it is applied improperly, something is almost bound to give way. Very often the tyres will give up their grip on the road, and spin round. "Wheel-spin," to which formerly only racing cars were prone, is becoming an increasingly common phenomenon.

Sometimes clutch-slip will result—although manufacturers rightly construct their clutches so that they will not easily slip, except when the clutch pedal is manipulated with that end in view. Failing all else, it is almost inevitable that some part of the transmission mechanism should break.

The "hard" driver does not envisage anything of this—and indeed it is fair to say that makers of cars are seldom willing to admit that their brand of machinery can be overstressed. It is common for salesmen, particularly when they have a low-priced car to sell, to claim that their particular machine is proof against all forms of overdriving.

Personally, I place more reliance on the people who make one of the most expensive of English cars, and who claim that their car will last almost for ever at "x" m.p.h. They are willing to admit that, at "x plus 10" m.p.h., it will probably wear out within a few years. I like their courage as much as I admire their regard for truth.

END

Here is a newcomer to the Wolseley's extensive range of models. This attractive "Ten" has lines of distinction and grace. The interior spaciousness and comfort for four people is a notable feature, together with the Dunlopillo upholstery and complete exclusion of draughts. Road-holding at 70 m.p.h. is perfectly safe, without exerting the engine in any way. The price of the saloon is £215, but for £5 extra the car is fitted with Jackall hydraulic jacks

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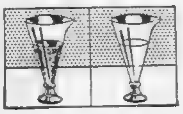

*Acid in the gastric juices causes ordinary protein to form solids which delay digestion. When gastric juices are mixed with Brand's Essence no solids are formed—**digestion proceeds 3 times as quickly.***

Brand's Essence absorbs practically all the acid liberated by the gastric juices. No 'free' acid is left to irritate your stomach and injure tender places.

In colds, chills, chicken-pox, measles, and all other children's complaints, give

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ESSENCE
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"Had an argument the other day with a journalist friend of mine who had stated that the gap between the high performance car and the normal car is closing.

I wonder if it really is! In price it may be so. But take an ordinary touring car and compare it with the M.G. for a high speed cross country run, for those instant accelerations that spell safety, for stability on grease and that general easeful handling that breed brings out in a car. That is where, in my opinion, the M.G. scores."

Cecil Kimber

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Walking the Come-Back Road

(*Continued from page* 23)

promptly spotted by scouts from the studios. That shooting episode at the Breakfast Club was a publicity stunt, partly to boost *Chicago* and partly to make a number of important citizens start talking about Nancy Carroll, who had been signed by Paramount to make some films.

Next time I saw Nancy Carroll was in her luxurious dressing-room at Paramount. She was a star. She had made a number of pictures, and a great wave of publicity had spread across America's newspapers and over to England on her behalf. She was certainly successful; her red hair was more attractive and effective than ever. But there was something wrong. Stories went winging round the stages and the studio restaurant about Miss Carroll. She was so quick-tempered. She was so hard to get along with. She was likely to blow up and march off the set at any moment. She was a pain in the neck to the make-up and hairdressing department because she took such a lot of pleasing.

More than this, she simply could not bring herself to "play ball" with the publicity department. Now, any star or featured player who refuses to "play ball" with the publicity boys and girls might just as well sign their pass-out card and fade away. It is fatal to get up against the publicity department of a big studio. I remember hearing moans about interviews that were not granted, although definitely arranged; about appointments that were broken; about clever writers who were delicately snubbed. It was just too bad—for Miss Carroll.

Nancy had trouble apart from her work and her co-workers. She was married to James Kirkland, well-known playwright; but that marriage went wrong. Then she married a newspaper man from New York, by name Brian Mallory; but *that* marriage went wrong. Can we put a finger on the precise time when Nancy Carroll's name ceased to appear in large letters above the title of a film? Probably not; these fade-outs are sometimes almost imperceptible, but they happen none the less. Helped, doubtless, by her naturally quick Irish temper and her general outspokenness, Miss Carroll disappeared from Hollywood. That happened in 1935. To-day she is back, and well on the road towards becoming a star all over again.

She is a good actress, she has a vivid personality, and she has promised to "play ball" with any one and every one in the studios. Her come-back started in *There Goes My Heart*, and from that she was rushed into *That Certain Age* with Deanna Durbin and Melvyn Douglas—great entertainment, brilliantly cast and acted. Nancy Carroll is going right on from there.

In *That Certain Age* Hollywood has welcomed back another very popular star, who has not been seen on the screen for the past five years or more. Irene Rich was one of the best-known female stars of silent films. I saw her making so many of her big pictures for Warner Brothers in 1926 and 1927. With poor Conway Tearle as her leading man, she was one of the best box-office bets in the industry.

Always charming, gracious, beautifully groomed, Irene Rich was just as nice in private life as her shadow-self represented her. I met her several times with another star who is making a come-back: Evelyn Brent, of the raven-black hair and tragic eyes. They were good friends, those two; both of them at the top of the tree. At that time Irene had married, as her second husband, David Blankenhorn, a very wealthy man whose business and social interests had no connexion with films.

The Blankenhorns lived in an enormous house near Pasadena. Irene Rich entertained for her husband, when she was not making pictures for Warner Brothers. Her two daughters by her first marriage, Frances and Jane, were going through college; life looked very smooth and pleasant all round. Then talkies got into their stride, and somehow Irene Rich became more and more Mrs. Blankenhorn, less and less a film star.

The next thing I read about her revealed the smash-up of her marriage, which seemed such a pity. They had both been so charming, and their home had been such a peaceful, happy place. . . . I was told that Miss Rich went out on a personal appearance tour; it ended in New York, and the next thing was her début as a radio star. On the air she has become as popular as she was in the days of silent films, and now she is back in Hollywood again to pick up the threads of her movie career.

The case of Lew Ayres is one of the puzzles of Hollywood. Of Lew I can truly say I am one of the people who "knew him when . . ." I spent three weeks on location with Lew, and the late Louis Wolheim, and Lewes Milestone, and Bennie Alexander, and William Bakewell, and the rest of the huge cast engaged for *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The excitement over the choice of Lew Ayres—unknown, very young, untried on the screen—for the leading part in this gigantic production has never been forgotten in Hollywood. When the film was shown, critics raved about Lew Ayres and the work he did in his tragic role.

He was hailed as a future big-name star. He did quite a lot of work. He took a house on the top of a high hill outside Hollywood, where he could have his own private observatory and install the huge telescope that is his private hobby. Lew devotes his leisure to astrology, not as a Press-stunted sideline but because he adores it.

He went on playing moderately good parts; but never made the sensational hit that had been prophesied for him. He married Lola Lane, and soon the marriage had ended in divorce.

Then he met Ginger Rogers at a party, and a few weeks later became engaged to her. Always a lonely young man, shy and introspective, Lew was swept off his feet by Ginger. Her vivacity, her wise-cracking wit, her general air of vitality and fun supplied all that was missing from Lew's existence. I can still picture myself standing with Ginger outside her dressing-room door, at the R-K-O Studios, both of us staring at a bright blue streamlined car that had been deposited there that very morning by Lew Ayres. It was his birthday present to Ginger.

She stood looking at it, her eyes clouded with tears, repeating monotonously: "I wish he wouldn't. . . . I do so wish he wouldn't. . . ." They were married, Ginger and Lew, and for a time all appeared to be bliss and kisses. Then Ginger's career began to climb steadily upwards, while Lew did less and less work. Soon she was a great star, while he was scarcely seen at all. Then came the separation that Hollywood had expected for such a long time. Many months have passed, and there is still no divorce. Some wiseacres say Ginger will go back to Lew, eventually; others say that the reconciliation can never happen.

But meantime Lew has staged a come-back, in no half-hearted way. He began to direct films; and that made him talked about once more. Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave him a contract, and he has stepped right back where he should have been all the time, through one supremely good performance of an inebriated young man in *Rich Man, Poor Girl*.

Only this week I have received from M-G-M's Hollywood office a news-letter that contains the following significant paragraph: "From the comparative obscurity of a comedy-character role in *Rich Man, Poor Girl*, Lew Ayres completed the jump to leading man opposite Jeanette MacDonald in the space of five months."

In Miss MacDonald's new film, *Broadway Serenade*, Lew Ayres will appear as her lover and leading man. And this will be his fifth picture since reporting

(*Continued on page* 87)

Yes . . . Horrockses again !

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But the observant guest cannot fail to notice the whiteness and the quality of Horrockses Sheets. For, after a hundred and forty odd years of cotton weaving, Horrockses productions are as staunch favourites as ever, among women who appreciate quality.

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To drive an Austin '18' is to experience a new feeling of confidence and control. From the driving seat there is a clear view well over the bonnet and both side-lamps are visible. The improved engine with aluminium cylinder-head gives a very brisk performance. The car has adjustable steering, pistol-grip handbrake, synchromesh gears, powerful Girling brakes and many other features of mechanical interest. The comfort of the car is all-embracing and the equipment complete to the smallest detail. You can depend on an Austin.

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Have you seen this month's Austin Magazine?

The AUSTIN '18'

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

BRITISH CARS — BEST IN THE LONG RUN

6.I.20

at the M-G-M Studios early in 1938. Young-man-on-his-way-back would be a good label to pin on Mr. Lew Ayres.

When film audiences watch Dolores Costello in the role of Bobby Breen's screen mother, in a film called *Breaking the Ice*, they will be looking at an actress whose re-appearance on the screen is part of one of the most fantastic stories that ever came out of Hollywood. I remember Dolores Costello as far back as 1927, when she was world famous as a young star of the silent screen. Her beauty was something that made people pause when she passed by in the street, and stare after her in delighted astonishment. She was the daughter of a man who had been one of screenland's first idols: Maurice Costello, written about and applauded as the most handsome man of his day.

Dolores had a sister, Helen Costello, older than herself; and Helen was an actress, also. Before talking films came to life the Costello family was one of the most distinguished and high-salaried in the studios. Dolores, as the most glamorous star on the imposing list of names placarded across the front of Warner Brothers Studios, was treated like a young queen—as, indeed, she was. Then into her life stepped the figure of John Barrymore; that flamboyant, fascinating, disturbing personality, striding into Hollywood, head in air, after triumphs on the stages of America and Europe.

John Barrymore made no secret of the fact that he despised Hollywood, and detested films. His withering wit played merry hell with everything and everybody in the studios. The picture game, to him, was a means of making money; never an art. At least, so he asserted, at that time. I sat in his bungalow sitting-room, at the Ambassador Hotel, while he strode up and down smoking what seemed like a hundred cigarettes, gesticulating, orating; blistering sunny California with his brutally amusing tongue.

He told me, I remember, that film acting was just like making a mosaic—only less likely to turn out with any resemblance to a recognisable picture. He said it was a series of tiny scenes, flung together in a cutting room, to form a concrete whole; and if something worth looking at resulted it was a sheer miracle. Very bitter was Mr. Barrymore, in those days, about films. He has changed his mind since then; and Dolores Costello was one of the people who helped him to change it. For John Barrymore chose Dolores Costello to be his leading lady in a silent film, fell in love with her, and married her.

THEIR exquisite hill-top house, far above the noise and strife of Hollywood, was one of the loveliest homes I have ever seen. When their first child, Dolores Mae Barrymore, was born, it seemed that their joy was complete; that the riotous Jack Barrymore of other days had become a changed individual, and that lovely Dolores was happier to be a wife and a mother than a glamorous film star. Then their son, John Barrymore, Junior, turned the household into a perfect quartet; and for some time the Barrymores lived in peace and security, smiling at Hollywood from the top of their hill.

Dolores forgot about film making. She became almost plump in figure, though her beautiful face remained unchanged. They cruised in their yacht, they took sunbaths in their garden, they watched their children begin to grow up; and then Dolores divorced John Barrymore. . . . It was one of the things that had to happen, presumably, but it seemed the end of something that had been one of the nicest of Hollywood's romances. After a time Miss Costello made an attempt to come back in a talking film; but soon she dropped out of sight again. Now she is making a definite effort to regain the position she dropped so willingly when she became Mrs. John Barrymore. After *Breaking the Ice* she was given the feminine lead opposite Adolphe Menjou in *King of the Turf*; and if this works out in the way Dolores hopes it may she will be marching up the ladder again, in 1939.

Walking the Come-Back Road

George Bancroft's name rode large and high above the title of many films, in the days when he was a very popular hefty he-man star of silent films. He seemed all set for a long, fat-salaried career in films; then something gummed up the works, in studio language, and Mr. Bancroft was not seen so frequently as before. He had been a stage actor before Hollywood extended a beckoning finger; he had appeared in vaudeville, too. His personality was too vital, too dominating to be lost to the screen just because of a change in types, or the arrival of speech in pictures.

For a considerable time George Bancroft was not seen around the studios; then he made a come-back that nobody could overlook with his slashing, vivid performance of the News Editor in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. Now he is working regularly again, not as a star but as a popular featured player of important roles that need expert handling. Watch for him in *Stagecoach*, one of the newest films made by that clever showman, Walter Wanger.

In a film called *The Law West of Tombstone* two one-time stars will be seen together, both of them on the come-back road. Evelyn Brent and Harry Carey were at the top of Hollywood's tree, not so many years ago. Harry Carey, once a cowboy star and the delight of the millions who delight in Wild West films, has not been seen on the screen in important roles for some time. He went to Africa to make a film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but his name has not appeared on my desk, in studio bulletins, during recent months. Now I hear he has given up his five-gallon hat and his pony for a racing car, and will be seen in *Skids*, which deals with racing drivers and their girl friends, and has Dennis O'Keefe, Cecilia Parker, and Nat Pendleton in the cast. From that Harry Carey moves over to R-K-O Studios, joining Evelyn Brent in *The Law West of Tombstone*.

A letter from Miss Brent tells me she is happy to be putting on her make-up in a small dressing-room at R-K-O: ". . . and here's the pay-off, Margaret; the dressing-room is in the new building that has been flung up over the *exact spot* where my old star dressing-room-bungalow stood eleven years ago! Remember?" Certainly I remember; and I remember Betty Brent and George Bancroft making films together in that studio when underworld dramas were in their hey-day. To-day, Miss Brent is carving a new place for herself in films, not as a star, but as a character actress.

WHEN I watched Cecil de Mille directing *The Volga Boatmen* and *The King of Kings* a young actor named William Boyd was hailed as a new star, and one of "C.B.'s" greatest finds. Bill Boyd remained a star, in silent films, and then found himself slapped in the face by the very hand that had given him such encouraging pats. To-day, at the Paramount Studios, Bill Boyd has built himself up to popularity again, through the series of "Hop-Along Cassidy" films, in which he stars. He has rugged good looks, and the strong personality that makes an ideal Western hero; so his return to fame should be permanent.

AS I am writing this article arrives news of yet one more come-back star, from the offices of Paramount in New York. Back in Hollywood for the first time in over two years Helen Twelvetrees is reporting for work, daily, at the Paramount Studios. She is to play Lynne Overman's wife in *Persons in Hiding*, which is an inside story of the G-men's battle against headline criminals. It is significant that the official announcement of Helen Twelvetrees's return says she will play a "featured supporting role" in this film—Helen, whose name once found itself above the title of every picture in which she appeared. But that is what happens when players walk the Come-Back Road—and as long as we see them again, what does it matter?

END

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Books

(*Continued from page* 30)

it is of first-rate importance both as a contribution to literature and as a psychological study of man's inhumanity for man.

THE most frankly biographical book in our batch this month is *Nelson's Wife*, by E. M. Keate, M.B.E. (Cassell & Co., 12s. 6d.).

This is the only biography that has ever been written of the wife and widow of the world's most famous sailor.

It is not realised that much of Nelson's success was due to his wife's influence; no one has hitherto troubled to show what he—what, indeed, the whole country—owed to her.

Nelson's Wife gives a new and original picture, a different point of view, from the numerous biographies that exist of Nelson himself and of Emma Hamilton, whose name is invariably linked with his own.

The author has had exceptional experience in literary and historical work, and writes with power and distinction and, above all, with a sense of humour which makes this book so much more appealing and readable than one might have been tempted to expect of the biography of the short-leg of an isosceles triangle.

TALKING of triangles, Netta Muskett has achieved what I should have thought to be the impossible by writing a novel with, as its basis, the eternal triangle and yet giving that threadbare theme a new twist, a new problem and a new interest.

Blue Haze is the name of this novel which is published by Hutchinson's at 8s. 6d.

Tricked into an unsympathetic marriage by a girl whose only gods are her house and conventional respectability, Fergus Mayhew has no outlet for his affection and his generous temperament beyond his business and the two children which Clare has unwillingly borne him.

After years of marriage, with his business prospering and his children making their own independent lives, without the bond of happily married parents, he meets Lorraine, a singer, with whose beauty and personality he becomes infatuated.

His wife refuses to divorce him, even when he deserts her and goes off with Lorraine.

He wanders about the world homeless, with her, whilst she follows her profession and Lorraine, seeing him torn between happiness and misery, finds her own way of cutting the knot in which their lives have become inextricably entangled.

Readers of Netta Muskett's previous novels, including *Alley Cat* and *Painted Heaven*, will know her firm style of characterisation and her subtle methods of presentation of the more intricate psychological processes which possess those who are caught up in the meshes of what, for want of a better term, may be called Love.

As I said earlier, Netta Muskett has achieved in *Blue Haze* what I should have thought to be the impossible.

THERE is—as I suppose is only to be expected—a distressingly belligerent tone about the majority of our books this month. The result is that yet four more in our list deal in one way or another with the subject of war.

It was Fontenelle to whom Emerson attributed the epigram, "I hate war, for it spoils conversation." And yet here we have before us a number of completely conversational books dealing with this very subject.

Perhaps the most conversational of all is *They Wanted to Live*, by Cecil Roberts (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

Readers of *Victoria four-thirty* will recall that the only character who did not make that momentous trip across Europe was young James Brown, the porter at Victoria Station.

Whenever he saw the Continental Express depart, he nursed a hope that one day he, too, might go to those places named on the luggage he trundled. He even went so far in a fit of optimism as to promise Elizabeth Parrish a honeymoon abroad.

Mr. Cecil Roberts now fulfils the dream of young Brown, but the wheel of fortune received another twist of fate and the happy couple had no idea of the strange places and events in which they were destined to be the actors.

In Paris they encountered the inimitable Mr. Waddle, a rare character with a world-wide mission, who takes James and his bride to Vienna just at the time when it was in the turmoil of the Nazi invasion. What they see there awakens in peaceful Mr. and Mrs. Brown the surprising spirit of revolt. With the aid of the volatile Count Mátány they join the forces fighting for Herr Gollwitzer, the famous conductor now in exile in Budapest.

The Browns respond at once to the gaiety of the Hungarian scene. Then life in the blithest of capitals and on the Great Plain suddenly changes from gaiety to tragedy in war-menaced Prague. Fate steps in and shatters the beautiful illusion.

The tragedy of those days when Austria and Czecho-Slovakia fell before the Nazi horde lives again in this vivid story.

Mr. Cecil Roberts has written a book which must stir the depths of sympathy in every reader. It is one of the most moving stories of modern times and deals with men and women, noble and ignoble, battling in the torrents of destiny.

I do not doubt for one instant that this beautifully-written book will meet with all the success which it deserves.

THERE is a war-like challenge in the very title of Jane Oliver's *Not Peace but the Sword* (Collins, 8s. 6d.).

This book deals with war but it is a different sort of war from that that preoccupies the minds of so many people to-day, for it is war in the seventeenth century in Scotland.

It is the story of three generations of a great Scottish family, the Humes of Polwarth, rising to play their part in the nations' affairs. Lady Polwarth, resolute Episcopalian, was broken by her disastrous passion for her young second husband, Lord Jedburgh. Her son, Sir Patrick Hume, defied her to become a Covenanter, but was happier in his life-long love for his brave, plain wife who followed him into exile and came back in triumph with Dutch William after his not-quite-bloodless revolution.

Violent, too, was the career of his famous daughter, Grisel, whose romantic marriage to George Baillie, son of the Covenanting martyr, brings to a sudden close a family's part in a century of struggle, freedom of speech, of thought and worship.

Although that century is removed in time from ours, one feels on reading this book that many of our own troubled questions are echoes of those which clamour through this story, so that its background seems oddly familiar to us.

WE hear a great deal these days—a great deal too much—about dictatorships. Seventeenth-century Scotland had its dictator, too, in John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale, whose infatuation for a notorious Countess of Dysart (rumoured as Cromwell's mistress) finally wrecked a brilliant and ruthless career.

The problems of peacemakers in our day are complex, the forces against them obdurate; so were the forces which broke the mediator, Archbishop Leighton, that ardent spirit crying for toleration in a wilderness of rival bigotries.

The claims of expediency were as subtle, the rival ideologies as noisy, the lives of ordinary people as bewildered then as now.

And all, perhaps, because umbrellas had not then been invented!

However that may be, *Not Peace but a Sword* is a scholarly piece of composition which holds the reader's interest from first page to last. I recommend it as one of the best books of the month.

LET us get away from grizzly war for a moment and turn to the book which frankly I enjoyed most of all in this month's batch. This is *The Pindars*, by Adelaide Q. Roby (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

This is a first novel, and in my opinion the writer of it has got a very great literary future.

The Pindars begins at the end of the last century and tells in an intensely human way the altogether enthralling story of a family of farmers, one of whose sons, Charles Pindar, broke away.

As a boy he saw that farm life would offer him no scope for advancement and, being fired with ambition, and vision, had the courage—some might call it the ruthlessness—to run away from all his dear associations and start humbly as an errand boy.

His subsequent marriage to cold, snobbish Laura, who forbids the use of his name on his grocery shops, is doomed to failure and culminates in his taking a mistress. Both Charles and his wife are characters who absolutely live and breathe before the reader's eyes.

The author has the most fascinating way of observing the little, apparently insignificant, items of personal character which enable the reader to visualise the people in her story with almost frightening clarity.

In addition to Charles and Laura, there are a host of subsidiary characters—his brother Tom, for instance, who courted and married the gipsy Carola; Raine, Charles's daughter, whom he loved more than his son Ted because she was a true Pindar, and not the least interesting aspect of this novel is the story of Raine's love for Ricky, Charles's nephew.

A whole colourful panorama of a family's life over four generations is depicted in an easy flowing style, prolific in incident, vivid in characterisation, and with a wealth of deft touches of broad humanity in this new novel, and the highest recommendation I can give it is to hope that you will enjoy it as much as I did.

PAMELA FRANKAU gives us a new novel entitled *The Devil We Know* (Heinemann, 8s.).

"Better the Devil we know than the Devil we don't know," says the proverb. But can the Devil whom you and I unwillingly know, the Devil of cruelty, bondage and persecution in men's minds to-day have any more loathsome rival waiting for him in obscurity? I don't think so. Here, at least, I try to shame him.

This, the author's dedication, explains her book. She tells the story of a man who believes that the world persecuted him because he was a Jew. The adventures whereby Philip Meyer lost his work, his friendships and his love were perhaps no darker than the ordinary adventures of youth. They happened in London during the year 1931—"before," as one of the people in the story says, "the age of fear began."

And it was his fate to see them afterwards distorted by the shadow of the age of fear. Looking back, he saw his lost world as a forecast of to-day's cruel and crazy world.

Because he was a fighter, he declared war on society and set out to avenge himself. He hated every man, every woman every creed and every country, until his last adventure came to heal him.

This is not a comfortable book—I suspect that Miss Frankau did not intend that it should be. The characters live and move to an ominous tune, but the characters *do* live, and they certainly command the reader's memory long after he has put down this book.

It is impossible not to be troubled by *The Devil We Know*, just as it is impossible not to feel profoundly sympathetic towards the hundreds of

(*Continued on page* 90)

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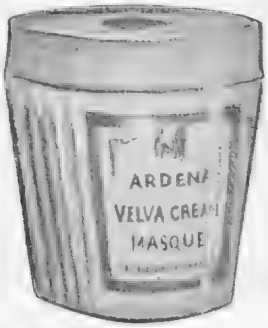

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thousands of our fellow-creatures who are to-day suffering under the most inhuman persecution within living memory.

It is not to be expected that a conscientious author who sets out to mirror contemporary times should present us with a picture showing an ordered social and economic civilisation. Many authors would probably have been fearful of tackling such an exacting theme, but Miss Frankau sets about the tremendous task she has imposed upon herself with a zest and matter-of-factness fully justified by her ability.

The result is an unforgettable novel which is bound to enhance her already high reputation.

By way of contrast as to theme let me now tell you about *The Young Cosima*, by Henry Handel Richardson (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.).

This book makes the best of the two worlds—biography and fiction.

I do not mean by this that the biographical part is fictional—what I mean is that the fictional part is biographical. There really is a distinction when you come to think of it.

Cosima Wagner is the subject of this book and particularly the days of her youth.

She began life by shrinking from the tempestuous composer and ended by loving him.

Such a reversal of human emotion can only have been occasioned by a succession of processes which it is fair to assume must interest any one who takes an intelligent interest in his fellow-creatures.

Miss Richardson is steeped in the formidable literature of her subject, the letters, the memoirs, the marshalled array of known facts, and she has written a novel which brings Cosima Wagner to life, speaking, moving, thinking, as the author is convinced she must have done.

Every idea and every fact that can be verified from first sources has been verified. No fiction ever written about historical persons, it is claimed, has ever followed facts more closely.

Yet the subtle divergencies from the accepted readings of the facts will come as a challenge to many Wagnerians.

But the general reader, who cares nothing for *Wagneriana*, will be content to remain absorbed in the story of how a young woman, betrayed by her own impetuosity into a marriage which held no mental satisfaction for her, fell step by step beneath the spell of another man whose strange powers mesmerised not only her, but history.

In this book we meet on an intimate footing among others, the charming Liszt and his cigar-smoking princess; the jealous mother of Von Bülow, whose petulant and restless son Hans has so big a part to play in the story. Here also is a glimpse of that villa near Zürich, where so much music history was made, with the quarrelsome Minna still in charge. The curtain goes up before the reader's eyes upon *Tristan*: he experiences a feeling that he is in the wings while the great act in the drama of Wagner's own life is being played.

Miss Richardson has a dramatic theme with which to deal and she deals with it with exquisite discrimination, giving us a book which grips, no matter whether we are Wagner fans or not. If this story had been built round purely fictitious characters, it would have been a great novel, but reflecting as it does the lives of at least two immortals who actually lived, it becomes even more, and I am confident that no one who appreciates good reading can afford to miss *The Young Cosima*.

The Pagoda Tree is the peaceful enough sounding title of H. E. Rayner's new novel (The Cresset Press, 7s. 6d.), but if the title sounds peaceful, it must not be assumed that the story shares its sublimity.

Actually, this book takes its name from the protest voiced by Anne Woodforde against the limitations of an attitude that approved the shaking of the fruit from the pagoda tree and this protest has point, even to-day, when that attitude persists despite the fact that the tree is decaying.

Mr. Rayner knows his history and he knows his India. He was for some time a journalist in Calcutta and has already written one Indian novel, in *The Hamadryad*.

In *The Pagoda Tree* we are shown life in eighteenth-century Calcutta and the historical beginnings of the English sojourn in India, together with the effects of that sojourn upon the English, and the story is the strange story of Anne and Aylmer Woodforde and the Portuguese boy, Vasco Braganza.

The book is distinguished by a pithy style and a succinct sense of values and on this account it is eminently readable.

One feels all the way through that Mr. Rayner could, if he wanted to, make his fortune as the writer of film scenarios, for he has an eye for colour and an altogether remarkable gift of natural dialogue.

It is quite obvious that he is intensely sincere and with the vast countryside of India as his setting he yet manages to maintain a scrupulous literary equality between his backcloth and his actors, so that each augments the other and the result is a composite whole of absorbing interest.

To finish up with we have two murder mysteries.

In *Drop to His Death*, by John Rhode and Carter Dickson (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), we find two already well-known detective story writers collaborating.

Sir Ernest Tallant, head of Tallant Publications, Ltd., met his death while descending in his private lift.

No weapon could be found; no access of any kind to the lift seemed possible, yet Sir Ernest had been shot through the heart.

Chief Inspector Hornbeam, ably assisted by the amusing Dr. Glass, finally finds the surprising solution of a quite unusual problem.

You will, of course, assume on reading this that you have already solved the mystery—but I will wager you will have a great surprise if you set out to read the book holding your present theory.

The authors have set about the writing of this book with the commendable determination to "make it light." The result is a really entertaining mystery story written with a sparkling humour and full of unexpected twists—just the thing for you in these evenings when it is not yet warm enough for us to want to do anything but sit in a deep chair before the fire.

Our last book this month is *Death Wears a White Gardenia*, by Zelda Popkin (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

This is a modern, sophisticated murder-mystery story dealing with murder most foul in a New York department store.

Early one morning Andrew MacAndrew, credit manager of the store, is found dead—murdered—in an alcove just off the silk underwear department.

A big man, MacAndrew had been choked to death the evening before.

Chris Whitaker, store detective, and pretty Mary Carner, one of his assistants, are the chief investigators.

A good many people had been working in the store at the time MacAndrew must have been murdered and they are all under suspicion. Then follows the inevitable process of elimination, and Mary Carner, who seems to be getting nearer to a solution of the mystery than any one else, finds herself constantly in danger in her search for evidence.

What I like about this book is that, unlike so many murder mysteries, it is fair to the reader.

Although the end will come as a great surprise, when the reader looks back on what has gone before, he has to admit that there were plenty of honest clues given him which should have enabled him to solve the mystery for himself, and it therefore comes as rather a jolt to his pride to discover his own lack of observation.

Death Wears a White Gardenia is ingenious and slick, and I recommend it as a story which will completely satisfy the most exacting mystery adepts.

END

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Scientif

Hitler and Mussolini

(*Continued from page* 11)

swashbuckling Goering in appearance. Thin and hatchet-faced, with short-sighted eyes hidden behind thick-lensed glasses, he represents the type of minor functionary, clerk, railway official or schoolteacher found in the early membership of the Nazi Party.

Himmler, like Goering, was also a participant in the Munich *putch* of 1923. It was he who accompanied Hitler to Munich on the occasion of the famous blood purge of June 30, 1934, when Roehm and other critics of Hitler were summarily shot. It was he who posted his guards at strategic points in Berlin when Hitler ordered the hardly less dramatic if less sanguinary purge of high army officers a year or two ago. He is now said to possess Hitler's entire confidence. This is probably an exaggeration, but Himmler is certainly a man to be feared, even by Goering, so long as he controls the Gestapo and the SS men, a veritable army in themselves, the Pretorian Guard of the Third Reich.

Von Ribbentrop, the Foreign Minister, is too recent a recruit to the higher Nazi circles to be considered a likely candidate for the Fuehrership. He has no part in the early history of the party. He is unknown to the Nazi rank and file. He is not an orator like Hitler, Goering and Goebbels, nor an administrator and organiser like Himmler. Nevertheless, he is at the moment high up in the Hitlerian hierarchy. He is one of the few men who enjoy immediate access to the Fuehrer at Berchtesgaden. His judgment on foreign affairs and foreign statesmen, in spite of his comparative youth and lack of experience in diplomacy, is listened to with respect. He is handsome, popular, unassuming. But apart from the friendship and high favour of Hitler, his own merits count for little in Germany. The successor to the Fuehrer must be one who commands the affection and respect of the veterans of the Nazi Party. He must be a man of action, a warrior of the Teutonic build, booted and spurred; and this rules out not only the able, suave and intelligent Von Ribbentrop, influential as he is, it also rules out an earlier member of the Nazi Party, Joseph Goebbels.

GOEBBELS as an orator is probably superior to Hitler himself. He has a far greater command of language, more imagination and culture. His voice is less harsh and monotonous. He is witty, a superb debater, a propagandist of great skill and cunning. He is also a master in the art of controlling public opinion, of marshalling newspapers and radio programmes, of staging mammoth demonstrations and parades. He represents, with Goering, the two pillars on which the Nazi edifice has been built: brute force and mass emotion. Goering is the symbol of force. Goebbels the subtle instrumentalist on the keys of the nation's feelings. Their respective roles in the Nazi drama are complementary and not mutually destructive, yet the two men are nevertheless bitter enemies. Each has tried vainly to oust the other from power. Each is equally useful to Hitler. Each is on occasions used by that consummate strategist as a foil against the designs or the ambitions of the other.

Nothing is impossible in a country in which national opinion can be created overnight, and in the clash of rival ambitions which will inevitably follow the departure of Hitler from the German scene a man so gifted as Joseph Goebbels, so intelligent, subtle and agile, will certainly play an influential and may even play a dominant role. He is not popular, although his jibes and sarcasms are eagerly applauded by the Germans. But Robespierre was not popular. Goebbels's strength lies in his apparent weakness—his meagre build, his club foot, his physical insignificance contrasted with the burly giants of the SS guards who surround Hitler. In a struggle between, say, Goering and Himmler for the Fuehrership, the puny, conciliatory figure of the Minister of Propaganda, subtle and intriguing, might eventually emerge armed with an unexpected authority.

The one truly enigmatic personality among the potential successors to Hitler is Rudolf Hess. This silent, dark-eyed, handsome man, born in Cairo of German parents, is now the Fuehrer's first lieutenant, and has the title of Deputy-Fuehrer of the Nazi Party. Before Hitler became Chancellor, Hess was his secretary and one of the most influential men, if also one of the least advertised men, behind the scenes in the Nazi organisation. The association between Hitler and Hess goes back to the beginnings of the party. After the collapse of the Munich adventure, Hitler and Hess were imprisoned together, and Hess wrote, at Hitler's dictation, the whole of the original text of *Mein Kampf*.

Rudolf Hess has never wavered in his devotion to Hitler. For many years he was content to remain in obscurity in the Brown House, absorbed in problems of finance and organisation. He rarely appeared at public meetings. His name was almost unknown inside the party. Only when the Nazis achieved power in 1933 and Hitler practically turned over to his confidential secretary the active command of the party organisation did the silent, modest Hess suddenly become a public figure in Germany, with a rank in the Nazi hierarchy hardly inferior to that of Goering himself. Hess is now highly popular among the younger Nazis. He represents the early, semi-revolutionary phase of the Nazi struggle, whereas Goering seems to many Nazis to be too eager to revive the traditions of the old Prussian junkerdom in his own person. Goering is the idol of Berlin, but in Munich and in other cities the stout Hermann's popularity pales in contrast with that of the modest Hess.

The future of Germany is therefore dark and uncertain. The life of one man, Adolf Hitler, stands between the rigid, collective discipline of the Germany of the present day and the individual rivalries and possible civil war of the Germany of to-morrow. Any one of the five lieutenants I have enumerated may be called upon to succeed Hitler, but the mantle of leadership will prove dangerous and burdensome. The departure of the Fuehrer from the scene will be the signal not only for the unleashing of bitter enmities between his immediate followers, but also for the appearance of the many elements of opposition to the Nazi regime which are now, for reasons of prudence, silent and non-assertive.

IN Italy the peaceful solution of the problem of the succession is no less vital to the continuance of the present regime. Mussolini's son-in-law, Count Galeazza Ciano, the son of the President of the Fascist Chamber of Deputies, is being very obviously groomed for the succession to the Duce. When he married Mussolini's elder daughter, Edda, the young Ciano was a modest Italian commercial attaché in Shanghai. Within a year or two he was transferred to Rome and appointed Minister of Press and Propaganda. Then he became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Mussolini, and finally, after the Ethiopian War, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

If the Duce has very obviously made up his mind to make of his son-in-law a second Mussolini, Count Ciano has just as obviously made up his mind to become a second Duce. In uniform, gait, deportment and gesture, Ciano models himself upon his father-in-law. During the past year he has grown stout, a fact which adds to the increasing resemblance between the two men. He has also borrowed the Duce's trick of throwing his head back over one shoulder and looking down his nose.

So long as Mussolini lives, Ciano will undoubtedly enjoy his protection and his favour. He will figure as the second man of the regime, and destined one day to become the first. But after Mussolini's death? The future of the young and handsome count is not so certain. There are able and brilliant men in the Fascist Party who have watched Ciano's rise with bitterness or with irony. Starace, Secretary of the Fascist Party, is one of them. Dino Grandi, the present Italian ambassador to

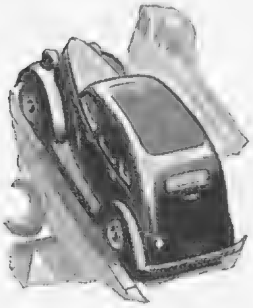
(*Continued on page* 94)

My Car earns its keep

BY MARIE WEBSTER

I AM the chauffeur for my family, and I seldom spend less than three hours a day in the car. We live in Buckinghamshire, and the day begins with driving my husband to the station. Then the children must be taken to school, the shopping brought from the market, friends visited, another journey to school—and I call it a day when I meet the 6.15.

Of course there are plenty of other things to be done. With a daughter eight and a son ten, a rambling old house, a big garden, but a relatively small staff, I lead a pretty active life. That's why, when we went into the question of a new car, we decided to buy a "Prefect" Saloon.



The "Prefect" has solved so many of my problems. Missing the 8.10 in the morning, for instance. That was always the thought which accompanied breakfast. Now I know the car will start instantly, and we don't have to race to the station.

Then there is the steep hill outside Richard's school. I can park the car there and leave it quite safely. The brakes are so good, and it's simplicity itself to start off again, even on the hill.

With a car in constant use, as ours is, we feel that economical running is most important. I do a lot of extra pleasure runs with my friends, and yet our petrol and oil bills are low. And when I use the "Prefect" for social occasions I congratulate myself on having chosen such a smart-looking car, with its daintily upholstered interior and modern accessories — the ash-trays, lights, the clock and the carpet. There's so much room, too, that I often take three, or even four, friends home from bridge parties.

There will be more cause for congratulation next summer, when we take the children and their grandmother on our frequent picnics. With our last car my husband was generally rather cross when he found the inside of the car littered with "Thermos" flasks and baskets of food, cushions and folding back-rests. Now, with so much luggage space over the spare wheel compartment, everything can be stowed away neatly. We shall give thanks for it, too, when we go away for our summer holiday. Luggage always was a problem in the past.

Driving the car used to be just a means of getting from one place to another. I suppose I was often over-tired. Now I feel a thrill of pleasure every time I start the engine running. The smooth efficiency of the "Prefect," as it responds to the slightest touch, gives me a sense of mastery, of skill, which I never had before. Being the family chauffeur has taken on a new meaning—it is great fun!

Marie Webster.

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London and at one time Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and a favourite with the Duce, is another. Third, and most dangerous of them all as a rival to Ciano, is the dapper, bearded, adventurous Marshal Balbo, Governor-General of Libya, hero of the Italian mass-formation flight to Chicago some years ago, the most popular man in Italy after Mussolini, and moreover one of the original four Fascist leaders of the so-called March on Rome.

Balbo was fairly obviously removed from Mussolini's (and Ciano's) path some years ago when his successful flight to America threatened to make him too popular in Italy. Borrowing a method from his prototypes the Cæsars, Mussolini sent his rival to govern a distant colony. But Libya is closer to Italy now than it was when Balbo was first banished there. It is on the front page of Italian newspapers. It is the strategic heart of the new Italian Empire. It is the scene of the greatest experiment in colonisation ever made by Italy or for that matter by any country; Balbo is therefore increasingly in the limelight. If Italy went to war he would be inevitably one of its chief commanders. His hold over popular imagination is only second to that of the Duce himself. In most Italian hearts he has already been chosen as the real successor to Mussolini.

END

When Eve Earns . . .

(*Continued from page* 9)

hours. That bright, broad flood of femininity, pouring in and pouring out again, is "economic woman," make a composite picture, Eve the Earner.

The way the flood grows may be gauged by the official statistics, which in all countries of advanced civilization show extraordinary increases in the number of women workers. In ten years the total in Britain has risen by 600,000. There are now as many women as men employed as shop assistants. Forty-two per cent of the clerical work in Britain is done by women. There are only 5,000 men typists. The rest of the typing work is done by 212,000 women.

The American figures are even more impressive. One in every four American workers is a woman. America has 2,000,000 women office workers (they outnumber the men by 200,000), 700,000 saleswomen, 113,000 women hairdressers, 60,000 hotel keepers, 3,500 clergywomen.

About 95 per cent of all telephones and typewriters in both countries are operated by women, 94 per cent of all nursing is done by women, and 65 per cent of book-keepers and cashiers are women.

In some fields of economic activity women obviously have an advantage over men. The late Arnold Bennett demonstrated that when, arranging the illustrations for an article on "the layette" in a woman's magazine he edited, he wrote under those small garments the caption "Made to measure." The printers and proof-readers (male) failed to spot the blunder.

But more and more women are moving successfully into jobs for which they were—often still are—customarily regarded as unfitted. In this country over 200 women are driving stationary engines and cranes, and over 30,000 are busy as electrical apparatus makers, fitters and electricians. More than 100 are dynamo, motor, and switchboard attendants. There are 347 women blacksmiths and skilled forge workers, and there are even a dozen women stokers and firemen. One of the surprising figures relates to transport and communications. It discloses 821 women shunters, pointsmen and level-crossing workers.

There are also 61 women bookmakers, 24 farm bailiffs, 7 stockbrokers, 6 piano tuners, 2 harbour officials, 1 clerk of works, and 130 auctioneers.

Plumbers, riveters, sandblasters, gunsmiths—women are in all these jobs in England. We have then, 149 women undertakers, 23 chimney sweeps, 11 women racehorse trainers and jockeys, 19 women brewers, 298 cellarwomen, over 300 railway station and yard mistresses, 500 bargees (or bargettes), and 5 mistress stevedores.

Indeed, the more one delves into the occupational list, the more the female of the species steps out and metaphorically hits one in the eye. It is rather disappointing to find only a few shepherdesses—42.

Nearly 150,000 women are in managerial positions, 30,000 are engaged in hairdressing and beauty culture, and there are over 12,000 women buyers and commercial travellers.

The professions, including nursing and teaching, account for about half a million women in England, and an idea of the number engaged in business and the professions in America can be obtained by noting that the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs has a membership of 65,000 clubs.

Critics of the economic woman remain. One persistent line is that when women started in to earn their own living they left their charm behind, and are now bound to lose their looks. This does not square with facts—the dominant fact being that the present generation of women is the most beautiful of all time.

Another school of critics then say that she does not put her heart into her job, but when that is true of a woman worker, two males can be found to match it. The female is not unique in working only in order to obtain the wherewithal to live. An inquiring body lately did try to ascertain what the average woman is interested in. They divided women into groups, girls between seventeen and twenty, and adult women between twenty-one and thirty. The test was that whatever they could talk intelligently about, they must be profoundly interested in.

The average girl between seventeen and twenty apparently was interested in only four subjects—make-up, movies, boys and school. The average adult woman was interested in home, clothes, travelling, marriage, love, beauty culture, men, sports, movies, weight reduction, babies, books, bargains, crime, politics, air-conditioning, the next war, revolution, and communism. This looks as wide a range of interests as the average man would turn up in a test.

A third school of criticism declares that women ought not to hold a job after marriage, anyway—a matter of social duty for her to get out and stay out, first in order to ease congestion, and second so as to keep the home fires burning.

However, the Soviet authorities do not subscribe to this view, and when it comes to questions of work and wages, for us capitalists to dispute with communists is like being more royal than the king.

In England over a million married women now work for pay. There are 4,000 nurses, 2,700 actresses, and 2,900 musicians or music teachers who are married. Out of the 180,000 women teachers, 17,000 are married. The ratio would be higher but for the ban which many educational authorities still retain.

The rise in the number of young married women who continue to earn money after marriage, or who start to earn after marriage, is highly significant. It is working a change which must necessarily have profound social effects, and may have equally profound biological consequences.

Handling a home may or may not be a full-time job. But I am advised by those competent to state a view that it need not be. Items like labour-saving home equipment come into this picture, however. The amount of money available is another factor. A third factor is children. A fourth is the temperament and requirements of friend husband.

Henry Ford will not take married women into his factories unless their husbands are unable to work. He

(*Continued on page* 96)

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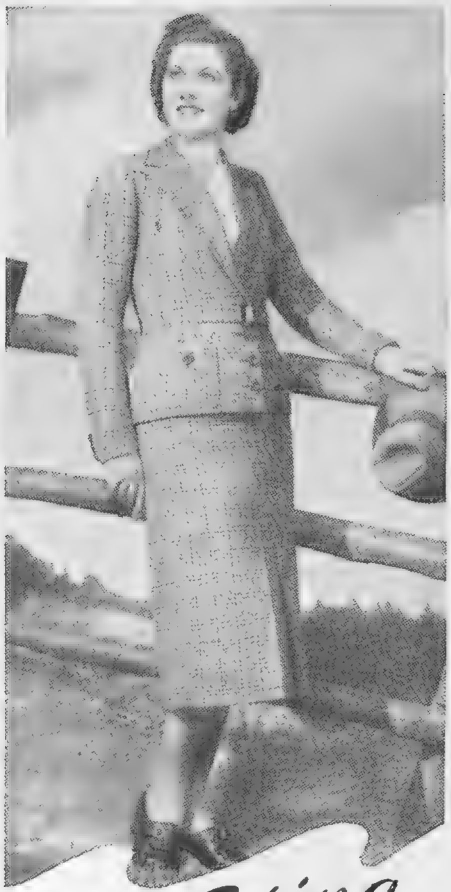

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gives the case of one woman with a sick husband and four children who works eight hours a day five days a week in one of his Rouge River factories, and provides the family with a larger income than when her husband was able to work, and still has time over for housekeeping. Thirty of the 145 women in one of his riverside plants operate farms; they have time for both jobs.

I think it probable, though, that as a manual toiler a woman with a dozen children would find it difficult, unaided, to take care of everything. There is a well-known American woman efficiency engineer who has been able to bear and bring up that number of children without undue interference with her profession and high earning power.

Whether a home is happier or unhappier when both husband and wife work, is a question which defies any general answer. Everything depends upon the individual male, the individual female, and circumstances.

Pierre Curie married the young Polish girl student he had met at the Sorbonne. They continued their scientific work as partners, taking marriage in their stride. When Pierre died, run over by a military lorry in a Paris street, his wife steadfastly continued with their joint labours in the field of radium investigation, and brought up two children competently. Both were jobs of work, and she did not neglect either.

Marie Curie was stronger in character and will than her mate, and it is possible that she also was physically the stronger—she certainly took the male role in their joint labours, performing physical toil that would have tried a manual labourer and might have broken down her frailer husband. She adored and worshipped Pierre, and when he died it seemed for a while that she, too, would die. If it had not been for her scientific work, she would in all probability have committed suicide.

On the other hand, consider the case of an attractive girl who went into an advertising office, learnt the business, and started on her own. She took in a demobilised officer; later married him. He thought he could run the business better than she could; she disagreed.

They would both come home tired. He would then discover that what he really wanted was a fresh young wife, acquiescent, light, waiting and ready to sooth the tired business man. All he got was an equally fatigued business partner who awakened a secret inferiority complex; for in fact she was a better business woman than he was a business man.

The marriage broke in divorce after seven years—no children. Both subsequently remarried. The young business woman's second marriage was much better than her first one. She is still in business, and happy. The explanation of the failure? It seems obvious. She married the wrong man. It is a calamity which can happen to other girls besides those who happen to earn their own living.

It has been said that economic woman will never measure up to economic man because of this greater dependence of the female on the male—the greater need for love. Love troubles sit more heavily on a woman and interfere with work. Etcetera.

But that is not true either. The widow of the late Woodrow Wilson tells us that the President fell so violently in love with her, that when it looked as if political exigencies might intrude to make marriage between them impossible, Wilson took to his bed, and lay like a dead man, wouldn't speak, eat, or transact business—the chief executive of the world's biggest state! His physician was so worried that at last he came on his own initiative to the home of Mrs. Galt, the jeweller's widow whom Wilson loved, to beg her to come round and see the love-paralysed president: for he feared for the president's sanity, and his life.

Nearer in time terms we have the instance of a king-emperor putting his declared need of a beloved woman before his duty to a state and empire—a reaction contrary to the generally accepted order of male values.

In short, there is no masculine or feminine gender in love, and men equally with women can be distracted, absorbed or broken down by the love force.

But men are biologically better equipped than women for certain forms of toil, enterprise and activity. Although women have a major stake in insurance as beneficiaries, and in investment through ownership of securities, the female mind seems not a good natural instrument for use in mathematics or money-making. There are only a couple of women bankers in America, none in England. The renowned Hetty Green is unique. She made about £10,000,000 in stock market operations of the most canny type. She left her fortune to her son.

Women have founded businesses, but I can trace only one woman who has founded an industry. She is Miss Anne Dickinson. Miss Dickinson, in pre-war days put the Cotswold arts and craft industry on the economic map. She nursed in Serbia during the Great War, did relief work in the Balkans afterwards, made her home in Yugoslavia, and established cabinet-making as a Yugoslav industry.

Most of the big feminine money-makers are in the business exploitation of feminity or the human emotions: that means stage or screen acting or display, manufacture and distribution of beauty preparations and processes, editing and writing for women's magazines, creating styles and selling beauty processes. The following case illuminates enterprise in this field.

In 1910 a young Canadian woman named Elizabeth Arden borrowed £1,200 and started a business. To-day that business comprises seventeen corporations and employs over 1,000 people. The owner is in her fifties now, slight, tempestuous, full of a driving energy. She repaid the original loan in four months, and thereafter built up from earnings of her business. Incidentally, it is estimated that of the £60,000,000 Eve spent on aids to beauty in America last year, one-third came from the pockets and purses of women who earned the money they spent.

This is one of the business fields which are growing fast—as fast as the idea is dying that any blonde young beauty, with a cute taste in haircuts and lipstick, is fully equipped for the beauty specialist business. It takes brains, knowledge, tact, energy, skill.

Women make good salesmen in certain lines. The successful ones are quiet and sympathetic—high-pressure techniques are not suitable for the female. At a session of the International Conference of Women in Science, History and Commerce, a woman speaker quoted an outstanding case of adaptability to customer psychology. A young man nervously entering the store, said to the first salesgirl he encountered: "I don't know whether I have to get a camisole or a casserole." Said the salesgirl brightly: "Well, sir, is the bird alive or dead?"

Women doctors are getting along better in medicine than in law. They do a good deal of specialist work. Women and men doctors are marrying and setting up in practice together. Sometimes they make a rough division of services. The man takes the men; the woman, the women and children.

One of the chiefs of the Electricity Commission said that there is a great opening for women of the higher-education group—around 1,800,000 of them now—in the electrical industry. The leading companies already employ large numbers of women. It appears to be an activity in which older women make a greater impression than younger ones.

Politics seems to be a calling in which women can be more effective by marrying the right man, and working with and for him, than by launching out on their own. As for diplomacy, we bar it officially to Eve, although there are a number of women who as wives of ambassadors, counsellors, and attachés, do half or more of their husband's work. Other countries are not so hidebound. The United States, Bulgaria, and Albania, have sent women ambassadors to represent them abroad. (*Continued on page* 98)

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The female of the species has relatively shorter and less muscular legs, a smaller heart, lungs less capable of expansion, and a relatively less efficient blood supply. In most physical respects she falls short of the male in the ratio of 100 to 140. This mainly explains why men outdo with ease the feats of women in sports, games, and aviation, and why air transport companies stick to male pilots and only take on picked and highly qualified young women (in America), as stewardesses on passenger airplanes.

It also has a bearing on the relative-age factor. Recently a survey was made to test age maximums for employees. This revealed that seven employers out of ten will not consider a man over forty-five, or a woman over thirty-eight. In other words, the economic male has a seven-year "edge" over the economic female.

Two things are certain about this movement which is gathering such astonishing momentum. One is that women will increasingly come into the market, open or controlled, where anything at all, from manual labour to physical agility, ideas, emotion-evoking talents, money-making abilities, or the highest intellectual activities, are in demand and command a price. The other is that the peculiar problems which arise when Eve is the provider, or earns as much as or more than her husband, will continue more and more to puzzle and fascinate students of sex and human relationships.

One facet of the latter problem tops this article. One or two more case histories can serve as a tail-piece.

Elenora Duse, in Paris, lets her fancy alight on a tall, handsome young actor. Her rival, Bernhardt, covets the overgrown Adonis, and secures him. His name is Lou Tellegen. As an actor, he is a "ham." But Sarah makes him her leading man. However, as his role is merely to provide a background for Sarah's histrionics, he gets by.

Sarah dies. The celebrated favourite finds himself out in the cold, competitive world. He is a flop on stage and screen. But he has some success with women of the sort who buy magnificent Borzois in order to attract attention to themselves.

Age creeps on him. He writes a book: *Women Have Been Kind*. Poor devil! The tense betrays his tragedy. Women are kind no longer. Defeated in war, the old Roman fell on his sword. Defeated by life, the woman's pet retires to his bathroom and falls on the points of a pair of long scissors. At the third attempt, they penetrate his heart.

This male—who in other circumstances would have made a good ditch digger, cavalry trooper, or fascist storm-troop standard bearer—you can category as a "broken butterfly" of the economic Eve age. He was ruined by women who can afford to buy what they want. There will be others.

But not all members of this species, being chased, end broken. There was a young Russian nobleman, of doubtful authenticity, who met a Hollywood star in Paris, and came after her with money she provided. She had to get rid of a husband before they could marry.

In the film capital he discovered that she was older than he had suspected, and slipping. She had not saved much. Her contract would certainly not be renewed. He jilted her, and married a younger actress who took a fancy to him. She was a good catch—one of the £800-a-week ones, with a long contract.

He thought he was a fixture for life. He did not realise that these ambitious, hard-working young film princesses can be tough. He was taken by surprise when, a year later, his wife shut up the house, dismissed the servants, and went on a four-months' holiday without him. When he asked what he should do, she replied: "Anything you like;" and caught her plane east.

Her lawyers settled the problem with the payment of five thousand dollars, and the threat to get him kicked out as an undesirable alien if he made trouble. Two years later he married the widow of a prosperous hotel-keeper. She had inherited her husband's business. She adores her husband, who is much younger than herself. He makes an excellent receptionist-manager.

END.

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Cleverness Isn't Everything

(Continued from page 45)

Massacre of Glencoe and Culloden and the Great War, but Jocelyn only laughed and said, then it was her mission to wake up the Highlands. Angus looked serious for a while; he had been at Achnamurchan for three weeks now and was beginning to wonder if he'd meant half the intelligent things he'd said at Oxford, but he felt sure that sooner or later the same doubt would occur to Jocelyn; clap-trap went down all right at sherry parties, but your values readjusted themselves, you felt humble again when you lifted your eyes to the mountains of Moidart, standing with their heads among the stars.

ANGUS thought that; and The MacGair and his wife thought that it was unfair to judge the girl on so short an acquaintance, and that she was very young and might improve. But Alison judged Jocelyn and knew that she wouldn't improve, that she was blinded and made deaf by the poison of self-satisfaction and was unteachable. Alison looked forward to the days that were coming and she saw Angus torn, miserably, between two loyalties. She saw him an absentee landlord. She saw vacant cottages, empty cow byres, grass growing in the avenues. She knew of more than one property in the West Highlands which had gone that way. For the sake of the place and people, Angus mustn't marry Jocelyn, and, while she knitted Angus's socks to the sound of Jocelyn's voice, Alison wracked her brains over the problem: up in her attic at night, she lay awake working out plans, which, next morning, seemed utterly futile or definitely uncivilised—or didn't they? . . .

After three weeks of rain, fine weather set in. Haymaking began; Angus lent a hand and the two girls were much together. They bathed all day. Alison was a strong swimmer, but Jocelyn dived expertly. She showed Alison all her tricks, then grew tired of bathing at the accustomed places, wanted to dive from the rocks at Fisherman's Point, and laughed at what she called Alison's "Scotch caution." There came a day when Alison was called away to one of the cottages. It had been arranged that Jocelyn should wait for her to return before bathing, but when Alison got back to the castle, a maid told her that Jocelyn had already gone down to the beach carrying her bathing things. Alison followed her. On the beach lay Jocelyn's Hungarian beach bag, but there was no sign of its owner. Alison looked in the bag and found a volume of American verse, a Russian blouse, Norwegian sandals and a skirt from Vienna. Jocelyn must be bathing, but Alison scanned the waters of the bay in vain. Then, looking further, she saw on the rocks of Fisherman's Point a slight figure, poised for a dive.

Alison shouted, for the tide was running out from the loch and, though the water was calm, there was a white rim round the cliffs of the island. If Jocelyn was fool enough to swim into the tide race, not all her tricks would save her.

Alison started running along the beach. Her thoughts weren't kind. I'm not going to risk my life to save her. . . . It'll be the fool's own fault and good riddance of bad rubbish if she drowns. . . . Jocelyn must have seen her running or heard her shouting, for she waved, then poised again and dived. She swam in the direction of the beach and Alison slowed down. Then Jocelyn turned and struck out

(Continued on page 100)

Number Seven ... the modern way to loveliness
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"My dear—
why don't you do as
I suggest? Let me get
you a drop of **Gordon's**
out of the bottle in
the sideboard. You
will find it will
put you right at
once, and is far
more pleasant to
take"

Gordon's

The Gin that has
medicinal properties

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GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

towards the island and Alison ran harder than ever and reached the rocks and scrambled out to the point.

She was too late. The tide race had caught Jocelyn. She was swimming for the island, but the current was sweeping her down the channel; she'd never reach the rocks. Well, Achnamurchan's saved, thought Alison, unhooking her old tartan skirt. And Angus is saved, she thought, diving into the cold green water.

Alison didn't try to cross to the island. Reserving her strength, she let the tide take her till she was near to the convulsed face under the modish green bathing cap; then, as they were swept along a few yards apart, half a dozen lusty strokes brought her to Jocelyn. Jocelyn was still struggling against the tide; her eyes were closed; she was spluttering and flapping helplessly. Alison turned on her back and, with her hands under Jocelyn's armpits, slowly forced her way to the edge of the tide race and out into the still water behind the island. But she wasn't out of the wood yet, she told herself. She had a goodish swim back to the island and then the cliffs to climb.

Jocelyn was a dead weight now, and it seemed to Alison that she was making little headway, but she swam doggedly on, not thinking, scarcely caring, and presently she felt the swell beneath her and looked round and there was seaweed to grab and a ledge of rock. She got a hold on the seaweed, then on the rock, and managed to hoist the unconscious Jocelyn half out of the water. Alison's teeth were chattering; her hands were yellowish and numb, but, after one tremendous effort, Jocelyn was lying on the seaweed and the tide was going down and it didn't matter much what happened to Alison. There wasn't room on the ledge for two and it was Jocelyn that Angus wanted. . . .

The creak of oars didn't rouse Alison, and Duncan, rowing out to inspect his lobster pots, might have missed the girls, but for the fact that he was looking to see if a certain black-backed gull still made his home on the island. It was no easy job to get them into the boat. Alison, roused by his voice, could help herself, but Jocelyn was still unconscious. Halfway back to the pier, however, she stirred, sat up, and her quick mind soon grasped the situation. She began to ask questions, to which Duncan replied with ochs and ayes. No one knew what Duncan was thinking and Alison, trying to stop her teeth from chattering, only knew that the castle, each tree and all the hills of Moidart were silently reproaching her.

Jocelyn was put to bed with hot-water bottles and every one asked Alison if she was all right and she said yes and Angus thanked her for saving his Jocelyn. Jocelyn got up for dinner and wore green beads and a warm dress of brown velvet, and Alison went to bed early with a headache and didn't take her temperature.

For the next fortnight, Alison lay between life and death. On the day when the crisis was expected, Angus went out for a long walk on the moors and not Jocelyn, but a long-legged girl with smooth dark hair and steady grey eyes walked with him. The whaups cried her name; the burns sang it in the corries. If Alison died, what thing in Achnamurchan would forgive Jocelyn?

When he got back, Jocelyn was reading a weekly digest, forwarded from London. She wanted to know his views on the Polish Corridor, but he wanted to know why she had bathed from Fisherman's Point when she had been told not to. Jocelyn explained that she wasn't a canny Scot and that, if she was advised not to do a thing, she was always twice as keen to do it. Angus said that was a pity; and Jocelyn said how he had changed since Oxford. Angus said he supposed he had, and looked back, and saw the little rooms crowded with the foolish young people, who were all going to change the world, but how could they, when you can't make fools wise, nor harness the tides, nor prevent death from taking away the girl . . . well, the girl you had once imagined you were in love with . . .

Jocelyn was looking at him and, since to her silence was always a space to be filled, she was remarking that at Achnamurchan he seemed to be only interested in hay and such things, whereas at Oxford he had been a thinking human being. Angus asked what was the use of being a thinking human being—here we are on earth, he said, and night falls and the tides run and we can't stop them for all our cleverness. Cleverness isn't everything, said Angus; in the face of nature it's better to be sensible and brave. Jocelyn said, "Oh!" and "Well, if that's your point of view, we're no earthly use to one another." Angus argued for a while, but Jocelyn, though she could see much and could see quickly, couldn't see far; she was incapable of understanding that when the problems of her day were paragraphs in history books, the fields of Achnamurchan would still yield their harvests and the mountains of Moidart stand with their heads among the stars. Presently, when she had gone to pack and he was standing at the window feeling exhausted but enjoying the silence, he wondered what kind of a job natures like Jocelyn's will make of immortality. It certainly isn't our brains, thought Angus, which make us nearer to heaven—if we are nearer to heaven—than the beasts . . .

Jocelyn left by the afternoon train. There was no ill-feeling, she said, and she'd be very much obliged if someone would send her news of Alison. As the train drew out from the platform, she waved good-bye, slumped back in her seat and opened the weekly digest. Angus bustled the launch down the loch and, when he got back to the castle, they told him that the crisis was past and Alison would recover.

It must have been Alison's body, which had fought the fight with death, for, when she found that she was alive, she wasn't pleased about it. Every one thought that it would be best not to worry her with the news of the broken engagement and she first heard of it through the indiscretion of a young housemaid. Lady MacGair, coming in later, thought that she looked very much better and, when Alison, blushing because she was a poor dissembler, asked if she could see Jocelyn, said, well, actually Jocelyn had gone back to England, but Alison could see Angus for a few minutes. So Angus came in and he told Alison that his engagement had been a mistake and all her fault for smacking his face five years ago on the rocks at the back of the island. Then Lady MacGair came back and said that a few minutes didn't mean half an hour, and she turned Angus out and Alison lay and looked at the hills of Rhum, insubstantial as heaven in the noonday sunshine, and knew what Jocelyn would never learn, that "*states fall, arts fade but Nature doth not die*," and so it is always the same things—life and death and love—which matter.

End

Should a Woman Tell?

(*Continued from page 21*)

He told himself that Jane loved him, and the problems of all the world were solved.

At the office he interviewed a very great expert upon such topics as the incidence of blight upon rubber in the raw, and incompetence in the drying of fish and the mining of tin. He realised the extent of his new responsibilities—and learned, incidentally, who it was who had so timely died. The date of his sailing was fixed. He was invited to spend two weeks in Liverpool (or wherever it was) to master the technicalities of his new post.

It proved a whole-time affair. John was far too sensible to miss any opportunity of making the years to come authoritative, and far too ambitious to lose the chance of creating a favourable impression at headquarters. From dawn to dusk he skilfully made it evident that John Brennam was on the job.

He wrote to

(*Continued on page 102*)

"I vitalise

Does your Skin
need *waking up?*

I vitalise the lifeless complexion. I freshen the jaded cheek. I quicken the languid tissue. I purify the pores to their very depths. I am the promise of beauty blossoming anew in a skin made youthful anew. I am Butylar. Your beauty is my duty.

BUTYLAR

COMPLETE FACIAL IN A FLASK

BUTYLAR
Cleanses pore-deep
Removes blemishes
Refines skin texture
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DOCTORS will tell you -

"it's how restfully you sleep that counts"

You cannot keep bodily or mentally fit without sound, unbroken sleep. Four hours of restful sleep which thoroughly relaxes tired nerves and muscles are more valuable than eight hours of fitful sleep.

The "Vi-Spring"—the overlay which for more than thirty-five years has been acknowledged to be the World's finest mattress, is scientifically designed to afford the entire body the absolute rest and relaxation essential to bodily fitness. You sink into its soft, cosy surface and after a night of luxurious rest you awake refreshed, feeling mentally and physically restored. The luxurious comfort of the "Vi-Spring" is due to its wonderful construction and thorough workmanship throughout. Hundreds of finely-tempered British Steel Wire Springs provide a delightfully resilient softness. One night on a "Vi-Spring" and you feel a different person. Look for the label bearing the registered name "Vi-Spring" Mattress. The reputation of the "Vi-Spring" has led to so many unreliable imitations.

Vi-Spring OVERLAY *Mattress*

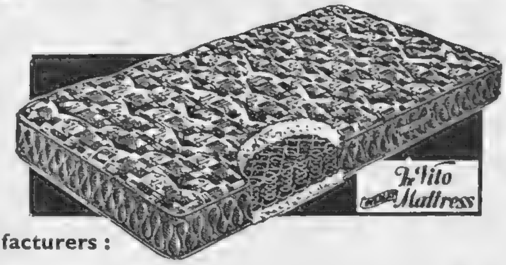
THE VITOFLEX MATTRESS SUPPORT

The upholstered top and efficient spring filling of the Vitoflex make it the ideal support for Vi-Spring or Vito Mattresses. It fully sustains every spring in the overlay, thus ensuring maximum resiliency and comfort. And because it eliminates sagging the Vitoflex prevents the strain and wear which so quickly ruins any type of spring-centred overlay.

THE VITO MATTRESS

The Vito—the finest of all non-pocketed spring overlays—ensures a high standard of comfort and years of sound service. Its patent Vito Springs permit an assemblage which prevents them ever becoming displaced. Pre-built borders in plain colours to harmonise with its handsome tickings give the Vito Mattress an appearance as pleasing as its price, comfort and sturdiness.

Sold by all reliable House Furnishers.



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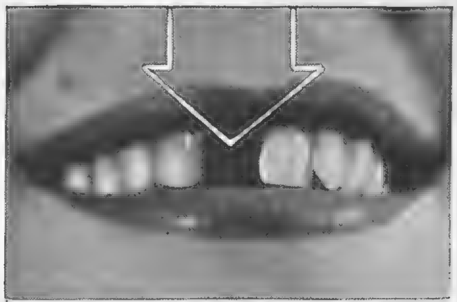
Vi-Spring Products Ltd. 97, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

WOULD YOU PAY 3d TO FILL THIS GAP?



Would you pay 3d. each to possess sound, healhy teeth? You would! Gladly! Well, on this reckoning a perfect set of teeth is worth 8/-. And 8/- is all it will cost you *spread over two years* to change to Tek—even if you wish to use as many as four Tek tooth-brushes every year. 3d. a tooth for sound, healthy teeth, firm against decay.

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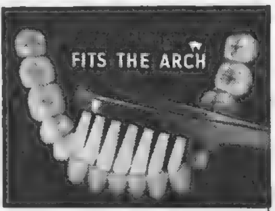

The tooth-brush with a plan

Why are tooth-brushes made in so many sorts of sizes and shapes and prices? Isn't there one best way of cleaning your teeth, and one perfect shape and size of brush to do it, and one legitimate price to charge for such an inimitable brush? Yes! But only one! The TEK tooth-brush is the one brush that is single-minded, the one brush with a superiority complex, the one brush possessing perfect assurance that it is planned to clean your teeth properly. A dentist designed it. Afterwards dentists were asked their opinion of it and 92 out of every 100 agreed it was an improvement. There are cheaper brushes than the TEK. There always is something cheaper than the best.

Tek 2/-

SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED BOX . .

For the children—TEK Junior, one shape, one size, one price, smaller! . . . 1/-

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave

Jane daily for two days, and weekly for one week. Jane wrote to him weekly for two weeks. Their correspondence was uneven.

But in the Brennam and Grant families joy was tempered with doubt.

The Brennams were delighted that John should be engaged to Jane—a fact that Jane had supplied. The Grants were content that Jane should be engaged to John. But they grew restive when it became so evident that the bridegroom-to-be had left the bride to plead his cause.

Both families, with reason, considered that even the most desirable bridegroom ought to have something to say on his own behalf.

It just shows you how unreasonable people are. John was going to be married to the most wonderful girl in the world—well, to a thoroughly charming person. At any rate, he was going to settle down, and Jane was splendid.

Jane was engaged to a real he-man—a man who meant something in our great Empire. A man whom she had no doubt loved without knowing it for years, a man who had a career in front of him. Engaged to someone who would have to live in rather an outlandish place.

John told himself that a wife need not be a drag on one if one really loved her.

A fortnight can be a long time. . . .

Investigations, brief studyings over, John prepared to return to Wimbledon, kiss his parents, pack his bags and embrace again Jane of the mysterious charm, of the brown curls, the big brown eyes.

Someone years ago had given him a volume of poetry by Rudyard Kipling. It was odd that the only lines he could remember were most inappropriate:

"*White hand cling to the bridle-rein,*
Slipping the spur from the booted heel,
Tenderest voices cry: 'Turn again!'
Red lips sully the scabbarded steel.
Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone."

Oh, hell! Isn't one a damned fool to marry before one's made a career? Isn't it just a sign of health if one momentarily thinks one wants to marry the first personable wench who looks the goods by moonlight?

Isn't it a sign of being nuts if one actually does so?

THE long journey from Birmingham or Manchester (or wherever it was) offered no release from introspection, and John finally realised that he must put a stop to such adolescent yearnings.

With some difficulty, because English railways have not yet grasped that not all passengers enjoy being shaken up, he wrote a careful letter.

"*My dear Jane,*

"*Perhaps one of these days I shall be in a position to ask you to marry me. I have not done so not because I do not love you, but because I am not yet in a position to support any wife in the manner that* you *deserve.*

"*Do not wait for me, but always believe that I can never forget your loveliness.*

Yours ever, JOHN."

It was a poor letter. But not quite so drivelling as the attempts he made before he decided that he couldn't think of anything better. Any self-respecting girl receiving such a thing would reach for some blunt instrument and would not rest until it had been employed.

John actually thought it was rather poetical, distinctly noble and non-committal. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction and relief as he stuck down the envelope and, having arrived at Euston or St. Pancras, posted it in the station.

It was early morning. At St. Pancras no birds sang, but the sky was clear, and the eggs and bacon were excellent.

John breakfasted, shaved and bathed (our Empire-builders have to travel at odd hours) and then proceeded to Leadenhall Street in order to arrange his passage back to Kuala Lumpur. By the time he had reached Wimbledon it was tea time. He could put things off no longer. He would just have to hope that Jane would not plead with him over the telephone.

He would be firm. "He travels the fastest who travels alone."

Bills greeted him, and circulars, and a letter from Jane.

This is what she said:

"*My dear John,*

"*You're my best friend—the best friend I've ever had or ever shall have—but don't let us mistake the delight of meeting each other again after so many years for something else. You have your life to live in Malaya. My vocation is here in Wimbledon.*

"*I felt I had to write this, and if I don't see you again before you go back, I wish you all the nicest things that you're too nice to wish yourself.*

Always the same, JANE."

The cheek of it ought to have taken John's breath away. It didn't. That ill-expressed, inexperienced, outrageous, heartless effusion only brought home to him for the first time what he had lost. Jane. Of course she couldn't go out to Malaya with him—where the white people were snappy and sallow, and they'd hate her clear beauty. He wasn't worthy of her. Well, it had been a wonderful experience.

He thought of her lips. For the first time since that night at the Yellow Inn he almost remembered them.

He quite, all of a sudden, remembered George Carmichael.

Now there are some things flesh and blood will not stand. One of the most prominent is George Carmichael and Jane Grant's lips appearing in the same thought.

John made up his mind—and then he thought of his letter.

Wimbledon, amongst its many virtues, boasts a punctual postal service. Thus a letter posted at St. Pancras or Euston or even King's Cross at eight a.m., must reach that same day any nice prosperous villa that is near the Common at five p.m. John remembered this, and quite certainly breathed a prayer as he bolted out of his parents' house. Running, he reached the road in which Jane lived. It was four forty-five.

He was in luck—doubly in luck because Roberts, the old postman, approaching from the opposite end of the street was, for some unprecedented reason, early.

They reached the Grant home together.

"Oh, Roberts," said John, "don't bother to wait. I've rung the bell, I'll give them their bills."

Very reprehensibly Roberts surrendered a little bundle. "Well," he said, "you'll not forget them, Mr. Brennam, I know that, and these steps I always think I'll slip and they'll be the death of me."

But John was not listening. He had abstracted his letter to Jane and the door had been answered. Miss Jane in? Miss Jane was in.

The motives that had induced Jane to send her letter were very simple. The morning after that tennis dance which she had so early deserted for the Yellow Inn had been simply plastered with parental inquiries. Who had she gone there with? John Brennam.

And the nods and becks and winks were more than enough for any sensitive girl, particularly as she had allowed herself to admit that perhaps they were engaged.

Then she had looked up the Malay States in her father's *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Then she had summoned so much more imagination that she felt positively homesick.

On top of that, instead of reproaching her, George had just invited her to the Berkeley—because to-morrow was his birthday.

What a lamb!

Besides, if John had really meant anything why didn't he write more often?

And Rosamund, her *special* friend, was being married next month at St. Margaret's to a man who might possibly (if enough people died) become a lord.

Jane hadn't a very big allowance, and John couldn't have very much money even if they doubled his salary twice over.

So why wait until he came back from Leeds (or wherever

(*Continued on page* 104)

THE FOOD FOR GENERAL FITNESS

SHREDDED WHEAT

Fitness wins. Shredded Wheat helps you and every member of your family to win fitness. It contributes in the most important way to all-round health because it gives sound bodily nutrition. Not only is it crammed with all the nutriment of pure, whole wheat, it presents it in a form the system can easily assimilate and quickly turn to new vitality, new strength, new stamina. The value of Shredded Wheat to health is rivalled only by its sheer deliciousness. Serve Shredded Wheat with milk or cream, with fruits of all kinds. Serve it daily and make yours a home of General Fitness.

SHREDDED WHEAT

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If a man can't take a hint

It may not be Leap Year but you *can* propose to him that when he offers you a cigarette it should be a Wills's Gold Flake. Let him know that your taste in cigarettes is the same as his—that the flavour of the fine Virginia tobaccos of which Gold Flake are made appeals to women as much as to men. The other alternative is to buy your own and show him that young women to-day can have Wills of their own.

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake CORK-TIPPED as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.B. 641

"Such grand cakes with an ESSE Cooker"

What a joy it is to have an ESSE Cooker for baking. Thermostatically controlled and burning continuously with little attention, its ovens are always ready at the required temperature. Delicious hot rolls and scones for breakfast, crisp new bread for lunch, and pastries and cakes can be freshly cooked at any time without the slightest trouble. As space in the ESSE is never cramped you can make and bake these home-made delicacies simultaneously with other food. Baking day is any and every day with an ESSE. Fuel—Solid smokeless, preferably anthracite.

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ESSE MINOR for medium households (up to 10 persons) from 26/6 per month
PREMIER ESSE for large residences (up to 20 persons) - from 37/6 per month
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We shall be pleased to arrange for a demonstration and to quote comparative running costs with your present method of cooking upon receipt of your full particulars. Please state number catered for.

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LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place
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safely stops perspiration

1. Keeps armpits dry and fresh for 3 days
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3. Doesn't stain or rot dresses
4. Vanishing, greaseless, sweet-smelling
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Arrid *6d. and 1/11 a jar*

AT ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS

BIRCH JUICE

Cucumber Juice and Nettle Juice are amazingly effective in dispersing UNHEALTHY FAT. Their pure, natural juices, combined with Mr. J. A. Hofels' simple instructions for diet will help you to retain that buoyancy and youthful verve which men find so attractive. Write, enclosing 3d. in stamps, for a copy of an absorbing and revealing booklet which tells you how Hofels' Life Juices can open the door to new health and slender grace. Address your letter personally to Mr. J. A. Hofels, 2, Artesian Road, London, W.2, mentioning **HOFELS' LIFE JUICES.** B.E. 15.

it was) and have a scene? Why not send him a note?

Why not!

She forgot, however, although she had been told that John was coming back on Tuesday (the reason why she posted her fatal letter on Monday night), to tell the servants not to admit him if he replied in person. She even forgot really and truly to be out.

John was so devoid of a plan that he may be considered to have been inspired. He pranced into the drawing-room. He seized Jane (nobody else was there) and he kissed her.

People who say that emotions can never be repeated are not always right. When he kissed her, not only did John re-live (and without the help of a magnum) that evening at the Yellow Inn, but Jane evidently re-lived it too. She clung to him. She made little friendly noises and patted his head and even tried to kiss his clumsy great hands.

There was a brief respite.

"John, have you been home yet?"

"No, darling, why?"

"John, will you hate me for ever if I tell you something?"

"No, darling. Give me a kiss."

"I can't marry you to-morrow, even by special licence if I don't ask your forgiveness."

"?"

"John, I must have been mad. I wrote you a letter yesterday. It must be waiting for you when you get home. Will you promise me something? Will you swear you'll go straight home *now* and burn it? Will you do that and then come back here and kiss me again?"

"But what did you say in this mysterious letter?"

"I want you to burn it without even opening it. You mustn't read it!"

"Darling. You haven't done anything—er—dreadful? It isn't George——?"

She sobbed.

"I don't blame you for asking me. But it isn't George. I've not been a beast. I've been a fool. I wrote and said I didn't love you. Now, do you see?

"I never realised properly before what an angel you are. You couldn't have done such a thing to me. I'm not worthy of you, John. Will you kiss me again? Will you try to understand?"

They kissed.

"I'll burn that letter," said John, "just as it is."

THEY'RE married now, and very happy and all that. But naturally Jane can never quite live down her letter. John is going from strength to strength, and unless he takes care he will become almost pompous. It's hard luck on Jane that he cannot quite ever forget her extraordinary lapse.

It makes one wonder whether a woman ever ought to tell.

END

John Company's Ships

(*Continued from page 29*)

The *Royal George* was the first to engage, and for forty minutes she stood up to the battering of the French flagship's guns. She was followed by the *Ganges* and the *Earl Camden*, but before the rest of the fleet could bring a gun into action Linois had made up his mind that this fleet of merchantmen was too hard a nut to be easily cracked. Crowding on all sail, he withdrew to the eastward, and Dance gave the signal for a general chase. The tables were now turned with a vengeance, but after keeping up the pursuit for two hours, the commodore decided that to follow the enemy further might be to lead his own ships into danger. Accordingly he gave up the chase, not without reluctance, and again anchored for the night at eight o'clock. The losses sustained by Dance's ships were surprisingly few, only one man having been killed and one wounded in the *Royal George*, which had sustained the chief brunt of the battle.

The value of the ships and their cargoes—leaving out of account the country ships—amounted to over eight million pounds, and it is not surprising that the gallant commodore who had saved his charge from falling into enemy hands met with an enthusiastic reception on his arrival in England. Swords of honour and pieces of plate, as well as monetary rewards ranging from two thousand to five hundred guineas, were bestowed on Dance and his captains by the Patriotic Fund and the East India Company, and the commodore was also offered a baronetcy, which however he declined, preferring the lesser honour of a knighthood.

A LITTLE more than twelve months later, in the year of Trafalgar, the *Warren Hastings*, which was among the ships present at Dance's engagement, was destined to be one of the principal actors in one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the East India fleet, and although on this occasion the outcome was less fortunate for her, she nevertheless came through the ordeal without loss of honour.

On June 21, 1805, the *Warren Hastings*, once more homeward bound from China, sighted a ship under treble-reefed topsails and courses, which turned out to be the French frigate *Piedmontaise*, one of the fast craft based on the Isle of France which kept up a constant war on merchant shipping bound to or from the East. The *Warren Hastings* was one of the most heavily armed of John Company's ships, carrying forty-four guns in all. Of these twenty-six eighteen-pounders were on the main deck, fourteen carronades on the upper deck, and four twelve-pounders on the poop. The carronades were so ineffectively mounted that they became useless after a few rounds had been fired, and continual applications of blacklead were necessary to enable them to be run out. Moreover, four of the ports on the main deck had been caulked up to provide extra stowage room, and four more guns had been sent down into the hold. The *Piedmontaise*, on the other hand, carried twenty-eight long eighteen-pounders on her main deck, twelve carronades of thirty-six pounds, and four long nine-pounders which had been jettisoned some years before by a British frigate when she ran aground at the mouth of the Seine. Swivel guns in her tops and along her bulwarks completed her armament, and she was also furnished with an ingenious device for dropping a heavy shell on an enemy's deck at close quarters, so as to prepare the way for the entrance of boarders.

The *Piedmontaise* rapidly overhauled the *Warren Hastings*, shaking out the reefs in her topsails and setting more canvas, and as soon as she was within signalling distance she hoisted British colours. Captain Larkins responded with his own colours and his private signal, and the latter eliciting no response it was plain that the stranger's intentions were not friendly.

Captain Larkins at once gave the order to clear for action, and the frigate now cast off her disguise and sent aloft the French flag, opening fire at a distance of four hundred yards. A brisk exchange of shots followed, which went on for a quarter of an hour, and the frigate then sailed ahead, a part of the *Warren Hastings's* rigging having been carried away by the Frenchman's fire. Once again the frigate tacked and ranged up to leeward of the Indiaman to resume the duel.

This time considerably more damage was done before the *Piedmontaise* drew off. The British ship's standing and running gear had suffered considerably, and her ensign was carried away, though the latter was at once rehoisted. By now her foremast had been so badly damaged that she could only carry sail on the main and mizen, but, crippled as she was, she still maintained a stout resistance, and when the Frenchman, repeating her former manœuvre, renewed the fight a third and yet a fourth time, her injured opponent continued to return her fire as stoutly as ever. Her mainmast

(*Continued on page 106*)

"But I always thought my skin was greasy, Jane Seymour"

A woman came to my Salon not long ago and said she wanted all the right preparations for a greasy skin.

"Excuse me," I said, smiling, "your skin is dry, not greasy."

"Impossible!" she said. "Look at those oily pores all round my nose."

"I expect that's because you use cold cream at night and never follow it up with a skin tonic," I said. "The dryest skin will exude grease round the nose, if you let the pores get choked and out of condition."

"What your skin needs," I continued, "is a thorough 'wash' with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic every night, then pat in Orange Skin Food, carefully avoiding your nose. In the morning, splash on more Juniper, and make up with Petal Cream and Dry Skin Powder."

Well, she was very doubtful but she agreed to try it, and this morning I have a delighted note from her saying: "You were right, after all. My skin *was* dry. I *am* glad I took your advice."

Are you using the right preparations for your type of skin? Make sure. Get my book "Speaking Frankly" from any shop that sells my preparations, or direct from Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor St., Bond St., London, W.1. Mayfair 3712, Salon Extension 3.

Trade Mark

Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

was the next to suffer, several of her guns had been put out of action, and her decks were strewn with the killed and wounded, while her steering was disabled so that she lay a helpless hulk, unable either to avoid or to return the *Piedmontaise's* crippling fire. Finally the mizenmast crashed down, involving in its fall all the guns on the *Warren Hastings's* upper deck.

Resistance was no longer possible, and the captain, seeing no hope of avoiding capture, reluctantly gave the command to lower his colours.

But the troubles of the *Warren Hastings* were not yet over. As she rolled helpless and dismasted in the trough of the sea, she was driven against the French ship's side, and a horde of excited seamen, led by the *Piedmontaise's* first lieutenant, poured on board. Contemporary accounts state that the French crew had been primed with drink to rouse their fighting spirit, a practice which was followed, among others, by the celebrated corsair Surcouf before an engagement. However that may be, they certainly got completely out of hand, and before they could be checked, Captain Larkins and several of his officers had been seriously, though not fatally, wounded by the knives of the boarders.

The *Warren Hastings* was towed into Mauritius by her captor, which was herself destined before many years had passed to meet the same fate as her unlucky adversary in this spirited duel. She was taken after a brisk engagement by the thirty-six-gun frigate *San Fiorenzo*, whose superior sailing qualities enabled her to get the better of a ship vastly her superior in weight of metal and in the number of her crew.

IN the old waterside church of Rotherhithe there may be seen a memorial tablet to Captain Henry Meriton, who, after a career as exciting and eventful as any romance, lived to retire from the sea service and die quietly in his bed. As commander of the *Exeter* East Indiaman, which was later one of Dance's fleet in his fight with Linois's squadron, he was under convoy of the *Belliqueux* of sixty-four guns when three French frigates were sighted off the coast of Brazil, which promptly crowded on sail and made all haste to depart when they realised the presence of a ship of the line. The *Belliqueux* gave chase to the *Concorde*, the largest of the trio, and soon overhauled and took her. The *Exeter*, in the meantime, pursued the *Medee* of thirty-six guns, and towards sunset ranged alongside her and called on her commander to surrender. Rather to Captain Meriton's surprise, the French captain at once complied.

"To what ship have I surrendered?" he inquired when he handed over his sword; only to learn to his great surprise and chagrin that his daring pursuer was a mere merchant vessel with an armament considerably inferior to his own!

Meriton's next engagement ended less fortunately. Off the island of Mayotta, to the northward of Madagascar, his ship, the *Ceylon*, outward bound with troops in company with the *Windham* and *Astell*, was attacked by two French frigates and a corvette, and after a stout resistance she and the *Windham* were both captured, the *Astell*, badly damaged and having lost many killed and wounded, making good her escape during the hours of darkness. Meriton himself was badly wounded in the neck by grapeshot at the moment when he was endeavouring to manœuvre his crippled vessel alongside his French opponent so as to give effect to the musketry fire of the troops on board.

In his early years at sea, Meriton had already escaped death almost by a miracle. He was among the officers of the ill-fated *Halsewell* when during the night of January 5, 1786, she drove on the rocks on the coast of the Isle of Purbeck, and very quickly went to pieces in the surf. Out of two hundred and forty on board the doomed ship only seventy-four were saved; these reached safety only by climbing up the almost perpendicular rock face until they could be hauled up by ropes lowered from above.

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Within a few miles of the scene of the *Halsewell's* loss the *Earl of Abergavenny*, commanded by Captain John Wordsworth, a brother of the poet, drove on to the dreaded Shambles on February 5, 1805, and although she at last cleared the rocks sank in twelve fathoms of water. Nearly two hundred men were left clinging to the tops and rigging of the ship, in the cold and darkness; one by one they were swept away by the seas, or became too chilled and weak to hold on any longer. About midnight a sloop of war, which had heard the ship's signal guns, arrived on the scene and took off the remaining survivors, sixty in number. Captain Wordsworth, who had many of the qualities of his famous brother, and was known in the service as "the Philosopher," had elected to go down with his ship. Mr. Gilpin, the fourth officer, whose conduct on this occasion showed the greatest courage and resource, risked his own life to save his superior officer, but in vain. "The ship is going," the chief officer, Mr. Baggot, told him. "Let her go," replied Captain Wordsworth, "God's will be done." A few moments later, the vessel took her final plunge.

Storm and tempest—fire—shipwreck—the guns of enemies—all played their part in the passing of the ships of John Company's fleet; and above all the hand of Time and Change. One by one they have passed into oblivion, and where their mouldering ribs lie there is none to tell. Only under the shadow of the Rock of Gibraltar, hardly noticed by most of the passengers in the liners who glance in passing at the row of old sailing ship hulks that lie there, the old *Java* still remains after more than a hundred years—last of the East Indiamen.

END

Buying for Baby

(*Continued from page* 69)

A SPRING interior mattress is another economy buy. It gives the maximum of health and comfort and wears through thick and thin. You can get one now with a damp-resisting covering. It is made entirely without tufts and buttons and costs forty-two shillings.

There are much cheaper types of mattress, it is true, but for health and long life and hard treatment you will find a spring interior mattress of this kind a sound investment.

Bedclothes for the older child need to be light, warm and easily washable. Candlewick bedspreads have become popular for nursery use.

They have all the gaiety of colouring and delicacy of appearance that nursery use demands. Yet they are tough, wash most excellently and need no ironing.

A further point in their favour is that they are thick and warm for covering. These covers, which are, traditionally, of American origin, have not hitherto been inexpensive, but now that English manufacturers are producing them, the cost may be expected to come down fairly rapidly.

For the present, a full-size cot spread costs twenty-three and sixpence. This can be expected to last out several nursery lifetimes and to look charming at the end.

THE baby carriage is apt to be an expensive item, but it is commonly recognised now that one can spend more lavishly on this item of the child's equipment than either his health or his comfort demand.

If you select the type of baby carriage that will carry your baby through to the age of five or six years, it is hardly an extravagance to pay six or seven guineas for it. At this price you can have a mohair exterior in place of leather. This material is most attractive in appearance and looks rather like a dull surface alpaca. It is infinitely tougher than leather, which is inclined to crack.

Folding carriages in this material can be had from as little as three and a half guineas, but for long life and hard service, five or six guineas is an economic price.

END

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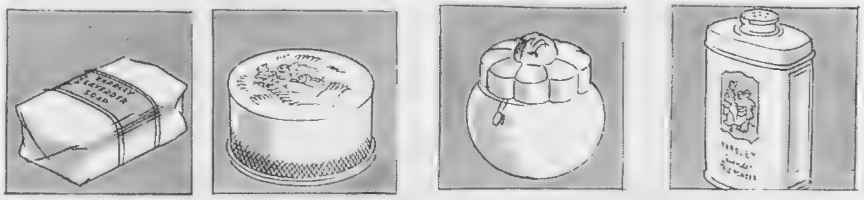
THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE **For her début choose the Yardley Lavender—fresh as a spring morning—sweet and charming and the ideal perfume for the young girl. The choice, too, of the woman of fashion for all daytime and informal occasions, and the perfect complement of complexions made lovely by the Yardley Beauty products.** *Yardley Lavender 2/6 to 42/-, Soap (in boxes of three tablets) 2/6, Face Powder 2/-, English Complexion Cream 3/6, Talc 1/2, etc.*



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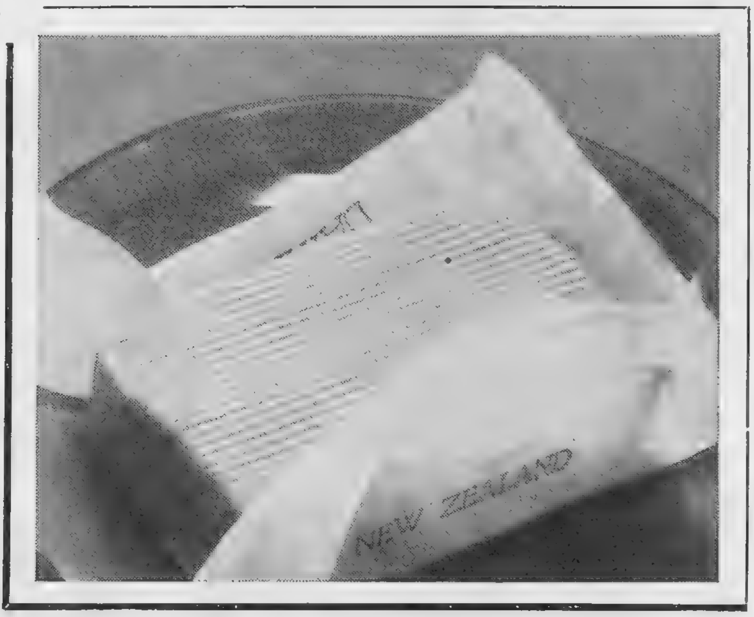

These last few weeks of Winter are the testing time for most of us. But while we're blaming the long lack of sunshine for our minor ills and chills let us be thankful for sunshine *foods*—for New Zealand butter especially. This delicious *Summer* butter from a country of fresh green pasturelands is rich in those health-giving vitamins which ward off Winter's ailments. There is *no substitute* for butter but New Zealand butter is a very fine substitute for the sun!

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

★ *Ask for it by name*

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Why? Because we're terribly hard up. Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work; consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

SWISS COTTAGE - LONDON, N.W.3

The Women I Meet

(*Continued from page* 31)

that in many ways, in their seclusion, the Arab women know more of peace and happiness than do we in our freedom. She herself went into "purdah" once for a fortnight, and she says that she has never forgotten the restfulness she then experienced.

Yet there is a note of tragedy when she tells you of a little bride counting the days to her wedding, convinced that the bridegroom was a certain young sheikh who rode by her window each day on a wild-maned white horse. And she went so readily to her unknown husband's house, bound in the darkness of a sack, according to tradition, to find that she had been given to the elder, hunchback brother.

But travel, adventure, yachting—Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is a member of the Motor Yacht Club du Côté d'Azur, and when she has the chance to be in the South of France always gets the fastest speedboat available — those interests are really the holiday part of her life and her life is by no means spent on holiday. Her home is in London, and most women could not help but envy her her lovely town house which was once Beau Brummel's, and retains all the perfection of its period.

Such a lovely house, when so many of its kind have been pulled down, forfeit to modern progress! On the ground-floor is a library, two sides of which glow with rich leather bindings, the end wall can fold back to open into a matching panelled dining-room. There is a dining-table with a mirror-like patina, noted for its exquisite floral decorations and candle-lit always, upon which are used glasses brought from France for her own use by the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots.

Above is a vast drawing-room in which hang "Watts" family portraits, which include Sir Weldon's grandmother Sophia, Lady Dalrymple, one of five lovely sisters famous for their wonderful eyes and graceful beauty to whom Sir Weldon's wife bears quite a resemblance.

It is a house which has always known great entertainment and demands it, but while Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is a noted hostess she acts in that capacity usually with a charitable object in view. It is said that she has helped to raise more money for every deserving cause than it is possible to believe.

Her success she attributes to the fact that she does not ask anybody to buy anything, give anything or do anything and under no circumstances does she handle any money concerned. She entertains people who believe in her, very beautifully, explains to them the need of the moment and the support is ungrudgingly forthcoming.

It does seem to me that hers is a life fully lived and with the courage, endurance, and unselfish concentration which all its phases demand; it is a life which deserves the happiness which is its keynote, and the rewards of its venturesomeness.

ANOTHER of those who know what it is to be venturesome is LADY ELEANOR SMITH.

The life she has chosen and developed for herself has its rewards and its fascination, for wherever she is, she can carry with her her own world, and with the friends, enemies, the companions of merriment or tears of her own creation—to the creative artist so much more real often than those of reality—she can never be lonely.

She dresses nearly always in the clever, plain black which one associates with Parisian perfection, which suits her gipsy dark hair, her clear cut features and the pale skin against which her eyes seem very bright and alert.

Her expression changes continually as she talks and conveys an impression of unquenchable vitality. Her hands are restless with quick gesture and on one wrist she wears always her mascot, a tiger claw from a circus beast she knew well, which hangs from a thin, gold bangle which holds an elephant's hair.

That mascot seems to serve her well for there is a will-o'-the-wisp urge in her from time to time and she is capable, as she has already proved, of shutting her eyes, sticking a pin in the map of the world for a choice of destination and setting out for it then and there. The last time she did it she found herself in Roumania, which sent her straying on into all sorts of odd places in the Balkans, and so much did she enjoy herself that it is, in a way, surprising that she is back in London again. But Spain is the country for which she has almost the greatest love, and which she has known from an early age, for it was her father, the late Lord Birkenhead, who frequently took her and her brother there and taught her to appreciate the colour, the excitement and the technique of the bull-ring. That has lingered in her interest in boxing, which she follows closely, seldom missing a big fight.

But she is a person who loves contrasts. She is always susceptible to the beckoning lure of the sun, yet if she can be happier than lying baking like a lizard in blistering heat it is walking with the wind in her face across a frozen lake in Sweden or Denmark. She can live joyously under the most extreme conditions of discomfort, win brigands into friendship and service, work in comradeship with those whose work interests her whatever its conditions. And then you may see her elegant, sophisticated, witty to the last word of modernity, looking as if she could have no comprehension of anything but the utmost in sheltered luxury.

But in all her writing, as in herself, there is the ring of utter sincerity. She has known the types she portrays, has eaten with them, laughed with them, lived the actual conditions of their lives. In setting herself to recreate them she has sought and found the names by which to her they should be known, then as they have come to life for her in her imagination, lived with them again until she has pinned them down across the sheets of her manuscript.

That has no doubt contributed greatly to her success, but as well, she has the concentration and determination necessary for the hours of hard toil without which success, if it comes, can only be a flash in the pan. She writes in longhand only, and works every afternoon and every evening after dinner until late. So unless you find her roving in her gipsy mood, you will seldom see her. She has not the time for cocktail parties, dancing and the round of social engagements. With an output of two books a year (her next is a form of reminiscences and impressions garnered from her vivid receptiveness, and is just due for publication), she has few hours to spare. Then there is broadcasting, filmscript writing, and numerous journalistic articles to leave her with barely leisure for her thoughts. Young as she is she is well up the ladder which leads to worthwhile recognition and she has found in herself and the unfolding of her talent that which makes her life very well worth while.

ANOTHER woman with a key to a magic world is OLGA LYNN. Hers is a world from which may of us are excluded, whether we are aware of it or not. It is the world of Music.

We know that owing to human limitations it is only to the very few that the portals of that intangible yet puissant kingdom are thrown open, so that in consequence there are no others through which genius may not pass to be welcomed. But for the rest of us, such gifts are beyond our possibilities. Many have appreciation, some ability to interpret to some extent, others, more sadly, have little of the knowledge of the fundamentals of music which its genuine understanding requires, and the intoxicating uplift of the senses which so sways those within its enchanted power is unknown to them; circumstances, for others, render music in its ultimate perfection beyond their hearing. So many of us are outside a circle within which is beauty we cannot touch.

But in that beauty Miss Olga Lynn has spent all her life.

(*Continued on page* 110)

Dates by the dozen
FOR THE GIRL WITH DAZZLING SKIN!

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ANALYSIS OF GLAMOUR

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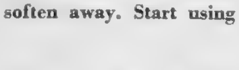
SCIENTISTS now know that if your skin lacks one certain vitamin, it can't renew itself. Then it becomes rough, dull, subject to blemishes, looks years older. But now you can put this "skin-vitamin" directly *into* your skin by applying it *on to* your skin in Pond's Cream. Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream contain this beauty-making "skin-vitamin." Women have found that the "skin-vitamin" makes their skin smoother, fresher in colour, makes pores smaller, makes lines soften away. Start using Pond's Cream *today.*

Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the "skin-vitamin" is in the cream. This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a cleansing cream that melts as it is applied

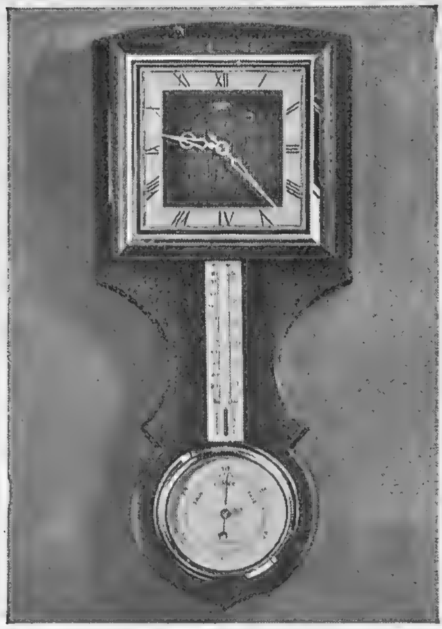


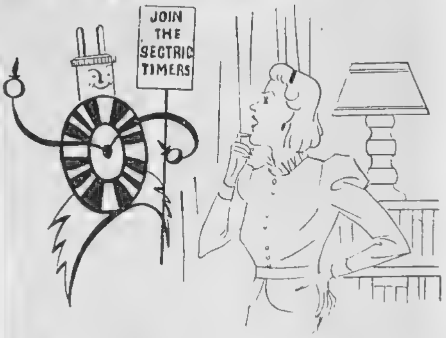
Lady Rosemary Gresham

HER BEAUTY CARE: Lady Rosemary says, "I use Pond's Cold Cream every night. One application to remove all dirt. Then I pat on more to keep the skin stimulated and feed it with the 'skin-vitamin.' I use this cream in the morning, too. When the 'skin-vitamin' was added to it, I could see that my complexion was made smoother, brighter and finer than before."

HER MAKE-UP: "Before powdering, I make my skin soft and smooth with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds my powder for hours and protects my skin against bad weather. Thanks to the 'skin-vitamin' in it, Pond's Vanishing Cream has made my complexion look younger and clearer in colour."

"Sceptic or 'Sectric' Timer?"





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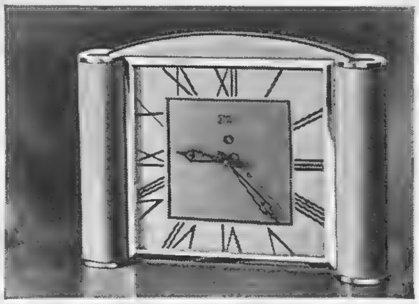

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She has lived for and with music; for her there is little else but the serving of it.

Before she herself sang in opera she had known all and studied under most of those who reigned then by the divine right of their art; later it was she who persuaded, for example, Rinaldo Hahn, the French composer to come to London with Ninon Vallin to interpret with her unforgettable voice his works. The Anglo-French committee of which Lady Chamberlain was the head, with its object of the interchange of French and English artistes owes much to her work for it; it was she who was the pioneer of the Æolus concerts first given at Brook House before its rebuilding, at Lady Cunard's, and in Londonderry House, to which were attracted those whose names must linger always in musical history, Horowitz, Cassals and Suggia, Lotte Lehmann, Elizabeth Shumann, Piatigarski, Orloff and many others to hold their hearers spellbound.

There is indomitable force and capability in Olga Lynn which shines out of her large brown eyes and lurks in her smile. She has a personality which has made itself felt in London as well as elsewhere. Although she has a great sense of fun she is a worker, and has little use for those who do not work. She has her studio of pupils and she devotes her energies wholly to furthering in others that which to her is such joy, and she says with the fervour of a priestess "Music in England must be upheld, for the English have become a truly music-loving nation."

Besides being a great admirer of Sadler's Wells (she is on their executive committee) Olga Lynn is interested in the forthcoming London Music Festival which includes six Toscanini concerts as well as other outstanding events. Lady Ravensdale and Lady Jowitt are chairmen of the ladies' committee on which Olga Lynn also serves. Whether it is Salzburg, London, or Gryndebourne, I think one can say no musical event seems quite complete without her presence. It is no wonder that she knows both ecstasy and contentment, and considering her self-fulfilment it seems as if outside the world of music, Life is a little empty.

ANOTHER world into which many of us would like to stray is that world of great wealth in which MISS RACHEL PARSONS has her place.

Hers is a life of which one might well dream. She lives in a great house in Grosvenor Square, one of the last of those palace-like private houses, which is filled with beautiful furniture and pictures, while priceless rugs cover the marble or parquet floors. There she knows the enjoyment of entertaining lavishly, there she has had the privilege of receiving royalty. She is to be seen everywhere in London, for she has strength and vitality to stand late hours which she insists stimulates her, and she loves dancing.

She has her own racehorses which are trained by Mr. Attee Persse, among them that popular winner "Battlecruiser," so she knows the thrill of seeing her colours, pale blue with violet stripes, carried past the winning post. She has the excitement of the hunting field, for she hunts with the Whaddon and good fortune with it, since she has never had a fall. She has "Ray," a mansion in Northumberland, set in lonely moors which has vast acres of shooting.

All this is only natural with the wealth and interests in the great shipbuilding and engineering works up on the Tyne which she has inherited from her father, the Hon. Sir Charles Parsons, but Miss Parsons is a woman whose relaxations are more in evidence than the real seriousness with which she deals with her life. Under her father's influence she became a qualified naval engineer—there are, perhaps, only three other women in England with such a profession, and she is competent to deal with the grave problems which are encountered in the running of a great industry. Her opinions are of value and she is well able to form her own decisions. Her eyes are watchful and attentive, but when she smiles you forget that she can be serious and smile back at her charm.

Her voice is beautifully pitched and she speaks slowly and deliberately with no slipshod enunciation or affected mannerisms, just as she can sit in a chair with utter repose, so rare in these days of fidgeting. She is as much at home at a directors' meeting as in any social gathering, but her main interest has become politics. She has already once stood for Parliament, contesting a strongly-held Labour seat, through which she gained valuable experience. She has now made up her mind to stand again with the strength of even more matured opinions. With her steady brain and her direct outlook it is not surprising that the possession and control of wealth, the position of a social leader in London, the pleasures of town and country are not sufficient for her but that she must enrich further by service a life which seems much like a fairy tale, but with the responsibilities of which I doubt many women, had they the chance, could deal.

MOST, I think though, would like to find themselves the possessors of such loveliness as is the LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY'S.

She is one of the few women who can really look well with her hair dressed high in the Edwardian style, but then she has the delicate features, the exquisitely-set ears, the chiselled profile which it demands. And she loves Edwardian clothes, both because she considers them becoming as well as fashionable, and because of their femininity, which is understandable, for while Lady Stanley has that cool repose of manner possessed by women of that period she, like them, is essentially feminine.

She will laugh and tell you that in all her life she has never been able to pass a hat shop and that the more frivolous the hat she sees the more impelled she is to go in and buy it and put it on at once. If you were to suggest that she might be interested, as are many other women in flying, hunting, or big game shooting or fishing, she would look at you with considerable surprise.

Travel, yes, but she likes civilisation, not the wilds. She would like to spend six months of her year in America, she says, where she has already visited considerably and where she has many friends, not only in New York but in Florida and the sunny paradise of Nassau. There she enjoyed swimming, which she loves, but not as much as skating. That to her is the most perfect form of enjoyment with its grace and speed and the accompanying buoyancy of musical rhythm. To rhythm she is very sensitive, "Jazz mad" she calls herself and most of the time that she is at home the radiogram is playing her favourite swing records.

But most of her real interests are "home" interests which appeal to most women. She has a flair for interior decoration at which she has worked and studied. That is obvious in her quiet flat by the canal in Regent's Park. It has plain cream walls and severe modern furniture sparsely placed, with hangings of a warm russet-brown patterned with white flowers. There is rush-matting woven into carpet, and here and there, instead of pictures are antique maps which she has collected, one of them a very "long ago" Spain, to add unobtrusive colouring to a very tranquil background.

She is also, now, a rigid believer in a diet, which she carries out punctiliously. No sugar, except that obtained from salads such as beetroot, or honey; very little alcohol, fish and meat in small quantities, fruit, of course, but vegetable soups are the most important part of her menu. Certainly she has the most perfect complexion and figure and is the picture of health which is ninety per cent of beauty. One hundred per cent in its preservation is the self-control which refuses to succumb to temptation, and so few of us are really able to preserve a discipline even though we covet its rewards.

BUT if one could slip into someone else's shoes. . . . I wonder. . . .

There are those of MISS DIANA MILLS, daughter of the

(*Continued on page* 112)

HIGHLY-STRUNG SENSITIVE CHILDREN usually go furthest in life

But there are DANGERS *that have to be watched during childhood*

PARENTS should be happy if their children are the highly-strung, sensitive type, because it is usually these children who go furthest in life.

But the danger with these children is that because they are highly-strung they may live too intensely. They may burn themselves out like lamps with too bright a flame.

Fortunately you can tell very quickly when this is beginning to happen. The child will go off his food, be finicky at meals. He'll get pale, puffy under the eyes — sometimes even lose weight. He'll tire easily, get fretful or listless. Every parent should be able to recognise these symptoms and what they mean.

They mean that the child is using up his energy far more quickly than he is replacing it. And it is at night, *during sleep*, that these stores of energy should be replaced. If they are not replaced, the nervous strain on the child gets worse and worse. He's suffering from Night Starvation.

At the first sign of any of these symptoms you should act, and act quickly. Give your child Horlicks — a hot cupful every night at bedtime. Horlicks will guard him against Night Starvation by replacing his nervous energy during sleep.

Almost at once your child's appetite will improve. He'll begin to lose his pallor and tiredness and be a happy, sturdy youngster. Safe from the terrible danger of nervous exhaustion, he'll grow up strong and healthy, able to make the utmost of his special gifts and capabilities.

* * *

Start your child on Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

The ENERGY FOOD in endless variety

BREAD is the most versatile of all foods. No other can be put to so many uses — none goes so well in company with other foods, and none can be eaten in so many different and delightful ways. Even considered by itself, there is endless variety in the kinds of Bread you can enjoy.

FOR THE TOASTING FORK Toast supplies in perfection that much-advocated "scrunchiness" and the split-tin is the best of all for making toast. It's grand for teeth.

TO SLICE FOR SANDWICHES The long square loaf that cuts so nicely to the right sandwich shape.

FOR TEETH AND GOOD DIGESTION French bread for instance—or Vienna bread—for then you get the lovely fresh flavour along with the easily-digested crust.

TO TAKE AT TEA-TIME The small brown loaf, or the hearth loaf, or currant bread makes a tasty and delightful change.

GRAND FOR YOUNG AND OLD is the round loaf or maybe the Coburg with knobbly points.

THE LOAF FOR ALL USES For the family with a hearty appetite there is nothing more economical than the Cottage loaf. It goes so far and it cuts up into such large convenient slices.

MILK LOAVES FOR A CHANGE OF FLAVOUR Bread and milk form the perfect diet and with milk bread you come near to the perfect food

BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.518

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee" c/o "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply*.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

The Women I Meet

Hon. Algernon Mills, second son of the late Lord Hillingdon. She is Australian born, one of the most photographed girls in London society, one of the most sought-after bridesmaids, though I doubt if she will attend her next wedding in that capacity.

It is no wonder that she attracts notice for she has more than prettiness. She has dark hair swept back from a wide, intelligent brow; she is tall and graceful with grace of manner also.

She is twenty-three years old. Behind her are those few years of experience to give her a sense of perspective, ahead of her are all the years in which all that any one can dream of may happen to her. Travel, adventure, brilliance in a career, a great position. Loveliness she already has, and romance and happiness must come to her.

But she has a quiet seriousness, a thoughtfulness. It is as if she knows and has always known what she wants out of life. She reads, she works for a creche in Twickenham, she knits in her spare time garments for the children there, she loves cooking and she has a "green thumb" as gardeners say, for anything will grow for her. And she does not mind giving up time which might be spent in amusements suited to her youth for A.R.P. training, in which she has completed two courses.

She is twenty-three. She has so much more than those who seem to have so much. For ahead of her stretches all the future and its hidden treasure.

END

Got a Headache?

(*Continued from page* 52)

In certain cases, the distention, after swallowing gin, seems to vanish.

Half an hour later, a cup of weak China tea, drunk as hot as you can bear it, is an excellent restorative.

But the first thing to do in every case is to lie down on your left side with your feet raised on cushions to at least eighteen inches above your head. After a quarter of an hour like this, lie on the right side. To the left again, this time with the head raised and the feet down, and so on, until the pain has gone.

Moreover, as a pressure headache is what is known as "reflected" pain, and usually precedes a poor state of health for several days, it would be the height of unwisdom to try and suppress it with aspirin and then rush off to any but the most imperative engagement. Social functions would only exhaust the last reserve of energy, and vitality would thereby be impaired for a time

END

Next Best Thing to a New Face

(*Continued from page* 53)

home and left on for about half an hour while lying in the bath. The good done is nothing short of miraculous. Burning seems be knocked out from behind the eyes, any sensation of sagging disappears with the weight of having a head on your shoulders. The transformation is one from being weighed down to being held up. It is a terrific uplifter.

The face is prepared with cleansing cream, removed by skin tonic before the mask is stroked on. After thirty minutes it is bathed in warm water, dried, fed with a gentle nourishing cream, patted with skin tonic. By then, the skin is young, transparent, baby-form. Make-up slips on like silk, gives the skin a positive radiance.

Cyclamen is the name of the Arden perfume for 1939. An exquisite essence, luxurious beyond belief. A few ounces of it are mounted in a fan-shaped shell bottle, framed in a cyclamen triangle. It can also be obtained in a half-ounce bottle. A drop of it off a glass rod will be sufficient to give the average woman all she needs of a conquering superiority complex.

END

Make the Most of Yourself

(*Continued from page* 39)

and quite a lot of practice. Otherwise it can easily enhance those very points you are seeking to disguise.

If you are not sure of yourself, again go to an artist. Pay your money at a beauty salon for a lesson in applying the properly blended make-up for your type. This is not an extravagance, it is the price to you of distinction, attraction. Anybody can use make-up, but few people can use it improvingly.

So learn from an expert. Use your mascara, rouge and lipstick as carefully as if they were dynamite. They will soon banish your colourlessness.

If you are naturally pale with the transparency that is not of ill-health and sluggish circulation, go all out to make a feature of your paleness.

Feed your skin with good nourishing cream, coax and care for it until it is fine and white and delicate. Make up your eyes and lips to accentuate its lily paleness, and be grateful you have such a distinguishing charm.

Don't be a copyist, be an individual. Perhaps you can't be beautiful, but you can be different.

How about your figure? Is that a source of displeasure, too? If so, and you cannot improve it, make up your mind to like it anyway. The moment you allow self-consciousness about a physical characteristic to rule you it becomes a serious liability. Be like the man with the club foot who said, "anybody can have two feet alike. It takes a man like me to have two different ones."

So if you are tall or short or fat or thin, away with complexes. Pay meticulous care to dress. If your clothes are well cut, becoming to you and original in the best sense, any lack of perfect shapeliness behind them will be forgotten.

One thing is certain, you cannot possibly wear cheap clothes. Sooner than do this have only one dress a year, but spend all your allowance on it.

If you are over-tall, learn to carry yourself with grace and ease. A tall woman is only ridiculous and ungainly when she stoops or attempts to disguise her length.

Forget your hankering to be a thistledown creature and concentrate on being a successful tall woman. You can wear clothes well. You have dignity, presence, and it's your own fault if, through slovenly carriage, you are without grace.

If you are one of the pocket Venus type, concentrate on piquancy and daintiness. Again, see to it that your clothes are good and distinguished. Smallness of stature calls for some originality in dress if the wearer is to be noticed, yet originality must be in perfect taste. It is fatally easy for the small woman to look like a sparrow wearing a peacock's tail.

It takes hard work to be distinguished, but there is no deeper magic in it than that. Luck, of course, plays a part, but a small part. Don't put your faith in luck.

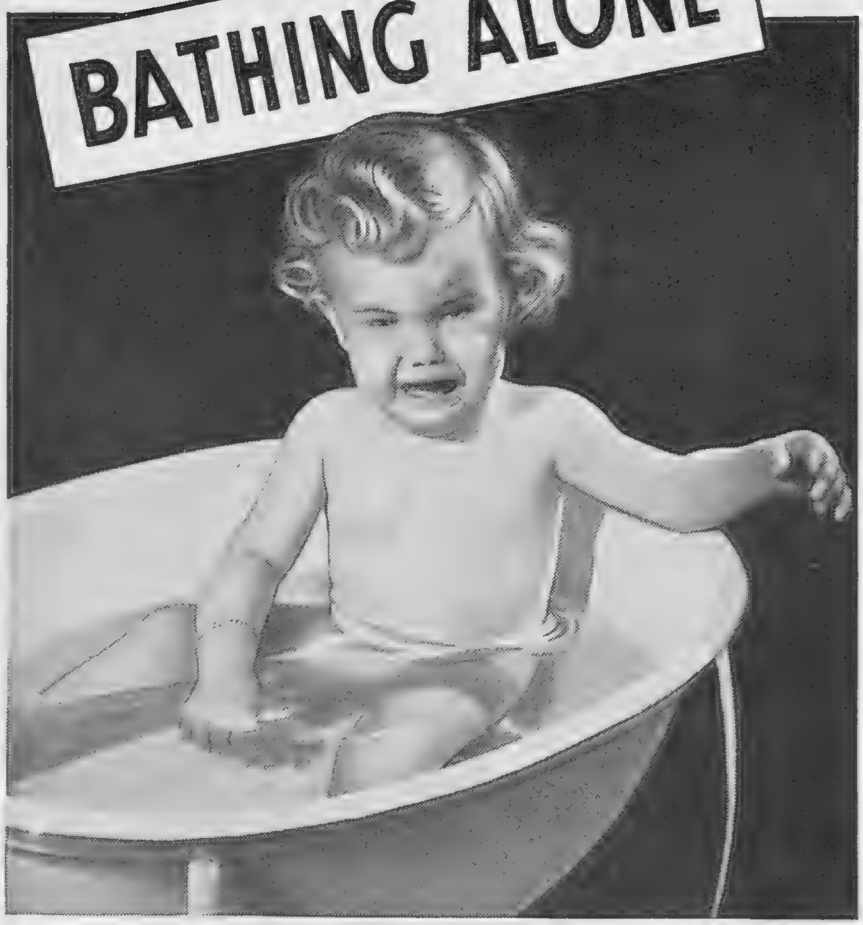
I guarantee you that an alert intellect, a grand sense of humour and a gay and sympathetic philosophy will carry you farther than good looks.

But you don't get anywhere without a fight. If your physical presence doesn't command attention you must get it by your personality, by your interest as an individual.

To do this you must be poised, sure of yourself, and self-confidence only comes with the knowledge that you have something to give.

Be a good talker if you can't be a good looker. Be a good listener if you can't be a good talker. Know about things. Be assured that within you is the power to become whatever you wish. Seize your opportunities. Work for your ambitions. Others have done it with less material than you.

BATHING ALONE



ONLY AGGRAVATES THAT HOT INFLAMED SKIN

Your baby's skin looks almost as delicate as a rose petal, so easily chafed and inflamed that only by careful choice of powder and soap can you keep your little one free from skin troubles.

The most valuable aid to baby's comfort is Cuticura Talcum which instantly makes the skin as smooth as velvet and has wonderful absorbent properties that help so much to prevent the irritating dampness which causes chafing and "nappy" soreness.

Use Cuticura Talcum regularly as your baby's powder and see how smooth and comfortable it keeps his skin. You, too, will enjoy using Cuticura Talcum.

★ For baby's soap use Cuticura Soap, medicinal and antiseptic and so soothing to sensitive skins. To heal pimples, rashes, and skin troubles there is nothing better than Cuticura Brand Ointment.

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BEAUTY
BATH
Lovely throat and arms for evening
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The **OLIVE OIL** *in* **PALMOLIVE**
keeps her Schoolgirl Complexion all over

This is the girl with the lovely complexion—the girl whose beauty goes further than her face. The girl who's proud of her skin wherever it's on show—because she baths daily with Palmolive. Every Palmolive bath is a veritable beauty bath. Palmolive's velvety, searching lather is rich with olive oil, the gentlest, most thorough cleanser on earth, on the word of 20,000 beauty specialists. So use Palmolive all over. Don't be content to be lovely in patches. Be clean, be fresh and fragrant, be Schoolgirl Complexion *all over* with Palmolive.

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HAPPY CHILDREN make CONTENTED MEN and WOMEN

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PLEASE HELP THIS WORK

10/-
feeds one child for a fortnight

Cheques, etc., payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes and crossed: addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

Why Shuster Died

(*Continued from page* 15)

It was a year after this that I asked Dolly Shuster to marry me. We were sitting in that little bungalow with the sun shining through the pale yellow curtains and falling on the tea-table set with yellow cups and saucers. I had chosen a time when I knew she would be alone.

Dolly simply laughed: laughed just in the way Shuster had laughed that day when I asked him about the influences on the Restoration poets. I used to go hot all over when these Shusters laughed at me. My God! What did they have on me, anyhow? A skivvy and a guy who was brought up on Master Marmaduke's left-overs. I just went hot all over. I could feel the sweat coming out of my eyebrows and making my spectacles go dim as I sat there staring at the white knobs where my tautened hands pulled the skin over my knuckles. I looked up suddenly at Dolly, with her head thrown back, laughing. Her throat was very slim and white, and I thought of her throat and of those taut knuckles of mine, and I rushed into the hall and picked up my hat.

She rushed out after me, and put a hand on my arm. "I'm sorry," she said. "But, you see, Charles and I have schemes."

Just like that. "Charles and I have schemes." So important. So marvellous. Charles and I. Such schemes—nothing that a poor slob like Herbert Milner could fit into or understand.

Well, so have I got schemes. Shuster isn't the only reporter on the *Comet*. "Look here, Mr. Stabler, I'm fed up with the police court. Four out of six days last week. Every day so far this week. Why does Shuster get all the fancy work, all the descriptive writing? You going to keep me here for a hack all my days?"

Stabler scratched his ear with his pencil. "Well," he said at last, pulling at the hairs in his ears in a way he had, "I reckon we could do with a new hand on the courts There's no reason why they should be as dull as ditch-water. You take the day off. Take the office pass and have a blow on the channel steamers. You're getting stale."

"Very well, Mr. Stabler," I said. "You see if Shuster keeps fresh doing the damned courts day after day."

Stabler flicked the steamer pass over the table. "Go and get cool," he said.

I took the pass, but I didn't go on the steamers. I took the tram to the pier head and sat there watching the boats and the gulls, and then I thought what enormous distances gulls could travel, and what an idea it would be if a gull who had sailed over a ship say in Rangoon or Sydney harbour was now sailing over the same ship at Cardiff pier head.

It seemed to me the sort of idea for a little piece like Shuster used to write, signed with his initials. I'd never had my initials in the paper. Well, you get on with the courts, C.S., I thought. You be brilliant about them. Now I'll have a shot. And there and then I took a pad of copy-paper out of my pocket and began to write. "It's a small world," I began.

"And it's a small paper," said Stabler, "a damned sight too small for this sort of thing. My dear Milner, if you must try and be a writer, and not a reporter, for the love of Mike study writing. Study Shuster. Would he begin with a stinking cliché like that? Study what he's written about the police courts to-day. I'll keep him on them for a bit. What about your holidays? Would you like to take them now?"

My eyebrows went damp and fogged my glasses. I took them off and wiped them, and had a blurred image of Stabler sitting there pulling at the hairs of his ears, smiling tolerantly. God! How I hated that smile! Everybody seemed to wear it especially for me.

"Yes, I'll take my holidays, Mr. Stabler," I told him.

"Begin to-morrow," he said.

It was during this holiday that I discovered how to kill Shuster.

I had to kill him. I didn't take any one with me, and so I had all day long, every day, for a fortnight to think about him, and about Dolly Shuster and Mr. Stabler all smiling that tolerant, intolerable smile. Shuster was behind it all. Always, from the beginning, he had been cock of the walk, attracting every one's eyes, doing everything with easy brilliance, leaving nothing but the pickings for me. "I'm Shuster!" All right, you're Shuster. And I'm Milner.

Everybody had forgotten the hue and cry about the missing poison. I forget what the stuff was called, and if I knew I wouldn't write it here, because I have a conscience, I don't want any one to do what I did. I had a reason.

This poison was produced in the police court one day when I was reporting there. It was fearful stuff. The smallest quantity taken into the human system would cause death, and death would occur about half an hour after the stuff was taken. I suddenly remembered this one afternoon when I was lying on a cliff top, watching the gulls and thinking of that article which Stabler wouldn't use.

When the police doctor described the effects of this poison in the police court everybody gazed fascinated at the little glass phial that he held up in his hand. Then he placed it in cotton-wool in a small cardboard box on the table before him.

There was a terrific row when it was found later in the day that the poison was lost. I was leaving the court when I saw an officer disappearing down the corridor with a handful of papers and this and that connected with the case. Lying at my feet was the small white cardboard box, unmistakable. My impulse was to call after him. But I waited till he had turned the corner. Then I picked up the box, put it in my pocket. and went back to the office.

I thought of all this as I watched the gulls wheeling in the sky. Take it from me, there's a lot to think about when you're going to kill a man. That is, unless you're one of the fools who see red. Then you just kill, and take your chance.

I wasn't taking any chance. I didn't hurry. I wanted a fool-proof scheme. It isn't easy to give a man poison and get away with it.

It came to me in a flash. I was swimming, or rather lying on my back, floating, looking up at the gulls that were dim flashes of white because I didn't have my spectacles on. And there and then the idea came, finished and complete.

I turned over at once and swam ashore at terrific speed. I felt now that I didn't want to lose a minute. No need to wait now! I told my landlady some cock-and-bull story about an urgent recall, packed up, and was back in Cardiff that evening.

There was just one detail I wanted to work out. The next day I posted a note to Shuster saying that I had returned earlier than I expected and that I would call that evening, hoping to find him in. I was in lodgings now, and there was a pillar-box just outside the gate. I noted that the letters would be cleared at 3.15 p.m. I dropped my note through the slot. Then I walked on down the street, laughing quietly to myself as I wondered what the old man on the other side of the road would think if he knew that he had witnessed the first step in the cleverest murder of all time.

No violence! Nothing desperate! But could the clever Shuster have worked out such a scheme as I had now set in motion? I wonder!

I strolled along to his place in the cool of the evening. I knew that there was a pillar-box at the end of his street. It would take him two minutes at most to reach it from his house.

The little tin square said that the last collection would be made at 8.45 p.m. It was now 8.15. A postman was coming along the street. He and I reached Shuster's house together. Shuster came to the door.

"Hallo, Herbert!" he cried, and there was that touch of raillery

(*Continued on page* 116)

'Look Madam!
HOW CLEAR
PHOENIX is!'

LOOK FOR THE PHOENIX MARK ON EVERY DISH

Cook and Serve in Phoenix as much as you like — it keeps clear always

It is clear when you buy it and, no matter how much you use it, it remains as crystal clear as the day it was bought. Phoenix dishes are economical to buy because they serve so many different purposes; in many cases you get three dishes for the price of one, the complete dish with the lid and base forming dishes which may be used separately.

Phoenix glassware is made in a variety of attractive shapes and sizes, is moderately priced and is guaranteed for 12 months against oven breakage.

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THE CLEAREST GLASS OVEN-WARE
'That's what you want Madam!'

COUPON for FREE Recipe Book

To: The British Heat-Resisting Glass Co. Ltd., Phoenix Works, Loxdale St., Bilston, Staffs. *Please send me attractive Recipe Book covering the whole art of cookery in glass and the serving of food straight from oven to table.* B.E

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Doctors recommend
INNOXA POWDER
15 shades 3/6
INNOXA MOUSSE DAY CREAM
3/6, 2/-

HER SKIN WILL BE LOVELY ALWAYS (LIKE HER MOTHER'S)

But only with Innoxa

She's lovely now and always will be. Innoxa Rouge and Powder add delicate brilliance to her natural skin tones. Her powder base . . . Mousse Day Cream . . . is infinitely protective . . . it holds powder firmly and invisibly . . . and it will cherish her skin for ever. She has used Complexion Milk since childhood, and Skin Food too. At thirty she will use Tissue Cream, and at forty, Vitormone . . . as her mother does today. And that is why her skin will never line or wrinkle.

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in his voice which I always hated when he spoke my name. "I thought you were still in Devonshire. Come on in."

"Didn't you get my letter?" I asked. "I wrote to say I was back and that I'd look in to-night."

"Here—half a minute—what's this? This is your fist. This'll be your letter."

It was. So now we know, Shuster, all that we want to know. Catch the 3.15 post from my pillar-box and the letter reaches you about 8.15. And the last post from your pillar-box is at 8.45. Good. That'll do nicely.

SHUSTER was alone. The table was littered with paper. He swept them aside and produced drinks. "A novel," he said. "What d'you think of that? At it at last. I've been thinking it over for a year. Now I'm dodging all the evening jobs I can. I work better in the evenings."

"Sorry to be disturbing you," I said.

"Don't apologise, Herbert. But don't come to-morrow. I shall be at a critical spot."

"You're off to-morrow too?"

"Yes; wangled it out of old man Stabler."

I was glad to hear that. That, too, Mr. Shuster, is something I very much wanted to know.

"Where's Dolly?" I asked him.

'Gone to London for a few days. I told her we'll be there for good within a year, so she said she'd go and see what the place was like. Did you ever hear anything so daft?"

"She's an impulsive girl," I said. "Well, your health, and good luck to the novel."

Presently I said: "I'm trying to get out of the *Comet*. I don't think Stabler likes me."

Shuster pooh-poohed that; but I was not convinced.

"I had a look round in Devonshire. There's a country weekly where I've got a chance. I had a talk with the editor and he wanted to know who C.S. was who signed the little pieces in the *Comet*."

Shuster pushed back his hair and smiled. "He'll know one of these days."

"He knows now," I said. "And look here, Shuster, seeing that he thinks no end of your work, would you sign a testimonial if I wanted one?"

"What about Stabler?"

"I told you—he hates me. He'd wrap up something nasty in it."

"Well—if it would help you. But it's unusual for one reporter to write a testimonial for another."

"Yes, I know; but this is a special case."

A very special case, Mr. Shuster.

I typed out the testimonial the next day; and in faint pencil wrote on the top of the sheet: "Dear S.—Kindly sign and return at once. Most urgent I should have it by first post in morning.—H.M."

I enclosed a stamped addressed envelope and posted it to catch the 3.15 clearance. That was all. That was how I murdered Shuster.

The testimonial, signed by him, came back this morning by the first post. You see, reaching him at 8.15, with the last post from his street leaving in half an hour, it would give him no time to think. "Oh, damn Milner!" he would say, or something like that, sign it, slip it in the envelope enclosed, seal it up, rush to the post and go home to die.

And there, posted back to me by his own hand, was every bit of evidence in the case: my note and the envelope which put death into his mouth when he licked the gum I had treated with the poison. I dropped the testimonial and the envelope into the fire, where the phial containing the rest of the poison went yesterday.

Then I went to the office, and there was Stabler saying "Shuster's late," as though Shuster were the only person who mattered to the paper. What about me, Mr. Stabler? Don't I count for anything? Don't you even ask if I had a good holiday?

END

New Moon Through Glass

(*Continued from page* 27)

"I'll go straight home."

He'd go straight home for weeks! Only too jolly glad to!

"I couldn't have m—married you."

"I should have remembered that," he admitted soberly.

He would take old Bertie Begerton out to lunch. Damn it! they'd saved that firm! Old Bertie's wall-eyed secretary was getting married anyway. He'd pay to have Bertie pay her off and install this child. He could call the tune there anyway!

"It would be terrible to see you every day—knowing that—everything was over."

"Terrible!" he agreed with her solemnly.

He had never felt such convulsive, hurtful tenderness and protectiveness as he felt for this absurd, theatrical child; and yet he wanted to shriek with laughter.

"I shall dream all my life of that little London flat of yours—the little flat with the central heating and the brown curtains where you stay when you're in town."

"It's very ordinary, my dear."

She said:

"It would have been—sanctified."

Never again! You couldn't handle these emotional youngsters. You had left their unreal, absurd world too far behind. You should never trail the mud of your real world across such strangeness.

"It is better so," he said.

She gave him a tremulous smile. Like an understudy playing a nun's part for the first time.

She was a delicious absurdity. New moon through glass!

But never, *never* again!

WHAT a world!

"Men had only to climb above their own absurd, crazy superstitions to be supermen." Who was it said . . . Wells? Shaw? Priestley? Never mind; one of them said something very telling about the age of reason.

Laughing Bess had won at twenty-to-one. He had put on fifteen pounds. £300! £300!

Moon seen through glass, my foot! My foot!

He had made fifty pounds on his transaction with Grey Elephant Mines. Mines were tricky things. All he knew of them were what he had read and seen on the films. Maybe he'd be sorry to-morrow when he saw the financial page. Might have made more! He'd got nerves there. Still. . . .

He began to hum.

Summer would soon be here. He would build that little pond. Twenty or thirty quid. Iris. Goldfish. A waterlily. He would scrap these old, worn-out lilacs and have a group of prunus there, throwing enchanting lace veils against the sky.

He pushed open the gate.

He would say to Mu, "Come and make it up with Su, old girl! She was howling her eyes out last night! Never slept a wink! She's not as young as she was and she gets things out of proportion sometimes. It's only to be expected."

After all Muriel Priest was two years older. That ought to touch her.

Muriel came to the door herself.

To his surprise Muriel Priest flung her arms round him and hugged him. She had been crying. Her eyes were swollen. Her nose was a cherry blob. He had never been so fond of her. The tears started in his eyes.

"Oh! Perce! It's lovely to see you."

"Er—umph—I just popped in."

"Robert's opened some champagne."

"For Heaven's sake! Mu!"

"Su's here," she whispered.

Her voice shook. She sniffed against his neck.

"Dear old Perky-Werky, come and have some bubbly."

Susan had been crying too. Howling herself sick by the look of her. She was sitting by Robert Priest and holding his hand and she looked very happy

(*Continued on page* 118)

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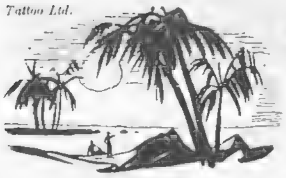

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and a little tiddly. She held out her hand.

On it sparkled the twenty guinea engagement ring he had bought nearly twenty-eight years ago.

"Where did you find it, Su?"

Robert was wringing his hand and winking. Winking happily and obscenely. "Wimmin" the wink said in Robert's own ineradicable Cockney accent. "Wimmin."

"I found it in my work basket, dear—and I was ashamed! Greta!"

"I told you you were a fool. That girl is as honest as the day."

"I was so ashamed, Percy. So I gave Greta—*the* curtains. She was delighted. You know the Germans make lace curtains of dried milk or something. She's going to be married—and who do you think to! That nice grocer's assistant—the nice one whose mother has that sweet cottage in Willow Lane."

"Oh dear, Su, what a bother for you!"

"Have to find another girl, that's all," said Susan.

Percy had his arm round Susan. It was as if they were all young again. Young and deliciously and excitingly full of themselves again, the link between them being small shared human experiences, a common emotional basis, and neat, realisable ambitions.

Robert said, a little thickly, for he had consumed the major portion of a couple of bottles of champagne.

"You can't beat ole-friends, I say. They're a part of yourself."

"Do you remember I was always going to build a pond?" said Percy Carver. "Well, boys an' girls, I'm going to build a pond. I got a rise to-day. I beat £300 a year out of old Brown."

He would tell old Robert presently about the horse and the Grey Elephant mines.

What a day!

They were all clucking their congratulations. Making him feel a fellow.

Robert opened a third bottle of champagne.

Susan said so fondly that it would have been an embarrassment before any other group:

"You'll be a director."

Hilariously Muriel Priest said:

"Let's all get a real cook or another baby—we can afford it now."

It was an old, old joke; but suddenly it seemed a deep link of old comradeship. It sounded warm and touchingly intimate.

"I don't know what's come over my child," said Susan Carver suddenly. "She's suddenly gone all reserved and moody."

"She's in love."

"I don't think so."

"That generation's very close."

"So were we!"

"Yes; but Lucie's been quite different."

Robert Priest said:

"I expect she worried about you two—yes YOU, you great goofs!" He slipped an arm round his Susan and Susan guarded her glass. "Say what you like they're sensitive that generation—in their own way."

"Oh! Robert. Do you think so!" Susan looked touched, gratified. "I'll tell her—it's all over," she brightened. "She'll see the curtains have gone."

"I *wish* you hadn't given them away, darling," said Muriel. "I didn't mind—not *really*. It was like you to do it. So impulsive and generous." She began to cry very happily.

THE grocer's assistant looked up at the sky.

"New moon," he said.

It was there like a curved brooch dim and soft in the pale blue morning sky.

"It won't be," said the grocer's assistant. He earned two guineas a week, and his old mother owned her cottage. A dear little cottage with a garden.

"It won't be a what?" said Greta, the Carvers' Bavarian maid.

"It won't be new in ten days. It'll be a big 'un for the dance."

She held her breath. Her heart beat like a gong. It *was* coming! He was going to ask her to go with him to the dance! That awful, terrible thing she had done would be justified! She would pawn the old lady's ring and buy a new blue dress—and then she would save and redeem it and hide it and the old lady would find it again—and she would have had the chance of the dance in a new blue dress.

"Coming with me?" he said jaunty, uncomfortable.

Her love settled like a stone on her heart, solidly protecting it.

"All the other girls have got pretty dresses. Me NOT."

She had not meant to say it—and throw away her chances. Her love was simple and honest. It had prevailed.

"There ain't one of 'em has got hair like yours, nor blue eyes."

She felt faint with love. Faint and frail; as if she were a little delicate thing, and not a brawny Bavarian of eleven stone who had never had a day's illness in her magnificent life.

"Can you dressmake?"

"Oh *ja*!"

"Oh *ja*!" he mocked; but kindly.

He saw the big, sweet face go white, go pink, go white again. He was moved by it.

"If I gave you some stuff could you make it?"

"Why?"

"Because I ain't going without you and I want to show you off."

"Why?"

"Because you an' me are going . . . Aw Greta! don't be a fool! YOU know."

She said:

"Marry?"

She made the word sound like a tiny chime of foreign bells. Strange. Exciting. Sweet. It woke in him a sudden emotion. He put his arms round her.

"You're beautiful," he said. "You're big and fat—but you're beautiful. There isn't a girl can touch you. I want you to have a blue dress—like your eyes. I'll have the ring by then. A diamond in it. I've seen it in a shop. I want you to come to tea with Ma. She'll cut up a bit rough you being a foreigner."

He was babbling in her soft white neck, kissing it.

He had never thought he could feel like that about any girl.

Greta looked over his shoulder up at the new moon. Happiness settled down on her like a benison, like a grace bestowed.

She had the life she wanted. She had the man she coveted. She could conceive nothing more beautiful or beyond that.

As she tucked Muriel Carver's ring in her work basket twenty minutes later she had the face of a dreamer caught in an enchanted dream.

She would never tell a living soul about the purloining of that ring; but she would work for Susan Carver until she married as she had never worked for any one in her life before.

After all, she had only borrowed the ring for a week. It was ample compensation

It seemed as if her common sense penance had been accepted when an hour later Susan Carver's excited voice reached her in her kitchen.

"Greta! I've found my ring! It was in the lining of my work basket! It must have dropped off when my fingers were cold!"

"GRETA'S getting married, Lucie! Not yet, thank God! The grocer's assistant. The nice one whose mother has that sweet cottage in Willow Lane."

Percy was watching his daughter's face. He saw that quiver—that ripple. No more than that.

"She's a fool!" said Lucie shortly. "Doesn't know when she's well off. She'll have to live with that old mother of his."

"She's bedridden and quite a sweet old soul."

"She could have had her own life."

"I found my ring, Lucie."

"So Greta told me when I came in. She seemed tickled to death. She must have guessed you suspected her."

Susan Carver flushed crimson. She looked so abject that Lucie, who had meant to hurt her, relented.

(*Continued on page* 120)

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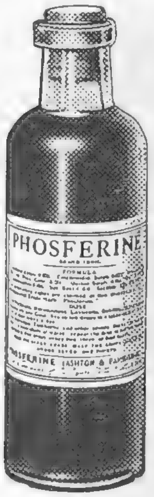

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C.F.H.

"I didn't really, Lucie; only I didn't know. I gave her the new curtains."

"Those dreadful curtains you and Auntie Mu had the row about. Well *that's* something gained anyway."

Why did she have to stab? What horrid black mischief had got into her? Why did she feel real pleasure in it?

"I've got a new job," she said defiantly; as if they had forbidden her to get it.

"Your father is going to build his pond now he's got that rise," her mother was babbling. Suddenly she stopped and stared. "Oh! Lucie, *what* did you say? A new job? You never told us, dear."

"I only had the offer to-day."

She could not help a little pride. The business woman on the up and up. On the up and up! The wings of her heart lifted a little. She saw herself as an executive. On the up and up.

"I get ten shillings a week more. It's a better job with a better firm."

There! now she had hit the man she loved. She felt better. Much better.

"When do you go?"

"I can go this week or next. It doesn't matter. The girl whose place I am taking isn't getting married for two months."

"Take a little holiday, Lucie. You're tired," pleaded her mother. "Oh! we must ring Auntie Muriel up and tell her the news."

"Why?" Lucie demanded flatly. "And I'd go mad with nothing to do at home."

She wanted to hurt again. The momentary elation was dying out of her.

"She's your godmother," Susan murmured, dashed.

"Go and see Evelyn in Paris," said her father suddenly.

"Oh! yeah!" She knew she was rude. Insulting. Evelyn had a job at the Embassy. Evelyn had a wonderful time. Evelyn was her great friend. Lucie had never been to Paris.

"I bought and sold some shares to-day," said Percy Carver. "I had an inside tip. I made fifty quid sheer profit. It's buckshee. Go over and see Evelyn. Buy yourself some new clothes and have a good time."

"Oh Daddy!"

She could not help it. Life could begin again. She saw herself talking to Evelyn. "I would have—it nearly broke my heart! It wasn't that I was *afraid*. . . It was something beyond myself—suddenly I saw the new moon through glass. Evelyn, I tell you I KNEW if I did it would be DISASTROUS! I KNEW!" "'Did you love him very much, Lucie?'" Evelyn's voice envied.

In Paris—after a party—shrimping away in one's soul! What a sport! What a lovely, exciting sport!

The door opened and Greta came in on the heels of all the excited parental questioning.

She said:

"I shut out the moon, Madam."

She looked up at it and smiled a slow, beautiful smile. She saw in the innocent silver curve a blue dress, a wedding ring, a yellow-haired baby.

The moon carried glory.

Susan Carver looked up.

She saw Muriel Priest's face in the moon.

Percy Carver saw a horse galloping; a secret horse that belonged to his secret, male life apart from his seraglio, the cosy little harem in which he lived. Exciting. Serious. Apart. Laughing Bess galloped up the curve of the moon to the tune of £300.

Lucie looked up.

She saw Paris hanging there. The Casino de Paris. Perfumes at half the price. New hats. Laughter. Talk. New people. Lights. Nôtre Dame. The Champs-Elysées.

Paris hung there in a cluster of shining tremulous desires and hopes.

"In Bavaria they say new moon new chances."

"Then don't shut it out, Greta!"

Percy Carver rose and strolled to the window.

He stood staring up at the new moon truculently.

He did not know it but he was the billionth man defying for the billionth time with the undying courage of the human race those very forces against which he was powerless. Men had only to climb above their own absurd, crazy superstitions to be supermen. Who said that? Wells? Shaw? Priestley? Never mind, one of them had said something very telling about the age of reason.

END

How To Make Good Coffee

(Continued from page 70)

following. Have your milk in a saucepan, add sugar and at least a puddingspoonful of freshly-ground coffee per person.

Put in a pinch of cinnamon powder, bring to the boil for two minutes. You must stir during these two minutes or the whole thing will boil over.

Remove to a cooler part of the stove for five minutes and let the coffee infuse in the milk.

Now pass it through a fine strainer and afterwards through a muslin and you have a milk flavoured with a true, fresh coffee perfume, the milk to be used as the basis of a custard, a cream sweet or so on. Here is an example:

Crème Balzac

Have ready some little fireproof *cocottes* and put in each the yolk of one egg. Break each yolk and mix it smoothly. Fill up each little pot with coffee-flavoured milk, adding it little by little and stirring well. Put the pots in a baking dish containing boiling water and bake in a very slow oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Let the pots cool, still standing in the pan of water in a cold place, and then put them to get very cold.

Coffee Syrup

Use your breakfast coffee mixture. Grind it freshly and make your coffee in the usual manner but with double the quantity of coffee. Having passed the water through the coffee, repeat this twice more, using the black coffee as water. Put this very strong coffee into a saucepan with a great deal of sugar, that is, for a coffee cupful of the liquid, a heaped tablespoonful of castor sugar. Add half a vanilla pod and boil until you have really syrupy liquid. Remove the vanilla, pass through a muslin, put the syrup in a bottle. A teaspoonful of this will flavour very effectively a cream sweet for four people and, if you want to keep it, put a tablespoonful of rum into the syrup two or three minutes before you remove it from the saucepan.

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See announcement on page 112

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YOU FEEL nervy at the end of a tiring day. A cup of hot milk with a flavouring of something will help you to sleep, you think. Now, flavouring or no flavouring, your digestion will find it hard work to break down the heavy curds that milk is bound to form inside you unless you mix it with BENGER'S. There are active enzymes in BENGER'S which prevent the formation of indigestible curds. The milk is partially digested before you drink it — completely assimilated into the system without digestive strain. BENGER'S gives your digestion the rest it needs during the night but being in itself the most nourishing of foods it soothes and sustains you. How much better you sleep, how free from heaviness the next morning . . . .

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SATINBASE CREATES SENSATION

Women demand bottles before labels are printed

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT

When Peggy Sage, the famous cosmopolitan manicurist, writes our New York Correspondent, launched her new nail polish foundation, SATINBASE, there was almost a riot in the New York salon. Women who had seen how smoothly the polish flowed over this transparent foundation demanded the Salon bottles at once, even before labels had been printed! Yes. It is a revolution. Just as marked an event in cosmetic history as the day when a woman first put on powder over a foundation. To-day, a woman would flinch at the idea of make-up applied direct to the face. To-morrow, she will flinch at the very idea of nail polish applied *direct* to the nails. For Satinbase, Peggy Sage's new polish foundation, provides a surface onto which polish can flow, and *into* which polish can get a grip. At the same time Satinbase protects the delicate tissues of the nail and actually nourishes them. And, while it is doing this job of protection, while it is holding your polish in a lasting embrace, it is also preventing the polish from chipping and cracking. It is giving you the long, firm, lustrous and flake-proof nails that you have so long desired.

WHAT SATINBASE IS

Peggy Sage experimented and tested for months before Satinbase was perfected. It is a colourless, transparent liquid that contains a percentage of wax. You will recognise Satinbase at once at your nearest store or chemist, in its elegant, cone-capped bottle.

HOW TO USE SATINBASE

You simply brush a fine coat of Satinbase onto the nails *before* you apply polish. You will be amazed how easily the polish flows over this creamy, waxen foundation, and what a smooth, 'professional-manicurist' effect you achieve. Many well-known women are finding that an *extra* coat of Satinbase, brushed on *after* polish has been applied, even further prolongs the life of the polish.

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They Write News and are News

(*Continued from page 17*)

"Do not write anything derogatory about foreign countries unless in protection of your own." What a counsel of perfection that sounds; and yet, in Rome while Mr. Chamberlain was there, how it was hotly debated by special correspondents from many lands, not least our own. For we were on the vital scene, as not a few of us had been trotting incessantly round Europe since Munich, and this was our very own pigeon. We were not worried by what *The Times* may have written in the eighteen-fifties on this identical subject. We were in 1939, and trying to stop a war beside which the Crimea, for all its cruel suffering, arose as a field-day.

Why should one criticise or lampoon Hitler or Mussolini for their concentration camps and islands of confinement? What direct business was it of ours? Why should we fish out the weaknesses and "imminent collapses" of these régimes? Did not the intelligence branches have that sufficiently in hand? If 80,000,000 Germans and 50,000,000 Italians chose to submit to being regimented mentally and dragooned physically, why should we continue indefinitely to harp upon the fact? Why search minutely for all the cracks and crevices, the supposed personal collisions, the hardship, the suffering, even the persecution, in these two countries? In normal times all this kind of thing might be very interesting and publishable, *but we were not in normal times,* we were ardently trying to find a way round war most dreadful, and such publishings as these, if kept up, would, we had been warned, "definitely," make that war less escapable.

Here is a glaring example of what I mean: it was attributed in the foreign Press to one of our six best-known writers on international affairs:

"A few days ago I asked a Nazi leader if Hitler were strong enough to remove Goering. 'Certainly not,' came the answer, with emphasis, 'the one thing he could do would be to have him poisoned, then to throw responsibility for the crime on to the Jews, and finally to organise grandiose obsequies at which the Fuehrer would make the most moving funeral oration.'"

This calling of Hitler a potential poisoner of his staunchest stand-by simply staggers at least one person, coming whence it did.

NOR was it much use (so went a projection of the argument) saying that the German and Italian newspapers published equally gratuitous intrusions upon, and inaccuracies and distortings about, the democracies—the organs of the Reich sinking to gross personal abuse of foreign statesmen. On the other hand, in orchestrating his Press with the conductor's baton, Mussolini, the master journalist, showed contempt for a deal of the puerile "think stuff" with which it was still possible to fill democratic columns, even if, when Goebbels and Streicher went off the deep end, as each so distressingly often did in the *Angriff* and the *Stuermer,* little or nothing could be advanced in mitigation.

When Herr Von Ribbentrop told the foreign Press in Berlin that "Certain governments take no steps to induce their Press to adopt a quieter and objective method of reporting," he had surely momentarily forgotten the nature of turned-on Nazi attacks on other nations or such things as Nazi vetoing of British public men. And when the German Foreign Minister went on to say that "not long ago reporting in Germany appeared to be the monopoly of a few coffee-house literati in Berlin, whose capabilities for journalism consisted exclusively in belonging to a little clique of international intellectuals, with a preconceived opinion against Germany, and who exchanged wicked reports and sensations among themselves and knew nothing about the German people," he was surely using one or two of the coffee-housers to illustrate his argument and overlooking most of their number.

Nothing fairer or more courageous stands out in modern newspaper annals than Norman Ebbutt's reporting from Berlin, for *The Times,* of the first four years of the Nazi régime in action. Ebbutt never belittled or sneered or hurt, never went out after cheap "sensations," never, I feel sure, consciously tried to set the two countries at loggerheads. But he did have exceptional sources of information which an analytical mind was able to translate cogently into the cabled message, and in the long run the Nazis grew tired if not fearful of his constantly revealing dispatches. So Ebbutt was given the briefest time-limit in which to quit the Reich, the order being accompanied by a release of unfounded personal charges in the controlled Press, than which few things can be more blameworthy.

The official excuse for expelling Ebbutt was that we had shown the door to three alleged German correspondents in London, but these had been found to be active Nazi agents "co-ordinating" or, in plainer language, spying upon the German population in this country, bringing illicit pressure to bear on it. Upon which, we may appositely observe the totalitarian foreign correspondent in action.

Some will insist that our man is the faithful soldier or well-fed lackey of Fascism and Nazis, as one cares to regard him. What he has done is to abandon all individuality to become just a cog that has genuflected deeply before the dictum that the State is always right (*"Mussolini ha sempre ragione"* is painted in huge letters on the walls throughout Italy). These men write entirely to order on world affairs, and for that reason few, if any, are known by name as personalities. The whole of a capital's correspondents may be recalled at the whim of the dictator, as happened on some trumped-up excuse on the eve of the Coronation, the real reason having been that Mussolini did not wish to see anything attractive about Britain appearing in Italian newspapers so soon after sanctions, and with Mr. Eden still at the Foreign Office.

The totalitarian correspondent is directly under his embassy, from which he receives detailed directives as sent, say, straight from Rome, from ex-editor Mussolini, one of whose favourite sidelines is "editing," strafing or changing about, Blackshirt foreign correspondents, since all must be members of the party and extra sound ones at that. For a martial jaunt to Tripoli, the Duce took along one hundred in uniform.

Yet to do some of these men justice, one frequently sees excellent descriptive articles on this and that aspect of the British or French scene, provided no politics are involved.

THE real Italian newspaper personalities, are to be found much closer to the Palazzo Venezia. I should give them as five in number—men whose particular talent has been roped in by the Duce for the blazoning of Fascist aims and aspirations, hates and loves, to the universe.

Virginio Gayda needs no introduction, he having passed into contemporary history as "Mussolini's mouthpiece." By a strange twist, he served long in London, and likes life in England, which has not, however, interfered with his writing perhaps the bitterest of all anti-British diatribes, both during and since sanctions. Still under fifty, a widower since January, Signor Gayda develops a brilliant invective. It is understood that he holds converse daily with the Duce, either in person or telephonic, prior to sitting down to his daily piece for the *Giornale d'Italia,* an article, the gist of which is now read the world over, directly it appears in cable form in other capitals. The chief thing about Mussolini's special troupe of writers is their direct hitting and crystal-clear language, and the Duce is said to admire Gayda's style better than any one's since the

(*Continued on page 124*)

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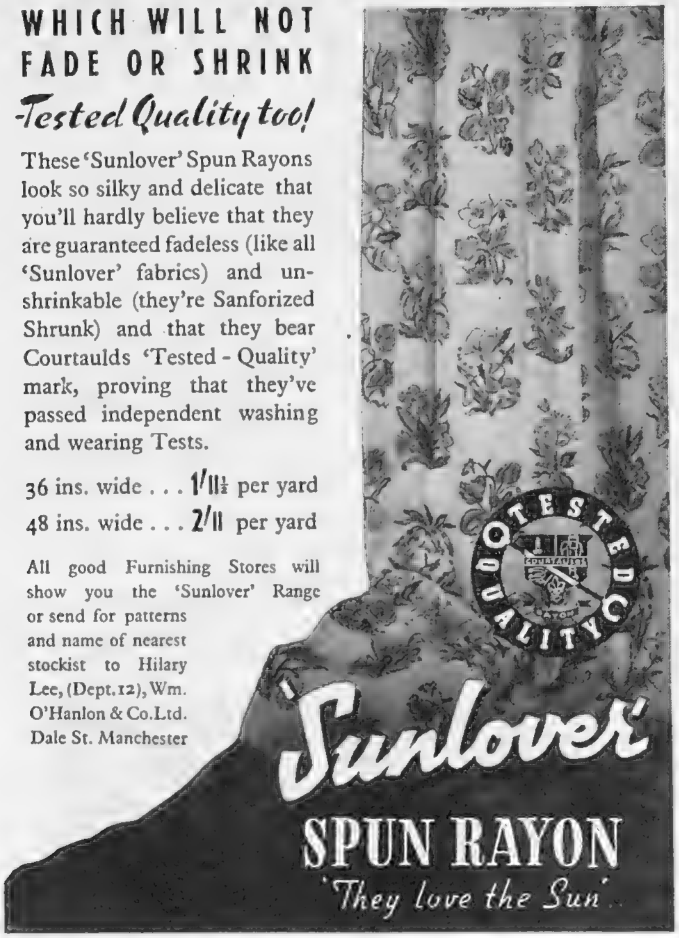

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never-forgotten death of his only brother, Arnaldo Mussolini, ten years ago. Arnaldo edited the Mussolinian organ, *Popolo d'Italia*, in Milan.

Fascist Italy's second most consequential writer is no doubt Giovanni Ansaldo, editor of the *Telegrafo*, of Leghorn. Livorno is the Ciano home town, and the young Foreign Minister, now openly being trained to succeed his father-in-law, some day near or far, together with old Count Ciano, President of the Senate, influence what appears in this otherwise small provincial paper. Its other principal claim to fame has been its violent attacks on the French possession of Corsica. Leghorn is the nearest Italian town to Bastia, and Fascist Corsican propaganda has been directed from a special bureau in the *Telegrafo* office; the paper also sending out spies and agents to Corsica almost uninterruptedly. It was the *Telegrafo* that fathered the notion of the Fascists erecting a monument in Corsica to the island's national hero, Paoli. This vexed the French greatly; they may be vexed still more if the latest piece of Fascist propaganda, *vis-à-vis* Corsica, comes to fruition: the erection of a monument to Napoleon in Rome, it being (justly enough) claimed that had Bonaparte been born but a few hours earlier, he would have been a subject of the Genoese Republic, which ceded Corsica to France, against payment, on the day of the future emperor's birth.

NEXT we have a violent individual in Signor Interlandi of the racial *Tevere*. This is the Rome daily that started the ball rolling against the Jews—always, of course, with more than the sanction of the Duce. Interlandi corresponds as much as an Italian can, to the fearsome Streicher of the *Stuermer* and Nürnberg anti-Jew decrees, and enjoys just hereabouts an exceptional patronage in high circles. His office graces the new and thrilling Imperial Way, leading from the Duce's headquarters to the Colosseum, and remains beflagged and illuminated.

Then we have Signor Pedrazzi of the historic but transformed publication, *Il Resto di Carlino*, biggest of the Fascist-owned papers, one hundred per cent party, and second only to the *Tevere* in violence. It was Pedrazzi who wrote of the Italian bombers brought down in Spain, "God will kiss their brows."

Fifthly we touch on anonymity in one "Bergeret," who writes in the *Gazetta del Popolo*, always in very pro-German style. I was told he is a high officer, but cannot vouch for this.

Mussolini's latest Press move has caused much heart-burning in Rome, where quite a number of Italians had occupied remunerative posts with foreign newspapers, notably British and American. They have had to give up all these jobs at shortest notice, the idea being that through them occurred a leakage of information to alien observers of the régime. In some cases London and New York concerns had to pay as much as £2,000 to Italians thus losing their contracts by "an act of God" (or of the Duce !). Mussolini himself gave up writing for foreign papers two years ago. He used to earn enough in this way for his private needs, so it was said, Of course, he periodically bursts into domestic print, shatteringly so, if unsigned, while he inspires all No. 1 pieces in "Diplomatic Relations."

TURNING to the Nazi writers, they do not present such a colourful team. Nearly all of the leaders save Dr. Kirscher and Dr. Silex, of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and *North German Gazette*, respectively, have vanished, for having been "unsound" politically. These two, together with the chief editorial writers of about four other dailies, and Streicher and Goebbels, complete the personal side that matters. Almost all the Nazi correspondents in foreign capitals are reduced to so many automata, as was shown twice in one week when they stayed away from a Chamberlain banquet, in London, and boycotted a similar affair in Brussels because a Jew was included among the musical entertainers. In Germany, circulating Nazi journalists have to wear a brand of uniform.

They are under the secret police and/or the propaganda office which tells them each evening just how to tackle this and that "story," how much space to allot to it, even where to place it in the news columns—thus, for some time before he resigned, Mr. Eden was relegated by order to three lines at the bottom of the back page.

Nazi scribes have to appreciate that it is a great privilege to be allowed to write for the State to which they must remain permanently servile and beholden. Any and every fact may have to be suppressed in pursuance of this doctrine which has the effect of removing all critical judgment from the German scene. It is not for the multitude to judge or criticise. Such is the long and short of it. Yet the *Angriff* and *Beobachter* are sometimes inclined to forge too far ahead in their polemics, and for a juster appreciation of German reactions, one should no doubt follow Kirscher and Silex, not that each of these does not also take his general directives from on high.

Dr. Silex is a youngish, fair-haired man who has served in and admired England; he holds a curious record in having been married three times but only to two wives—his second, an Englishwoman, he re-married after a divorce.

As for Dr. Goebbels, he inspires or writes many of the more violent leading articles in the *Angriff* and he is known to be extra excited over the attitude of the United States to Nazi Germany. It is safe to say that when anything particularly virulent appears about Americans, "the little doctor" is at the bottom of it.

I have had Nazi correspondents argue in all sincerity that their bound and gagged system is better for the community than our own freedom which (they argue) is no real freedom, but considerably controlled by what they call "pressocrats." The argument further runs that we baffle our public by so many different readings or versions, or "treatment" of this, that and the other, and that this bewilderment was very plain during the September crisis. In fact, that we produce babel versus the united voice. Another claim is that the totalitarian Press is healthier than the democratic, nothing like so much attention being paid to "anti-social activities." Hitler has certainly cleaned the German kiosks, which were a disgrace, though their Italian counterparts still sell wads of the most lurid crime, copiously illustrated in colour.

SHOULD the newspapers share in the responsibilities of statesmanship? The totalitarians answer "Yes," and the democrats "No"—the newspapers' job is that of holding a brief for the public first, last, and all the time.

Yet there are signs even in the freest newspaper land of all, the United States, that the existing conception may need overhauling. Thus, Secretary of State Hull grew really angry with the political reporters on his return from the Lima Conference. In reply to some rumour, Mr. Hull amazed the "news-hawks" by saying with heat, that he didn't "go smelling round trying to find little things to criticise," and finally, when his questioners refused to accept a general hand-out in answer to their queries, Hull turned away, observing the Government had "fifty more important things on their minds and he was sorry they (the reporters) had not." Even more pointed has been the President's himself not holding back from saying half the American Press has circulated lies and misquoted him in connexion with the (denied) "our frontier is on the Rhine" blow-up. This, happening in the newspaper land of the free, may well forecast a change in the relations of U.S. Press and Government, A book on Press shortcomings by George Seldes, *Lords of the Press*, has created something of a stir. A second innovation is the teaching of how to read the newspapers, in the higher school classes ! This remarkable move was begun by the Institution of Propaganda Analysis, "which studies the contents of newspapers and issues bulletins regarding the

(*Continued on page 126*)

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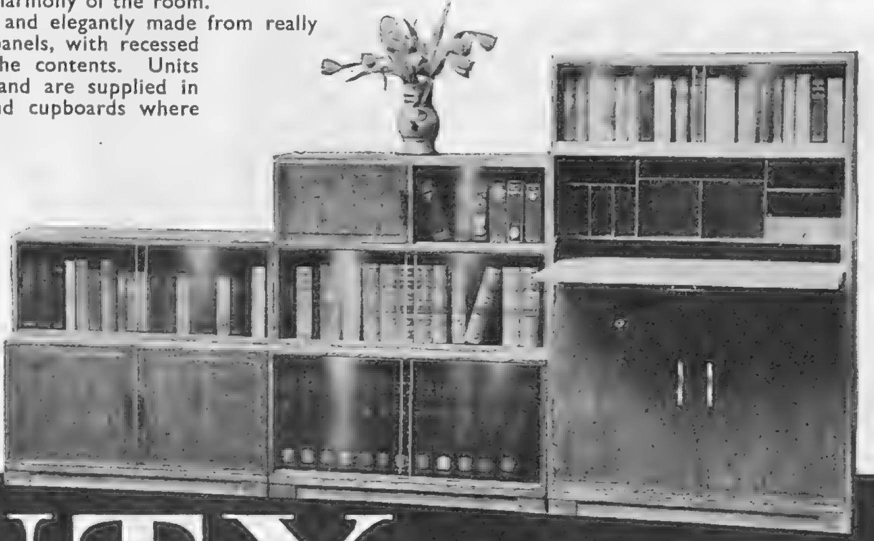

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private interests which are attempting to influence the Press."

No international newspapermen have made a bigger commotion than the Americans. Whether they are operating in Europe or China or Manhattan or Chicago, they have enjoyed the limelight as none others. Too many have perhaps contemplated the Old World as a news field fit for any stunt. Domestically, they have secured nation-wide prominence either as radio commentators or as columnists—the latter class having risen concomitantly with the decline of the editorial page. Owing to the system of sponsoring the broadcasters, their views and news are open to criticism, and some bad instances have occurred of sponsored attacks on foreign countries. The columnists enjoy a better reputation for insight, expertness and integrity. Two of them, in particular, merit inclusion here: Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson.

Lippmann was one of Wilson's young men, and came to Versailles; he afterwards edited the defunct *New York World*, when he used perhaps, to waste too much time sitting in (my) Paris office discussing how much coal Poincaré was daily getting out of the Ruhr "with bayonets." A Jew, he is against the totalitarians, but then, so many leaders of the American Press are similarly orientated for like reason. It is one of the difficulties of the times.

Dorothy Thompson first won distinction as a Hearst correspondent over here. Then she married Sinclair Lewis, but was not borne under as a sequel. On the contrary, she grew to be better known as Dorothy Thompson, especially when Hitler forbade her to stay in Germany on account of an interview he gave, or her version of it. So Miss Thompson went back to the States where she now comments with authority in a chain of papers reaching from coast to coast, and also broadcasts. She is spoken of as the second best-known woman in North America, and not long ago there was a move—how serious one is doubtful about—to nominate her for the White House.

Karl von Wiegand is another American who materialises all over the world and turns out hot versions of what is afoot. Getting on in years now, he first earned notice as war correspondent and, later, as publicity channel for the interned ex-Crown Prince. The former Kaiser also trusted him, while he was a voyaging pioneer in boosting the trans-oceanic Zeppelins.

HALF a dozen U.S. correspondents to earn fame on this side have been Knickerbocker, Duranty, Mowrer, Gunther, Sheean, and Birchall. Are they still uniformly allowed into the totalitarian lands? I should not care to say. One's usefulness fades where frontiers are closed, and the whole thing revolves round what one has written to fall foul of the powers-that-be. Has the offending dispatch been absolutely necessary in its critical stamp or has it been going out after a good story, "hitting the front page," just for the sake of hitting it and regardless of the effect of one's message on the relations of countries? For many years after the War, how frequent and grievous would be the front-page sins perpetrated in the name of Press liberty—or licence.

Four of the above have been responsible for best-sellers. *I Write As I Please,* in which Walter Duranty, the brilliant Mancunian, did not write as he pleased about the Soviet, but did produce the most knowledgeable book on that enigmatic land. *Germany Puts the Clock Back,* whose publishing on the eve of Hitler's rise to power caused author Edgar Mowrer to be expelled (he is now Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*). John Gunther's *Inside Europe* was a more chatty production and is apparently going on for ever and a day in a constantly touched up new edition. Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* was instrumental in freeing this young man from the toils of newspaperdom, as Negley Farson's *Way of a Transgressor* also let that writer out of the daily office grind (Farson had grown too English-leaning to please his Chicago masters). As for Birchall, approaching seventy, he is unique in the annals of the craft. This north countryman sat for forty years on the desk in New York, one of several editors; and then, when all thought he was retiring, returned to the Europe of his origin and started on a second journalistic career. Known in every capital where news happens with an impact, this diminutive, bearded, rosy little man possesses the vim, punch, and eye for beauty, of men twenty years his junior, as he circulates for the dominant *New York Times*.

This paper also produced an unexpected quantity in one Matthews, who left the Paris office, an unknown and shy beginner, and in a few months had won distinction as the best young war correspondent of the day, in Ethiopia and in Spain. He chose to operate with both combatants, and his dispatches gained in consequence, being without question instrumental in forming vital U.S. opinion. In Matthews is the true spirit of fairness and living dangerously, yet I fear from observation during the early February Catalan débacle, that his judgment had become slightly impaired by a surging partisanship which others who had been through the perils, hardships, and tragedy of Barcelona, shared. At Perpignan they formed a sort of little club apart, and one could understand it. I was told that each had been profoundly influenced by the very Left Hemingway, in and out of Government Spain writing news stories.

A pity about some Americans is that they will exaggerate. Not long ago, at a military review in the Tunis desert, we approached to within forty-seven miles of Mussolini's frontier and 13,000 soldiers were reviewed. Why bring this distance down to eleven miles and the troops up to 35,000? Experts went out of their way to explain that distances were utterly deceptive in the African light and that we were no closer to Libya than roughly fifty miles. All to no avail. The news would be hotter at eleven miles, while 13,000 was not nearly a big enough force for the French to mobilise in the circumstances!

Another distressing matter is what may be termed the vicious circle of faking. A correspondent sends a fake, and other correspondents get cables asking why the blazes they've been beaten, with the result that some, to keep their job, succumb to faking in their turn. And you pay your penny!

In connexion with this tour, the correspondent of another paper was refused permission to go to Africa because he had written (or it appeared under his dateline) that M. Daladier intended staging a naval demonstration at Bizerta, and that the Duce contemplated organising a counter one opposite, at Trapani. Did the correspondent in question know the meaning of the term "naval demonstration," that it is apt to be the next thing to clearing the decks for action?

SOVIET writers in the controlled Press can be dealt with swiftly. Nobody has succeeded Radek, now languishing in Siberia and extremely lucky to have enjoyed Stalin's clemency. As good a summing-up as any, of newspaper conditions in the Soviet, was brought back by André Gide, once extreme French Leftist, who returned to report that the people of Russia were "in complete ignorance of what was happening elsewhere and, in consequence, suffering under a self-conceit which seemed incredible." They were certain that everything done in their own land was infinitely ahead of anything being done elsewhere; they had even ceased to be interested in foreign languages because they had nothing to learn from foreign countries! This sounds like totalitarism carried to an even greater Press extreme than anything yet put over nearer home.

Viewed in the round, there has been nothing in the whole of history even approaching the veil that has been drawn over the perception of nearly 400,000,000 human beings in this Europe and on its confines.

Turning to the two western democracies, one is reminded of Lord Cecil's question at a meeting of the

(*Continued on page* 128)

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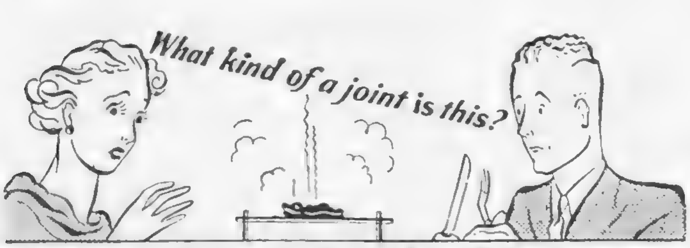
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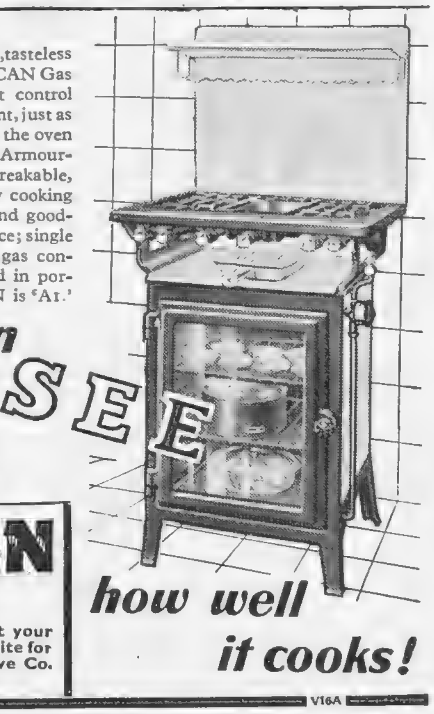

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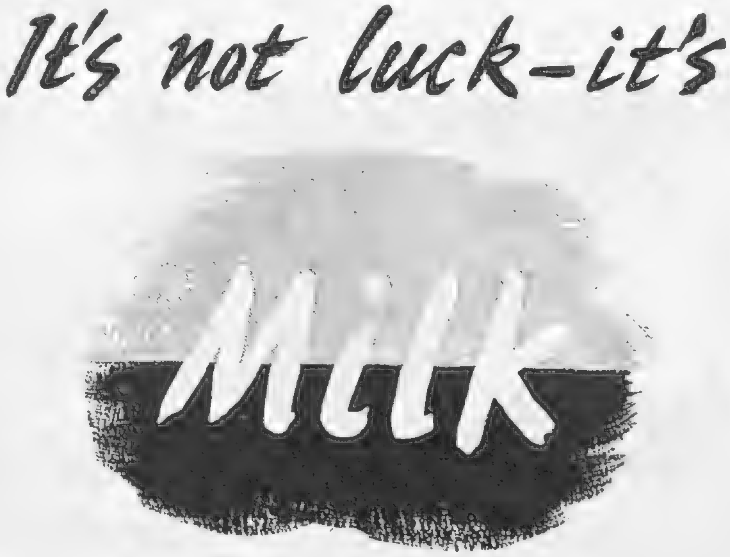

League of Nations Union at Little Bardfield. With the greatest respect for this obscure part of Essex, who in that community was really qualified to orate on the immense subject of "Is the Union never to express an opinion hostile to any Government?" Lord Cecil was himself most careful in his statement that "It should only do so with great caution and in the greatest emergencies"—with which one cordially agrees, that is, if you want peace at this critical ultimate hour, and what goes for the Union, surely also goes for the newspapers?

I see that Mr. De Valera has just gone on record to the full extent, to wit, that "on the Press of the world depends whether democracy and the freedom associated with it will lose or not."

Our own foreign experts in the forefront have been divided into three categories. One would be inclined to bracket the doyen Robert Dell and the admirable Steed as paladins of the past. They are elderly men now, and were forged in a vastly other Europe to this one. Each has loved to practise truth for truth's sake, to be independent and fearless, and each is a handsome and striking personality. One remains the *Manchester Guardian*, the other has these many years left *The Times* to paddle his own idealistic canoe. I cannot help thinking that the best we can hope for is a blending of the noble and free Press they aspired to, with something rather more down to earth, where a degree of control will have to be exercised sooner or later. Nowhere, incidentally, has lack of control been more evident than at Geneva, long the stamping-ground of Dell, but to-day almost deserted.

NEXT come the representatives of three morning papers, Vernon Bartlett, M.P., Victor Gordon Lennox, and W. N. Ewer. The trio is still going strong—though whether the first's position in Parliament may affect his foreign rovings remains to be seen. Each is, in this view, in the finest tradition of the profession: out after balanced truth with as much objectivity as possible in men of liberal leanings. Had they been followed two or three years ago, Britain might not be in the serious plight in which she now finds herself. Douglas Reed of *Insanity Fair*, and late of *The Times*, in Berlin and Vienna, is another some might add, if his celebrated book may have been a little too flamboyantly written for all tastes.

At least six leading Anglo-Americans have suffered expulsion for their writings. "The free hand on the spot" proved too tempting.

In third case are the one or two who displayed totalitarian tendencies from early on—such a one as that first-rate interviewer and descriptive writer, G. Ward Price. I asked this old friend, not long ago, in Budapest, if he had not at last come to the view that his having acted for so long as international mouthpiece for the Duce and for the Fuehrer, may have made things more difficult for his own country—Britain. Anyway, the dictators certainly did get good publicity in difficult times, thanks to the interviews they gave to Ward Price, who would receive statements that had perhaps better have been sent through Foreign Offices.

IN Paris, four journalistic names dominate events: Blum, Pertinax, de Kerillis, and the irrepressible Madame Tabouis. Some would add the Fascists Béraud and Tardieu, and Ormesson, Sauerwein and the Tharaud brothers (who report in double harness). But there is such a surfeit of French foreign writing!

The Paris Press has been responsible for much. It has brought down a mint of trouble on the shoulders of Marianne. Even now it does not hesitate to pitch into the Italians for their having been poor soldiers in the past. Were they? They were certainly poorly led on occasion. Yet people are apt to forget that they stood their ground after

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Caporetto before the Allies got to their side.

LÉON BLUM, ex-Premier, struggled ceaselessly in his *Populaire* to bring France to the aid of Barcelona. He must feel that European events are turning against all that he stood for. A brilliant and also a maligned man, but one rather thinks—*finis*. Pertinax, or André Giraud, as well known in New York as in London, has had to leave his *Echo de Paris*, and now adorns the *Ordre*. In the past he has been as objectively sound off his own bat, as the three Englishmen I mentioned above; also, as prepared to take hints from foreign ministers or their spokesmen, provided such were not "dope," even if they might be calculated to ease the path of said ministers. In which respect one would like to cite this from a recent leader—I have mislaid where:

> "The freedom of the Press is not a privilege of journalists, but one of the guarantees of the general liberty of the subject. Servants of the Press who have a proper sense of their vocation will always resist any attempt, *not clearly required for the safety of the commonwealth* (italics mine), to interfere with three fundamental functions—to publish the truth on all matters of public importance, to criticise public administration, and to assist honest commerce to make known the merits of its merchandise."

To which one can only add "hear, hear," with growing attention directed on the italicised sentence. Some editors will play the conforming game, but I repeat that the general tableau of the democratic Press deserves attention. It is greatly under public discussion at the present moment, editors and proprietors should appreciate this fact, and be thankful that should some measure of overseeing or control one day become unavoidable, in order that the nation's nerves and power of judgment may get a squarer deal, and certain foreign countries be less gratuitously criticised in connexion with their purely personal affairs, that should some modification in the full liberty of the Press become indicated, there will be an ex-journalist to superintend an amended law in the person of the Lord Chief Justice.

SECTIONS of the French Press have long been notorious for slandering of its public men: things have been printed that would mean several years for criminal libel in England. How closely this Press is now being scanned, not least its frivolous boulevard joysheets and cartoons, is illustrated by the breaking off of diplomatic relations by the Shah of Persia, because he disliked what he thought was a pun on his own title and "chat" (cat).

Nor is it generally known that some part of the French Press has already passed under indirect Government control—broadcasting has passed completely under it. All of which tells which way the wind is blowing.

Henri de Kerillis is a fire-eating deputy of the Right, who was among the first to realise, after a visit to Franco Spain, that France had little except to fear from a victory in that quarter. The result was that if he inflamed anger among his former French Fascist friends, he gained a reputation for honesty.

As for little Madame Tabouis, one hesitates between calling her journalist or soothsayer. She will persist in reading the future with such assurance that from time to time she simply cannot expect to avoid bad tumbles. Earlier on, foreign correspondents used to read her nightly outpourings in *L'Œuvre* with attention. Of late I fear mirth has been too often uppermost. Yet how "Tabbie" has gone down in England, even with the Oxford Union!

SUCH are among the thirty or more people who have fashioned most of your news in latter critical years and who, on account of their functions, must be reckoned as themselves "news" to-day.

END

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Three Meet in Dublin

(*Continued from page 51*)

"That would be Captain Radcliff and Martha Westcott. They were just here."

With a clatter O'Shaughnessy set down the butter knife.

"They were here?"

"Yes, here. Her mother and I were great friends in the States. I've known Martha since the day she was born. She wouldn't be in Dublin without visiting me. But all the time I was fearin' you'd come while the captain was here."

She set the teapot on the table.

"Martha's to marry him. They used to see each other when he was visiting in America."

She went to the front window and peered through the blinds. She returned to the kitchen and stood looking down at him as he drank his tea.

"They're still there."

He buttered another slice of bread, then bent his head again over his teacup. Silently she stood looking down at his thick black hair. Raising his head quickly, he caught a look of apprehension on her face. He laughed and waved a hand.

"Don't be worrying yourself now. They'll go away."

Her eyes were troubled.

"They would have been gone long ago only they found something wrong with the tyre when they started away. I'd shut the door already and I didn't ask Martha to come back and wait inside because I was afraid you'd be along any minute."

AFTER O'Shaughnessy had finished his tea, they both went to the front window again. The soldier was wrestling with the tyre and the officer was standing over him. The girl had returned to the car.

As they watched, a lorry swung round the corner and stopped across the street. Soldiers rushed up the steps of a house directly opposite. With the butts of their rifles, they battered on the door while a searchlight, mounted on the lorry, shot a blue beam swiftly from one window to another.

"It's no use to be raidin' that place," O'Shaughnessy said. "Some informer must be pullin' their leg."

There was a hammering on Mrs. Morley's front door.

"Mrs. Morley! Let us in, please! Quick!"

Mrs. Morley spoke in a dismayed whisper.

"It's Captain Radcliff back again."

Already O'Shaughnessy was halfway up the stairs leading to the second floor.

"All right, Captain! Just a moment," Mrs. Morley was saying. She was fumbling with the lock.

On a dark landing, O'Shaughnessy crouched under a trapdoor that led to the roof. He grasped a gun. Looking over the bannister, he saw Mrs. Morley swing the front door open. The girl and the officer were standing there. Captain Radcliff spoke swiftly.

"I'll have to leave Martha with you. Too much trouble on the streets to-night. We've been delayed too long."

"Surely, surely. Come in, Martha."

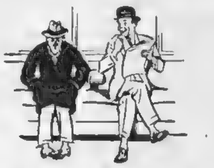
Captain Radcliff clattered down the porch steps.

"I'll call for you in the morning, Martha!" he shouted over his shoulder. Mrs. Morley drew Martha inside. She shut the door and locked it quickly.

O'Shaughnessy watched the two women go into the living-room. He put away his pistol. Then moving cautiously to the front of the house, he looked down into the street. The raiders were leaving the house opposite, apparently having found nothing.

A heavily built man in civilian clothes came along the dark street. He was stopped and apparently questioned. Presently a soldier hit him in the face with his fist. The man broke away and started to run. Half a dozen rifles brought him down. Then the soldiers dragged him to the lorry and drove away.

For a moment O'Shaughnessy stood gazing into the empty street. He heard Mrs. Morley come up the stairs and go to the back of the



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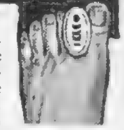

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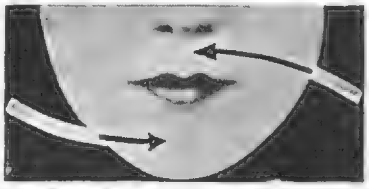

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house. Slowly O'Shaughnessy walked into the shadowy hallway. Then, with deliberation, he went downstairs. In the doorway to the living-room, he paused. There was no light, but the window blinds were open and a vague glow came in from a gas lamp at the curb.

MARTHA WESTCOTT was looking into the street as though it held for her some tragic fascination. She turned her head, but her expression changed little. She seemed moved so deeply by something she had seen that she had no capacity, at this time, for surprise. Presently she spoke in a low tone.

"I see they haven't caught you yet."

Steadily, O'Shaughnessy regarded her. Her hands, pale and delicately shaped, were clasped in the lap of her dark dress. Her troubled look intensified the sad beauty of her face.

O'Shaughnessy went over and stood near her chair.

"Why didn't you tell the officer who I was?"

She turned on him bitterly.

"Because you'd have killed him if he tried to stop you—just as you—you——" She broke off chokingly.

O'Shaughnessy looked out into the mist. His eyes rested on the pavement.

"Just as the Tans killed that man a minute ago."

Her face sickened and she twisted her hands.

"Yes," O'Shaughnessy went on. "Maybe I would have killed him." Then his words came in swift, harassed tones. "But just to keep from gettin' killed myself!" He paused. "Like that man down there in the street." His voice sank to a whisper. "Like Dennis Morley."

She was thoughtful for a moment.

"I remember meeting him once," she said, "a long time ago. Mrs. Morley brought him to visit us in Boston. She and my mother were great friends. Dennis was very little then—smaller than I."

For a time there was silence.

"Tell me—I never wanted to ask Mrs. Morley. How did it happen?"

"The Tans trapped him in this house. He was asleep in the back bedroom at the head of the stairs. He tried to make a break for it but the Tans were halfway up the stairs. They shot him as he came out on the landing."

Her dark head drooped.

"So it's hatred that makes you kill the British. You want to get even with them for what they've done to you and your friends."

The hardness faded from O'Shaughnessy's face. His eyes were grave, his words carefully weighed.

"It's a heavy responsibility—the killing of a man. It's something that isn't undertaken in hatred. We aren't rioters. We aren't even rebels. We're members of a national army repelling an invasion. We're meeting armed force with armed force in what we believe to be a just war. This war was declared by our chosen leaders, and those leaders make up the only government we recognise. Isn't this a strange time in history for any one to be shocked to see Irishmen resort to arms? We're fighting in our own country. We're not going thousands of miles to kill any one."

She listened—her lips slightly parted.

"But you were so cold—so—so—ruthless—on the train."

His words came swiftly, with a repressed desperation.

"I had to be. I can't let the Tans take me. I got away from them three months ago just before I was to be hanged. All they'd want me alive for would be to try and knock some information out of me before they did me in. I know where Michael Collins is this minute. I know where De Valera's going to be at noon to-morrow. And the British know that I know it. That's why they're so anxious to talk to me before they hang me—if they can catch me."

She looked into the mist.

"But you men started this fighting. Why can't you end it?"

(*Continued on page* 132)

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Slowly O'Shaughnessy shook his head. "This war's been going on for years—hundreds of years. We just happen to be the ones fighting it now."

The dim light reflected in his eyes was almost all of him she could see.

"But wouldn't it be the fine thing if we should be the ones to finish it? Wouldn't it be the fine thing if we could go home again to Galway and take long walks in the hills without lookin' to see if the Peelers or the Tans were after us. Wouldn't it be the fine thing to be reading books on the winter nights or to be having talks around the fire instead of makin' plans to ambush a lorry or burn down a barracks."

Martha had lifted her head to watch him as he spoke. He seemed talking not to her, nor to any one. And he seemed to be looking beyond her, as though he saw all Ireland.

There was a light footstep in the hall and Mrs. Morley came through the doorway.

"I have your room ready for you, Martha. It's the front one, directly above. Michael, you'd better take the back bedroom at the head of the stairs."

IT must have been an hour or so after midnight when Martha gave up trying to sleep. Putting on a dressing-gown and slippers, she sat at the window, looking out upon the dreary roofs and walls and pavements.

She saw a cat slink out of a nearby alley and move sinuously into the street. Then halfway to the opposite curb, the animal paused, one paw uplifted, and turned his head. He seemed to watch something near the corner, but though Martha peered intently into the vaporous gloom, she could see no living thing. Holding her breath, she listened, but no sound came.

Her gaze returned to the cat. Cunningly alert, the animal seemed to hold a foreknowledge of something that was beyond her. Abruptly, he scurried off.

Straining forward, Martha thought she saw something move in a passageway across the street. She grasped the window frame and peered desperately, but the shadows were very deep. Somewhere in the street a footstep sounded, then another. Near the corner she saw shadows that were darker than the shadows that were there before.

Leaving her chair, she moved swiftly into the gaslit hallway. She hurried to the door of the back bedroom at the head of the stairs. Just for a moment, she listened. Then turning the knob gently, she looked in.

O'Shaughnessy, fully dressed, lay face downward upon the bed, one arm outstretched, the other curved to pillow his dark head. She touched his shoulder.

Immediately he sat up, wide awake, an ominous gun in his hand. In a fierce whisper, her words poured out:

"They're all around the house!"

He caught her wrist in the darkness and pressed it tightly. Then he dashed for the stairway leading to the roof. The house reverberated to a tremendous battering at the front door.

FOR a long time O'Shaughnessy crouched in black shadows on a concealed ledge beneath the eaves. Below him was a dark courtway. At last he heard Mrs. Morley's cautious signal.

"They pulled the place to pieces," she said as he crawled through the trapdoor, "but your bed was smoothed out before they broke in, so there was nothing to let them know you'd been here."

"That's good. They won't be back to-night."

His footsteps clicked slowly along the dim hall.

"Where's Martha?"

"She got dressed and went below to the living-room. There'll be no more sleep for her to-night."

O'Shaughnessy walked to the head of the stairs and paused. Then, with deliberation, he descended. He stood in the doorway of the living-room. It was filled with blue shadows. Martha, sitting near the window, looked up. Moving slowly toward her chair, O'Shaughnessy gazed gravely into her eyes. Silently he stood over her for a moment before he spoke.

"Thanks."

She turned her head away and looked out into the mists. When at last she spoke, her voice was very low, yet it seemed to take possession of the room.

"I suppose now I'll always wonder where you are. I suppose I'll always wonder whether what I did was useless—whether they caught you after all. I'll go home to Boston soon—to friends—to dinner parties—and yet I think I'll always see you running—running through the dark."

FIRELIGHT, streaming from the hearth, reddened the walls in the living-room of the suite Martha Westcott shared with her aunt during their Dublin visit. Shadows advanced and receded in ever-shifting patterns as the flames rose and wavered and fell again.

Martha sat upon a pillow before the hearth, her wine-red dress splashed out upon the dark green carpet. Steadily she gazed into the flames, as though their glow would shield her from the gloom that waited just beyond the moving edge of firelight.

Her aunt was at the window.

"More fog—only the middle of the afternoon and nearly dark already."

Martha made no reply.

"Well, I have an appointment for tea and will have to leave in a minute," her aunt went on. "Are you expecting any one?"

Martha looked up.

"Why, Tom is going to drop in for a few minutes. He has to take some British officials to the boat train later in the afternoon."

She rose and walked toward the window, folding her arms as she passed beyond the fire's warmth.

"I wish he didn't have to go to-day."

Her aunt put a match to the gas jet and a blue light fell wanly on the dingy Victorian furniture. Martha pressed her lips together and glanced over her shoulder.

"Do we need that, aunty; Don't you think it's rather ghastly?"

The aunt shut off the gas and again the room was all firelight and shadows.

AFTER her aunt had gone, Martha returned to the hearth. Growing restless, she rose and walked across the room. Then there was a knock and she opened the door to Captain Radcliff.

He was very tall. His straight back and shoulders, the erect carriage of his head, the tightness about his thin lips and the sharp blueness of his eyes combined to convey an austere aloofness. His features were regular, alert, his blond hair well groomed. The neatness of his uniform was flawless.

At the sight of Martha in her wine-red dress, his eyes lost something of their coldness.

"It's good to be in here," he said.

Moving across the room, they looked out the window. Though only four o'clock, it was dark. Dim gaslight, diffused through mists, fell somberly on damp, drab walls and pavements. A motor lorry rumbled by, filled with soldiers wearing tan uniforms and black puttees. In the lorry stood a man, his hands tied to a horizontal bar above his head. Beside him was a large, crudely lettered sign: "Bomb now!"

"The colonel's latest idea," Radcliff explained. "Every lorry carries an Irish prisoner. If it's bombed, the Irish are blowing one of their own men to pieces."

Martha's face sickened. She returned to the fire. Sitting on a low bench, she stared moodily into the flames. Radcliff stood over her, the firm lines of his face softening just a bit as he looked down upon her bowed, dark head.

"You never should have come here, Martha. You should have waited for me in Boston."

Martha turned her head without looking up and spoke in a swift, harassed manner.

"But I wanted to see you—and I didn't know it'd be like this—all this violence!

We read about it in the Boston papers—but it all seemed so far away. Oh how I wish—can't I ever get to know you again as a human being instead of as a soldier?"

Radcliff put a hand on her arm.

"Don't worry about this now, Martha." His features, his voice, resumed their firmness. "It's a soldier's life, you know. My father—my uncle—were officers. So was my grandfather. It was their life—and now it's mine."

"I don't see how you can stand this constant shooting!"

He spread his hands in a little gesture of futility. Swiftly and bitterly she spoke.

"When I see you go out I never know whether you're coming back alive. You might be killed this afternoon when you take those men to the train. Why do you have to ride in the car with them? Why can't they go by themselves?"

"Really, my dear, they must have an escort of suitable rank. The military proprieties, you know."

"Oh, the military proprieties! Sometimes I think you care more for the military proprieties than anything else in the world."

"Come now, let's not get excited about a little thing like this."

"But the danger——"

"There's no danger. Only three or four of us know when and how they're going to leave."

Her face held a haunted look. Rising, she walked nervously across the floor. She bit her words sharply:

"I've heard the stories. The Irish find out every move you make before you make it. I heard they even got into Dublin Castle and went through your files."

Radcliff hesitated.

"Their spies are—well, efficient." Again his voice became firm, his manner assured. "But really, Martha, I don't know why we're discussing a simple matter of military duty."

She resumed her place before the fire.

"Even you are different here," she said moodily. "In Boston you were so much fun. You fitted in so perfectly everywhere we went." She searched for words. "It—it wasn't just that you were so—so presentable. You were so thoroughly—yourself. But now——"

She broke off. Standing over her, Radcliff put his hand on her dark hair. With his gaze on the moving flames, he spoke gently.

"Perhaps I haven't—uh—made love to you romantically, Martha. But when I've been drilling the men, or writing reports, you've been in my mind. There have been days—weeks—at a time when I haven't told you I loved you—but I have—all the time."

Martha lifted her head. The glow of the firelight deepened, the shadows swayed.

Briskly Radcliff raised his arm for a glance at his wrist watch.

"Well—time to go. The boat train'll be leaving."

MARTHA rose and walked to the centre of the room. For a moment she stood motionless, all colour drained from her face. Then she rushed to him. She clung desperately, her arms gripping his shoulders.

"Don't go, Tom! Please don't go! I've a feeling that when you go out that door you're never coming back!"

"Please, my dear! Don't be ridiculous!"

Gently he disentangled himself.

"We'll have supper together," he smiled.

Taking up his cap and coat, he moved jauntily to the door and pulled it open. Then he stopped.

A man blocked the doorway. He wore a trench coat and cap. In his hand was a blue-black automatic pistol.

"Go back."

Dread deepened upon Martha's face. Radcliff, looking down the muzzle of the gun, backed into the room. The man followed, closing the door as he came. Martha pressed forward, desperation in her eyes.

"Michael—Mi——"

Radcliff spun round.

"You know him?"

She stared silently, as though she hadn't heard. Adroitly (*Continued on page* 134)

Now look at *your* shoes

Shoes that have a little 'Nugget' every morning look and wear far better. Nugget's lasting brilliance makes them look so smart and it keeps them in a pliable, waterproof, well-preserved condition which ensures months of extra wear

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GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

But that is not the main reason the dental profession is urging the use of this dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just claiming to contain magnesia; it is 'Milk of Magnesia' that removes the stains and actually whitens the worst discoloured teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube.

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O'Shaughnessy reached into Radcliff's holster and removed his revolver.

"Who are you? What do you want with me?"

Martha advanced, horror increasing on her face.

"What—what are you going to do?"

O'Shaughnessy motioned her back.

"We'll all be quiet," he said.

Radcliff faced the black muzzle of the pistol. His words were bitten off with a bitter intensity.

"I know why you're here. I know what's been going on all day in Dublin. It's been a day of systematic murder—five British agents killed. One was shot in the street. Another this morning—killed as he sat up in bed. Another had his lunch interrupted. It's your job to do me in."

Through a silent moment they regarded one another, a hard wariness in every firm-set feature. O'Shaughnessy's face, utterly cold now, was toward the firelight. His shadow, black and gigantic, danced slowly on the wall behind him. His gun glinted in the gloom.

Abruptly Radcliff turned to Martha.

"What do you know about him?"

She spoke chokingly.

"His—his name's O'Shaughnessy—Michael O'Shaughnessy. He's an Irish officer."

For a moment Radcliff studied O'Shaughnessy's face. Then he clenched his hands.

"I have it! You came up to our car when we were fixing the tyre."

He turned on Martha.

"You interfered when I tried to stop him. Why? You knew him—and you didn't tell me who he was. Why not?"

Martha answered in a low, thin voice.

"Because he'd have killed you if you tried to arrest him. I saw him—shoot two soldiers—on the train."

"But—but why didn't you tell me after he'd gone?"

Martha spread her hands. She spoke wearily.

"Because we were going to a party and I was hoping we could enjoy it. If I'd told you anything then, you'd have called out the soldiers and hunted him all night."

Down in the street there was a noise. Radcliff swung suddenly to the window.

"It's the car! They've gone without me!"

He whirled toward O'Shaughnessy.

"What kind of a trick is this?"

O'Shaughnessy's head was cocked to one side as though he listened for something. Radcliff opened his mouth to speak and then stopped. Martha raised her chin.

Far down the street there was a terrific blast—then the steady hammering of a machine-gun—then silence again.

With both hands Radcliff gripped the edges of a table.

"Ambushed!"

O'Shaughnessy had lowered his pistol.

"You can give me a few minutes start," he said dryly. "I'll keep your gun."

Smiling just a little, he turned. And then he paused, listening, while his smile faded like a fading flame.

Then Martha heard what he had heard before—the steady tramp of swiftly marching men. O'Shaughnessy swung to the window and stood sideways, gazing down into the street, the firelight on his face, the shadows leaping up behind him. His voice was a quick whisper:

"Mother of God protect me! The Tans are everywhere!"

He didn't look at her again.

O'SHAUGHNESSY watched the soldiers disappear around the corner. Then with catlike speed he moved to the door. They heard his quick step on the stairs. A moment later, watching from the window, they saw him reappear from the front door and start at a walk across the dimly-lighted street. His hands were in the pockets of his trench coat. He seemed heading for the shadows of a nearby alley.

O'Shaughnessy was almost at the opposite curb when more soldiers swung around the corner, marching briskly in the centre of the street. Iron-tipped shoes rang sharply on the pavement. Lamplight glinted on steel helmets, on the polished metal of rifles. O'Shaughnessy never missed a step as he walked to meet them.

Martha grasped Radcliff's arm. Her fingers dug deep. With a swift desperation, her words poured forth.

"Don't let them stop him! Give them an order! Tell them to come up here! Tell them to go anywhere!"

Captain Radcliff, very erect, stared stonily at the approaching soldiers. Martha seized his coat where it stretched tightly across his chest. With a desperate strength she tried to shake him. He stood—immovable—and his face was like a rock. Her hands fell.

Captain Radcliff leaned from the window.

"Lieutenant Roscoe," he called.

The head of the detachment looked up, puzzled. Then he recognised the captain.

"Yes, sir!"

Radcliff's head moved two inches toward O'Shaughnessy.

"Take him," he said.

O'Shaughnessy had stopped beneath a street lamp on the opposite curb, where mist and gaslight blended into a vaporous gloom. His hands were in the pockets of his trench coat. He never moved his body as the Black and Tans came toward him. Only his hands moved.

Before Martha covered her face she saw him, peering through grey smoke above two spitting, jerking pistols, his head tilted to one side, his body motionless. Then the whole street seemed to explode. Yet almost at once came silence.

A long time later Martha raised her head. She had heard Captain Radcliff walk slowly to the door. She had listened to his receding footsteps on the stairs. The room was very dim now, its shadows stilled. Among the ashes, embers faded from dull red to grey. She turned her gaze toward a ghostly street of closed doors and darkly shuttered windows, where mist and lamplight blended into a vaporous gloom. Like a shroud the fog lay upon the pavement. For a long time she stood, oblivious to the permeating dampness, to the increasing chill.

A certain place beside the curbstone held her gaze.

END

Tailored Cardigan in Jade Wool

(*Continued from page 72*)

every row until 11 sts. remain. Cast off.

EDGINGS

With No. 10 pins cast on 10 sts.

1st row: Knit.

2nd row: K. 3, p. 4, k. 3.

Work 2 strips 7 ins. long for sleeves. Cast off. Work 1 strip 100 ins. long for outer edge. Cast off. Work 2 strips 4 ins. long for pockets. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew pocket linings to back of coat. Sew on collar. Fold edgings in half, lengthwise, and sew to sleeves, top of pockets and outer edges of coat and collar, leaving space at top of right front for buttonhole. With contrast wools, pink, red and cyclamen, darn lower edge of coat sleeves and collar. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

END

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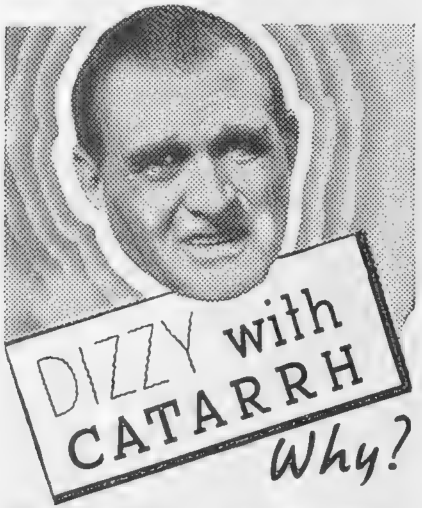

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61Q, Artillery Lane London, E.1
(*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure*)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P 7

Five Perfect Dishes

(Continued from page 71)

put a thick coating of tomato ketchup on each slice of lemon. Sprinkle very heavily with capers. You must explain to your guests that the slices of lemon must be squeezed by them on their plates and the resulting *purée* sauce used *as* a sauce.

Iced Soup

We all know the classical *consommé glacé*, even the cold cream soups and others of Polish origin usually made with cucumber and beetroot. Here is a novelty which I found delicious, though I admit I was first of all frightened when they talked about an iced fish soup.

Any common fish and shell fish will do—cod, conger eel, mussels, lobster shells, and a few cheap oysters. You start by cooking in butter a leek, an onion and two large potatoes, peeled and cut up. When these are brown, add the fish, cut up in small pieces, parsley and a sprig of thyme, salt and pepper. Cook for ten minutes and add enough water to cover. Bring to the boil, simmer for ten minutes and strain. When the liquid is cold, skim off the fat and pass through a muslin into a clean saucepan. Now add the same quantity of milk as you have of fish stock, bring to the boil and again let it get cold. Pass through a muslin again and serve in small cups with a dash of cayenne pepper on top of each.

Croûtes de Minuit

Remove the fat from some slices of ham—if you can get a foreign smoked ham such as Bayonne or Parme, so much the better—and heat these without cooking too much in a little butter. Drain well and keep hot. Fry some pieces of stale brown bread in the same pan, drain and keep hot also. Now mash a small cream cheese and mix in chopped spring onions, pepper and a dash of Worcester sauce. Put the ham, cut to shape on each *croûton*, spread thickly with the cheese mixture and brown quickly under the grill. Serve at once with a dusting of cayenne pepper.

An Excellent Night-cap

NIGHT-CAPS used to be red woolly things. That's ancient history.

Now night-caps—the right type of night-cap, such as Horlicks—are not only warming, energising, and nutritive, but they help to keep your every effort up to excellence standard by ensuring that you have a perfect night's rest. The constituents of Horlicks are fresh milk, malted barley and wheat flour. The grain is mixed and heated gradually in huge copper mash pans where the starch is completely converted into easily digested "malt sugars" and a proportion of the protein is partially pre-digested.

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'Ever since I began menstruation fifteen years ago I have had one day in bed every month suffering acute pain, and in addition to that, nearly a week feeling fit for nothing. I have been almost constantly under the care of my doctor, who eventually advised an operation as the only sure cure for my trouble.

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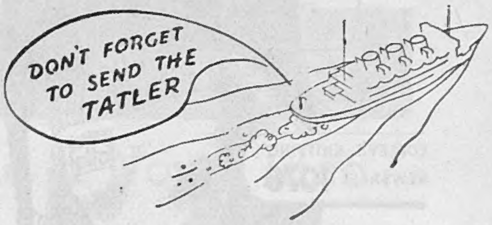
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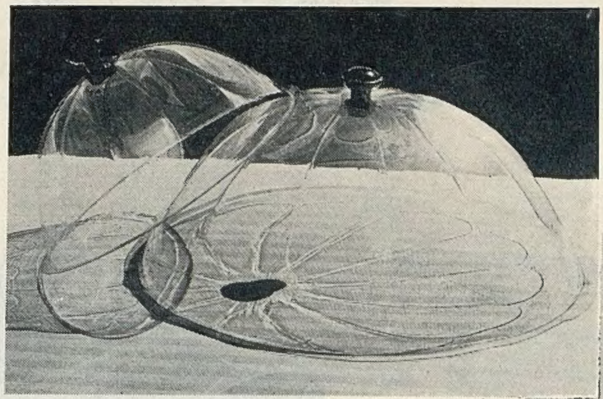
Houston Road, S.E.23

Aids for the Housewife



Transparent dish covers are obtainable in 7-inch and 11½-inch diameters. The prices are 1s. 6d. and 1s. 11½d. respectively. Postage extra

The china disk shown is put into the saucepan to prevent milk boiling over. Price 1s. 1d. The other caps are for replacing cardboard ones. These cost 4d., 6d. and 6½d. respectively

GADGETS for the betterment of cooking and cleaning are produced yearly in thousands. Some of them are worth while, others are just gadgets.

It is advisable not to get the gadget habit too highly developed. A passion for small contraptions, alleged to perform minor miracles, is something to guard against unless you like a clutter of things in the kitchen that get very little use.

The essentials of a gadget are that it should be simple enough to work without a hitch and well adapted to your personal needs.

The right implement for the job at the precise moment when you need it is an immense help, but dozens of gadgets that you don't make use of are a waste of money and of valuable space.

This aluminium measure is a most useful cooking accessory. Liquids and solids alike can be measured with it. One end measures a teaspoonful and the other a tablespoonful. Price 9d. Postage extra

Choose cooking and cleaning implements shrewdly. Don't allow yourself to be fascinated by the catchiness of a device unless it is practical, too.

If you set out to make every implement and utensil in your kitchen a thing of practical value and enduring quality, you will find, after a while, that the quality of your work and the ease with which it is accomplished is much enhanced.

On this page we endeavour regularly to bring to your notice, cookery and other devices that appear to us to have practical merit, but we fully appreciate the importance of personal need as a key to usefulness.

If you are a housewife with experimental tendencies, if you enjoy concocting unusual dishes, and your taste and interests run to fancy foods, then there are certain cookery devices that will be of real use to you where they would be of no service to those whose cooking is of the more simple variety.

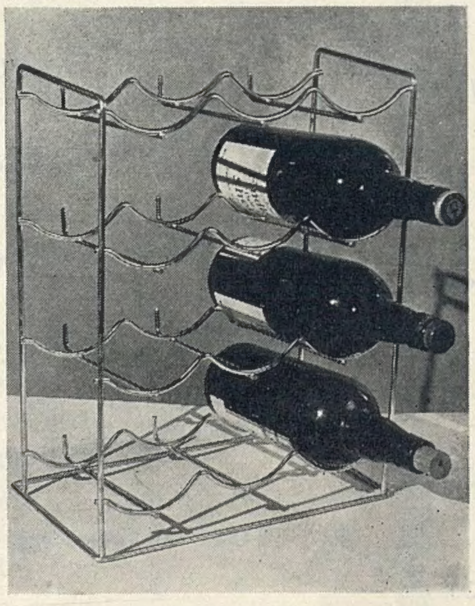
We cater for every one on this page. We give publicity to kitchen devices of wide variety and of differing prices. Nothing personal is attempted, but we can, and delight in, giving individual service. If you wish to seek advice about the selection of cookery or cleaning implements of any kind, let us know.

Address inquiries to The Women's Department, " Britannia and Eve," 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

ATTENTION is called to an error which occurred on this page in our January issue, in which the prices of two Phoenix glass oven dishes were incorrectly named.

These read as follows:

The reversible entrée dish on the left is 6s. 3d. This should be 7s. The two-pint casserole is 7s. This should be 8s. 6d.



A very useful meta rack for the sideboard cupboard where wines for immediate use can be stored. It is light and portable, and costs 7s. 9d.

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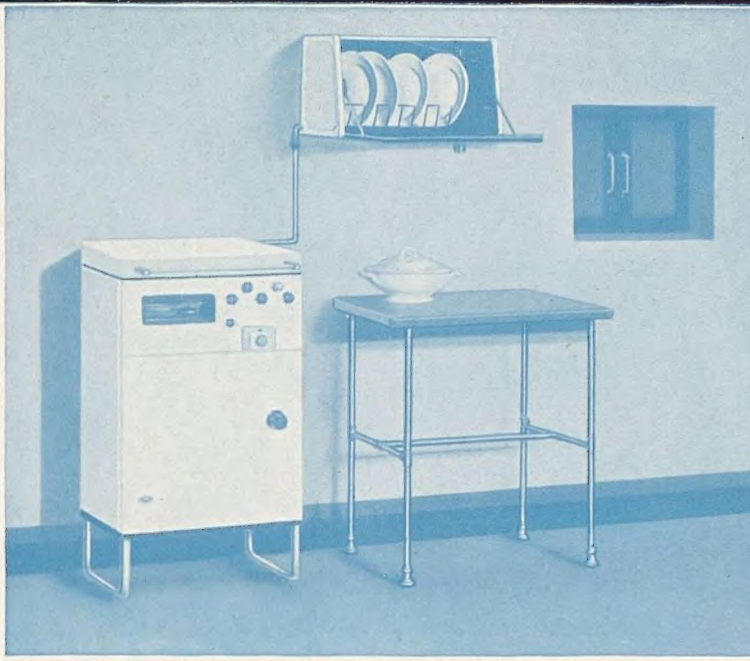
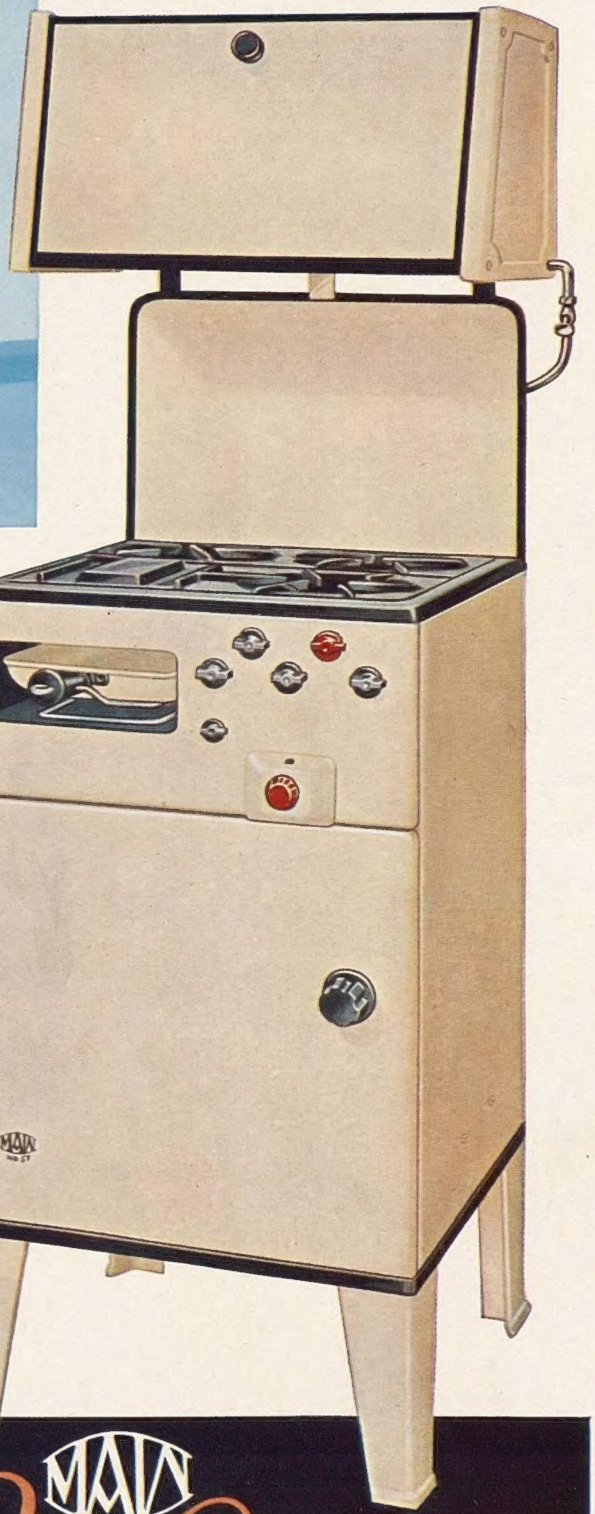
A new Main CABINET Gas Cooker

—and a Novel Idea!





BEAUTIFULLY modern Cabinet design, perfectly "streamlined" and fully enamelled. No door hinges, pipes or connections can be seen, thus the Cooker is easy to wipe down.

The hotplate burners are of improved efficiency and have safety taps. The rapid-heating griller will toast bread at the rate of one side every 45 seconds. Automatic ignition is provided to all hotplate burners.

The oven is of the "balanced flue" type, with two burners to ensure that all the oven space is good cooking space. Automatic control of the oven heat is provided by the well-known MAINSTAT.

Alternative legs are available as shown, and the Main Cabinet Cooker can be supplied with a Hinged Cover which, when closed, forms a useful table top. It can also be had with standard Main Plate Racks, but a novel idea is to have it with a "P.R." Hot-Closet to keep plates, etc., warm, whilst cooking is going on in the oven or on the hotplate.

The "P.R." Hot-Closet can either be fitted to the Cooker itself, or on the wall independent of the Cooker (see illustrations).

For further particulars of the new Main Cookers call at the Gas Showrooms or write for FREE RECIPE BOOK.

Please send me a copy of your FREE RECIPE BOOK.

Name ....

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....

R. & A. MAIN LTD., (Dept.39), 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

MAIN

Gas Cookers

'MAINSTAT' Oven-Heat CONTROLLED

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AND SHOES

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Aristoc do!

Please ask to see Aristoc's new spring shades. They are so skilfully blended to the new dress and shoe colours that you can be assured of finding the perfect shade—and of securing a new lease of loveliness for legs!

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS 3/11 to 10/6